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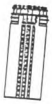

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CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY.

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CAMEOS

FROM

ENGLISH HISTORY

THE WARS IN FRANCE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE HEIR OF REDCLYFFE.

SECOND SERIES.

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PREFACE.

I HAD hoped to have carried this chain of Cameos on to the Battle of Bosworth; but there is a limit to the capacities of volumes, and the present finds itself obliged to close with the Treaty of Arras, which, except for one vain enterprise, closed the warfare of the Plantagenets in France. Instead, therefore, of being a history of the great tragedy of foreign aggression and family discord reaching from the reign of Edward III. to the death of Richard III., this is rather the history of the struggles of Plantagenet and Valois, the Wars of the Roses being reserved for a later collection.

It must be remembered that these Cameos do not aim at being anything like original history. All they attempt is to collect from the best authorities such details as may present scenes and personages to the eye in some fulness—to be, in fact, a collection of historical scenes and portraits such as the young might find it difficult to form for themselves without access to a very complete library. They are not full or exhaustive, only an endeavour at bringing home impressions with as much correctness as diligent attention has enabled me to attain, and, as I fear, with many failures in a peculiarly difficult and ill-authenticated period of history.

CHARLOTTE M. YONGE.

March 29, 1871.

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CAMEOS

OF

THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

CAMEO I.

THE KING AND THE BREWER OF GHENT.

(1330—1345.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II.	1328. Philippe VI.	1312. Alfonso XI.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1314. Ludwig V.	1316. John XXII.
	1334. Benedict XII.
	1342. Clement VI.

CAMEO I.

Prosperity under Edward III.

1330.

THE turbulent spirit of discontent had exhausted itself in the miserable days of Edward II., and the men who had seen the bloodshed and wretchedness produced by incessant jealousy and civil broils were thankful to unite in supporting the throne of the gallant young king, who led his own armies, presided over his own councils, and lived as the first English knight, in frank, open friendliness, letting his people participate in his pleasures, and thus obtaining toleration for his lavish profusion. His eldest son, Prince Edward, was educated among the young nobles at Queen's College, Oxford, newly founded by his mother's chaplain, and named in honour of her. Yet the sanctity which was supposed to hedge in the royal family is remarkably shown by the severe penalty said to have been imposed on a lad named Hampden, for striking the Prince a blow with his racket when they quarrelled over a game at tennis :—

"Tring, Wing, and Ivanhoe,
Three manors for a blow
Hampden did forego,
And glad he could escape so."

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CAMEO. I.

Introduction of Cloth-making. 1330.

This Hampden was the ancestor of the John Hampden who fell at Chalgrove; and perhaps principles hostile to the royal prerogative were implanted in the family by so heavy a forfeiture for so slight a cause.

Edward III. enjoyed popularity greater than had been the lot of any sovereign since the Conquest. This was partly, no doubt, in consequence of the unusual prosperity of the country, where there was a succession of excellent harvests, and where the wool of the huge flocks of sheep met with a ready sale for the supply of the manufactures of Flanders. "The English as yet," quoth Fuller, "knew no more what to do with their wool than the sheep that bore it," but Queen Philippa invited from her own country one John Kempe, with the whole establishment of servants and apprentices of his mystery, and established him at Norwich, to instruct the English in his trade.

The native home of Philippa, Hainault, was one of a cluster of small counties and duchies which occupied the Low Countries, and owed allegiance, some to the King of France, and some to the Empire. The latter power gave them no great concern, for since the extinction of the house of Hohenstaufen the Kaisars had seldom extended any influence beyond the limits of Germany, while they exhausted their strength by disputes for the succession. Ludwig of Bavaria, the reigning Emperor, had never been acknowledged by the Pope. Still in thraldom at Avignon, the Papal authority was not much more respected; since, thus hidden from the world, and become mere tools of France, the Pontiffs no longer felt the same responsibility as at Rome, and had let their court become the most base and licentious in Europe.

Affairs of the Low Countries.

Hainault, Gueldres, Brabant, Bar, Holland, Flanders, Juliers, Artois, each had a petty Prince, and with all the more German of these Edward III. was closely connected. His Queen came from Hainault; his sister Eleanor was the wife of Raynald the Swarthy, Duke of Gueldres; and three of his aunts had married into Brabant, Bar, and Holland. Flanders had never long retained the same dynasty, and the present Count, Louis, on whom it had descended on the destruction of the unfortunate Dampierre family,* was also Count of the Nivernois, and a thorough Frenchman in habits and affections. Artois had been the appanage of St. Louis's brother Robert, who was succeeded by a son of the same name. A son and daughter were born to this second Robert, the first of whom died before his father, leaving an infant heir; but, upon the death of the old man, the daughter, Mahault, claimed the inheritance, on the plea that she was nearer in blood than the grandson. As Mahault had daughters and no son, the wily Philippe le Bel saw his own advantage in supporting her, and caused the Parliament of Paris to decide in her favour, giving his sons in marriage to her daughters. In the meantime the dispossessed male heir, Robert d'Artois, grew to man's estate, crafty, courtly, ambitious, and unscrupulous. He married Jeanne de Valois, sister of Philippe de Valois, and

* The allies of Edward I. ruined by Philippe le Bel.

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CAMEO I.

Exile of Robert d'Artois.

by his counsels and influence materially assisted him in obtaining the French crown. About the same time died the usurping Countess Mahault and her eldest daughter, leaving Artois to another female, the Duchess of Burgundy; and Robert deemed this the fit moment for the assertion of his rights. Philippe VI. gave licence for his cause to be heard, and he had brought fifty-five witnesses forward to prove that his grandfather had regarded him as his heir, when suddenly the face of affairs was changed by an accusation brought forward by the Burgundian party, that Robert had poisoned both Mahault and her daughter, and that the documents he produced had been forged by a lady called the Demoiselle de Divion, who had stolen the seals from old acts of Count Robert.

Philippe VI. appeared to attach credit to this charge (it was thought by the influence of his Queen, who was a Burgundian), and he allowed the Duke of Burgundy to seize the Demoiselle and many of the household of Robert d'Artois, and put them to the torture, when they confessed whatever was demanded of them. The unfortunate prototype of Marmion's Constance was burnt alive, and Robert fled to Namur, but his wife and children were closely imprisoned, and he was declared an outlaw. Some time after, two priests came to the French Court, and produced exceeding consternation there by describing two little waxen images, representing the Queen and her son Jean, which they said Robert kept wrapped up in a handkerchief, believing that if he could have them baptized by the names of the originals, he had only to melt them in the sun, or stick a pin through their hearts, to produce a corresponding effect on Queen Jeanne and Prince Jean. Witchcraft was so completely an article of faith, that the poor Queen and Prince thought their lives had no better tenure than the will of their bitterest foe; and Philippe wrote off in great indignation to threaten the Count of Namur, and afterwards the Duke of Brabant, with his utmost vengeance if they should continue to harbour the wizard. Robert therefore took refuge in England, where Edward III. only saw in him a brilliant and courteous knight, shamefully maltreated, and persecuted on the most ridiculous plea. In his desire of vengeance, Robert found a far surer course than the making of waxen images. He whispered to Edward to assert his imaginary claim to France, and Edward did not bend an unwilling ear, though still he waited, and did not at once forget the allegiance that he had sworn to Philippe. That King, however, did his best to make him forget it, threatening that he would resume the Duchy of Aquitaine if Edward gave shelter to Robert d'Artois, seizing upon some English vessels sailing from Bayonne, and sanctioning piracy in the Channel. Less reprehensibly he kept at his court the young King David of Scotland, whom Edward looked on as one of his chief enemies; and altogether there were such causes of quarrel, that the nation was in a state of ferment, all the gallant young chivalry around the King were longing to be in action, and the great feudal barons could never be kept from turbulence at home without aggression abroad. Edward, thus forced into the war, accordingly sent

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CAMEO I.

Revolt of Flanders. 1336.

the Bishop of Lincoln to Valenciennes, to hold council with the Count of Hainault, and to see what alliances could be purchased by English gold. The Bishop carried with him a magnificent suite, comprising ten knights-bannerets and forty young knights-bachelors, many of whom wore a red-cloth patch over one eye, and answered no questions; but it was understood that they had each sworn to his lady-love never to use both eyes, nor to reply to any demand, until they should have done some feat of arms upon French ground. The splendour of their equipment gave such an idea of English wealth, that the Bishop of Lincoln easily proceeded with his negotiation, and the neighbouring counts and dukes readily agreed to raise an army, on his engaging that fifteen florins should be paid down for each mounted man-at-arms.

The Count of Flanders was too French at heart to join these alliances, but his subjects were in the habit of acting with little regard to him. A few feudal nobles lived in the castles on the slight elevations, but the most important of the inhabitants were the burghers in the great walled towns of Ghent, Bruges, and Liege, the weavers of cloth for nearly the whole world, sturdy, resolute, and little accustomed to bow to any authority beyond their own town. The apprentice performed his time of service, and afterwards was admitted into the guild or brotherhood of his own craft, who were bound to each other by rules of mutual support and fellowship, fought under a banner of the emblems of their trade, and were under the authority of a chief elected from among themselves. The Mayor and his council were in like manner chosen by the guilds; and all were trained to arms; and they had walls impregnable to the battering-rams and moving-towers of the period; they were a compact body, quite able to defy any external force. All such municipalities are, however, liable to fevers of popular feeling, which peril the general rights by exalting some individual. Thus, at Ghent, Jacob von Artevelde, a brewer of metheglin, had obtained such an ascendency over the citizens, that no will but his was obeyed in any of the Flemish cities, and he had surrounded himself with a body-guard of stout men, whom he paid at the rate of four groats per day, and who, at a sign from him, would cut down any person whom he wished to destroy. The likelihood of a war between England and France, in which the Count would be certain to take the French side, to the ruin of their supply of wool, so alarmed the Ghentese, that a council was called to consider what was to be done. The officers of Count Louis attempting to interfere, were so rudely handled, that they were forced to hurry out of the city, with all of their party, and taking up their abode at St. Omer, were known by the name of *les Avolés*.

Jacob von Artevelde.

Thereupon the Bishop of Lincoln and his train dispersed themselves through the Flemish towns, bestowing such largesses, that "money seemed to fly out of their hands;" and everywhere they obtained promises of support, as indeed their allies, Flemish or German, "did not wish for anything more agreeable" than their treasures. One old Flemish banneret, the Sire de Contressin, called, from a play upon his

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CAMEO I.

Alliance with Artevelde. 1337.

title in allusion to his gracious manners, the Sire de Courtoisie, was so constantly with Sir Bernard Brett, that the King of France denounced him to the Count of Flanders as a traitor, and insisted on his being put to death; whereupon Count Louis invited him to meet him at a place beyond the reach of the burghers, and there treacherously caused him to be beheaded, by this means entirely alienating the minds of the Flemings, who became so violent, that the Countess of Flanders and her son were forced to take refuge in France.

Louis himself set up his standard, and advanced to Bruges, but there Jacob von Artevelde, with the banners of all the trades, advanced on him, worsted him, and drove him back on the little Isle of Cadsant, where he placed a garrison, and retired into France. The garrison annoyed the English and the rebel Flemings; whereupon King Edward said "he would soon settle that business," and sent six hundred men-at-arms and two hundred archers to dislodge them, under the command of his cousin, Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, son of Henry Wryneck, together with the gallant young Hainaulter, Sir Walter Manny. Here, in October 1337, began the first bloodshed of the long and terrible wars of the English in France, and not till 1453 did that stream of noble blood cease to be poured forth!

The small English vessels sailed straight up to the dykes and sandbanks of Cadsant, where the Flemish garrison was drawn up ready to receive them, and a sharp conflict took place, where for a moment the Earl of Derby was struck down, but he was succoured by Sir Walter Manny, who raised him, shouting, "Lancaster for the Earl of Derby!" and finally the Flemings were defeated, the town pillaged and burnt, and many prisoners made.

Edward III. in Flanders. 1338.

To set against this success, Edward had lost his father-in-law, the Count of Hainault, and felt less secure of his son and successor. He therefore resolved to go in person to Flanders, well provided with golden arguments. His subjects were not slow to grant them, for they were proud of him and of his plans, and pleased by his manner of sending the clergy to represent his needs to the people, that they might the more willingly submit to the burthens. They actually gave him the half of all the wool of that year, 1338, and the tenth part of all the revenues of the clergy; and, thus supplied, he set forth for Flanders. At Halle he had a conference with all the dukes and counts who had appeared so willing to espouse his cause, and requested to know when they would be ready to take the field; but, to his mortification, they answered, "Dear Sir, when we came hither it was more for the pleasure of seeing you than anything else;" and by and by, after his great subsidies had begun to melt away, they informed him that, "all things considered, they could not challenge the King of France, unless with the authority of their liege lord, the Emperor."

Fortunately for Edward, Philippa's sister Margaret was the wife of Ludwig of Bavaria, and through her and the Markgraf of Juliers it was resolved that Ludwig and Edward should meet at a diet at Coblentz.

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CAMEO I.

Meeting of Edward and the Emperor.
1338.

Accordingly two thrones were there raised in the market-place; and the two sovereigns took their seats in the presence of 17,000 nobles and gentlemen. Ludwig held a sceptre in one hand, a globe in the other, and a knight held a naked sword over his head; Edward, standing up, complained that Philippe de Valois unjustly deprived him, not only of Normandy and Anjou, but of the very crown of France itself; and in return Ludwig, declaring that he had received no homage from Philippe for the old imperial fief of Provence, pronounced Edward Vicar-general of the Empire on the left bank of the Rhine, thus placing all the vassals of the Empire in the Low Countries under his command for the next seven years. Edward gave large gifts to the Emperor and his council, but the two monarchs parted in dissatisfaction, for Edward thought himself treated too much as an inferior, and Ludwig was affronted that the Englishman paid him no homage, though he was told that this was not to be expected from an *anointed* sovereign. The appointment did him little good, for the German allies had been only making excuses, and were teaching him the lesson of the lark and her young ones; and the public acknowledgment of Ludwig brought on him the enmity of the Pope, who granted Philippe the tenth of the Church revenues, to maintain the war with the vicar of the Ghibeline Emperor. Moreover, he soon lost the aid, such as it was, of Ludwig, who listened to the counsels of John of Luxemburg, the son of the last Emperor, and husband of the Queen of Bohemia, a gallant and chivalrous knight-errant, always absent from his savage little kingdom, and plunging into any affair that did not concern him. His heart and affections were with the chivalry of France, where he had given his daughter Bona in marriage to Prince Jean, and he set himself to detach the Emperor from Edward with such success that Ludwig returned the English money which had been advanced to him, and refused further support. So short of means was Edward, that he was glad to pawn his Queen's crown for 2,500*l.* and to promise that his eldest son should marry the daughter of the Duke of Brabant, in consideration of receiving at once 50,000*l.* He had left his Queen at Antwerp, where, in the course of the autumn, was born her third son, named Lionel after some champion of romance.

First invasion of France.

At last he was able to advance into France at the head of an army, and Sir Walter Manny, with forty lances, redeemed his vow of being the first to do any deeds of arms in France, by making a private expedition, and seizing the little town of Thun l'Evèque. But as soon as the Count of Hainault found himself entering French ground, he remembered that he owed allegiance to the King of France, and was bound to serve him there, as he had served King Edward in the Empire. He therefore took leave of his brother-in-law very courteously, and went home, but his uncle, Sir John of Hainault, remained with his old pupil Edward.

After much cruel burning and plundering, Edward laid siege to Cambray, and Philippe advancing to Vironfosse with his army, every one prepared for battle, and Edward sent a herald to offer battle and fix the

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CAMEO I

The Knights of the Hare. 1338.

day. The Friday was accordingly fixed, and the herald returned, loaded with richly-furred mantles, given him by the French nobles for bringing them such good news. The Friday came, and the two armies were drawn up in brilliant array, expecting the fight each moment to begin. Once there was a loud shouting on the French side, and all thought that blows had begun; many put on their helmets, and several young squires were knighted, before the tidings spread through the host that all the commotion had been caused by a poor frightened hare running between the legs of the men. The newly-dubbed thenceforth went by the name of Knights of the Hare. It is said that the real cause of the slackness of Philippe was a letter from his astrological cousin, King Robert of Naples, telling him that, having calculated the nativities of both princes, he had discovered that Philippe de Valois would always be defeated when Edward of Windsor was present in person. At any rate, both parties returned to their quarters, the English mocking at Philippe's former declaration that Edward should fight for each inch of ground on which he set foot.

More scruples arose on the part of the allies in the Low Countries. As vassals to the King of France, they could not lift a sword against him; and yet he had sent his son, Jean, Duke of Normandy, to ravage and lay waste all Hainault. Jacob von Artevelde, who lived on terms of intimacy with Edward, advised him to obviate this difficulty by assuming the style, title, and arms of King of France. Accordingly the azure field semée of golden fleurs-de-lys was quartered with the leopards on shield and on surcoat, and thenceforward the monarch was hailed as King of France and England, a title that was never dropped until George III. laid it aside during the French Revolution, when it was nearly four hundred years old. The motto *Dieu et mon droit* was adopted by Edward at the same time, though, assuredly, no one ever had a poorer right than he had to the crown of France.

The title of King of France assumed.

The want of money was, however, the pressing difficulty, and Edward was forced to go home to raise supplies, leaving as hostages for his return his wife and her little son Lionel, and his cousin the Earl of Derby, with four other Earls. He then went to meet his Parliament at Westminster. What a different Parliament from those which his father had summoned! Monstrous grants had already been lavished upon greedy foreign princes, and scarcely a single advantage gained; and yet, without making any difficulty, the landed proprietors granted the King their ninth sheaf, ninth lamb, and ninth fleece of the year; the clergy the ninth of their revenues; and the burgesses the ninth part of all their goods. In each harvest-field a green bough was stuck into one of every nine sheaves, marking it for the King, and as the tenth was, of course, lodged in the rector's tithe-barn, the proprietor retained but four-fifths of the produce,—and yet there was no murmuring; and the merchants further undertook to bear half the cost of transporting this mighty grant to Flanders. Such wool as remained at home, besides what was spun in each castle or farm for ordinary wear, found its way

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CAMEO I.
Concessions of Edward III.

to Bristol, where some of our first looms were worked by one Thomas Blanket, whose name has truly become a "household word."

In return for such benefactions, Edward made no difficulties in granting what his open-handed subjects asked: namely, the confirmation of Magna Charta; the promise that his assumption of the French regal title should make no change in English laws and liberties; laws regulating the uniformity of weights and measures; a diminution of the oppressive royal right of purveyance; and the rule that no sheriff should continue above one year in office. This last was very important, for the sheriff, or shire reeve, is especially the officer of the crown in each county, charged to return the knight of the shire, to conduct the management of the assizes, and provide for the execution of criminals, and a longer tenure of office might have made his power become an oppressive and arbitrary government, such as the French governors of the provinces often exercised. On the whole, the privileges quietly purchased by the English were quite as important as those they had won by the strong hand.

By the time Edward was ready to return to Flanders he was very much wanted. The King of France and the Duke of Normandy were besieging Sir Walter Manny's prize of Thun l'Evèque, and ravaging Hainault; and young Count William, his uncle, Sir John of Hainault, and Jacob von Artevelde, with an army of Dutch gentlemen, English knights, and Flemish burghers, were doing their best to relieve the town, and sending very curious chivalrous messages across the Scheldt, which divided the two armies. In the first place the Count sent word that it would be a very great shame if two such fine armies should separate without a battle; but receiving no answer, he took counsel with his allies, when the Duke of Brabant suggested that as the King of England was expected in a few days, and was chief of the war, he would not thank them for having the pleasure over without him. However, the Count would not be satisfied till he had sent his uncle, Sir John, to shout across the river a message to the Duke of Normandy, to request a truce in which to build a bridge to come across and have his battle. All the answer he obtained was, "Tell him we will keep him as he is at present, and whenever we please, we will enter so far into his country that we will burn the whole of it; and we will fight at our own pleasure, not at his." The answer seems to have spoilt Count William's game at chess with the Count of Namur.

Philippe VI. had considerable hopes of preventing Edward from ever arriving in Flanders. The Normans and Bretons had paid great attention to their fleet, and in conjunction with the Genoese, the best sailors and crossbowmen then existing, and always ready to hire out their services, had actually made a descent on Southampton, had burnt the ships, and pillaged the town; and now, in the summer of 1340, an enormous fleet of one hundred and forty large vessels, and a far greater proportion of small ones, with 40,000 men, under the command of the Breton pirates, Hugues Quiriel, Pierre Behuchet, and the

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CAMEO I.

Battle of Sluys. 1340.

gallant Genoese mariner, Barbanera, were lying off Sluys, so close that their masts looked like a forest, and their sides touched one another, ready to intercept the King of England.

Edward, hearing the tidings, collected every vessel in the southern ports, about two hundred and sixty in number altogether, and answered to each entreaty of his council that he would avoid the peril, "You are all in a conspiracy against me. I shall go. Those who are afraid may stay at home!" On the 22d of June, 1340, he set forth from Orwell, and on the following day beheld, across a neck of land, the forest of masts off Blankenburg, each with a bright pendant floating from the mast-head.

The Bretons and Genoese had in vain tried to persuade their French coadjutors to come out to sea. They fancied that with the fleet wedged together between two sandbanks they could not have their flank turned, and they were too proud to listen to their representations of the fatal effect of being tightly involved so as to have no room to manœuvre. They chose to move their vessels in four lines across the harbour, and chain them fast together with iron fetters, filling the little turrets at the mast-heads with slingers and crossbowmen, and, in fact, trying to act as much as possible as if they were on dry land and in a besieged town.

On the morning of the 24th Edward placed the fifty noble ladies, who were coming out in his charge to attend upon Queen Philippa, in the rear of his squadron, under the protection of three hundred men-at-arms and archers. He then sailed out to sea; the French fancied him afraid to attack them, but it was only to avoid the beams of the midsummer sun full in his front, and to gain the impetus of the full tide. By and by, at six o'clock in the morning, he bore down upon the first line, his vessels armed with hooks, by which they fastened themselves to the enemy; and there was a desperate fight. The lines in the rear could not come to the rescue of those in front, so the French excess in number was of no avail, and the English archers cleared their decks, so that by noon the first of the four lines was demolished. At this moment Lord Morley sailed up with a fresh squadron of ships from the north of England, and the attack was renewed. The two next lines were seized with a panic, the men leaped out of their ships into the boats, and many falling into the sea were drowned; but the fourth line, of sixty large vessels, kept up a gallant resistance till dark, which enabled Barbanera to escape with a few vessels, and, the Bretons say, even to take four English ones. All the rest fell into the hands of the English, and more than 28,000 men perished; while Edward lost but two ships and 4,000 men. He remained on board the fleet all night, feasting and celebrating his victory with the blowing of trumpets and horns, and on landing the next day went on foot as a pilgrim to the shrine of our Lady of Ardembourg, to give thanks for his great victory.

Afterwards he went on to Ghent, where his Queen was lodged with great state and pomp in the house of the great brewer, Jacob von Artevelde; and there, on Midsummer Day, while Edward was fighting the

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CAMEO I.

Birth of John of Gaunt and Philip von Artevelde.

battle of Sluys, she had given birth to a son, whom she named John, in honour of his patron saint, and whose historical appellation of Gaunt testifies to the way in which our ancestors pronounced Ghent. Whilst Philippa was her guest, a son was likewise born to the Flemish Vrow von Artevelde, and to him the Queen stood sponsor, and gave the name of Philip. Those two infants, John Plantagenet and Philip von Artevelde, never met again, though their names were to play a great part in the histories of their several countries.

No one dared to announce to Philippe VI. his disaster at Sluys, until his jester was sent into his presence, apparently in a great rage, shouting "The coward English! the dastard English! the faint-hearted English!" "Why do you abuse them?" asked the King. "Because they would not jump out of their ships into the sea as our brave Frenchmen did," replied the buffoon.

Siege of Tournay. 1340.

Having had his first taste of victory, Edward advanced, and laid siege to Tournay, bearing on his banners two punning Latin lines on Philippe's name of Valois:—

> "Si valeas, venias, Valois! depelle timorem;
> Non lateas, pateas, moveas, ostende vigorem,"

the point lying in the resemblance of Valois to *valoir*, to be worthy.

Edward proceeded to send a challenge directed to his cousin, Messire Philippe de Valois, proposing to settle their disputes by a duel, either between themselves singly, or each with one hundred chosen men. The King of France looked well at the letter, and said he knew no such person as Philippe de Valois; and as either prudence or astrology hindered him from risking an engagement, the siege of Tournay lingered on for eleven weeks, and Edward's money began to run so short that he was not sorry when his mother-in-law, the widowed Countess of Hainault, threw herself on her knees before him and begged for a truce. Accordingly, a cessation of arms for six months was agreed to, and the terms signed on the 25th of September.

Truce with France. 1340.

Other vexations awaited Edward. Ludwig of Bavaria revoked his patent of Vicar-general, and he thus lost several German allies; and he found himself so deeply in debt in Flanders, that he was again forced to pledge the person of his wealthy cousin, Henry of Derby, while he stole secretly away with his wife and their two little sons, and took ship for England. There, on landing late at night, after a tempestuous passage, at the Tower stairs, they found the royal fortress empty of constable, men-at-arms, and archers, and no one at home but the two little princesses, Isabel and Joan, and their three nurses. The constable was gone to visit a lady out of town, and the archers, fifty in number, had all dispersed for their own diversion. King Edward, in great anger, commanded all doors to be opened at once, that he might see whether any of his stores had suffered loss from such careless guard.

He was highly displeased, likewise, with the collectors of his

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CAMEO I.

Murder of Jacob von Artevelde.

1345.

revenue, especially with Archbishop Stratford, whom he would have severely punished, had not the Barons taken this opportunity to establish their privilege, that a peer could only be tried by his peers in Parliament.

The treasure that Edward had lavished in the Low Countries did him little further good, though Jacob von Artevelde continued his staunch friend, and, in 1345, actually invited the Prince of Wales to become Duke of Flanders. This was, however, going too far for the Flemings. They began to repent of having so long obeyed the brewer, and rising against him, besieged him in his house, broke in, and murdered him.

Nearly at the same time Count William of Hainault was killed in trying to establish his right to Friesland. Thereupon Ludwig of Bavaria, declaring the male line extinct, gave investiture of Hainault to his own second son; and Sir John of Hainault, who certainly had the best right, went over to the French party, hoping thus to win back the county—but he did not succeed. Many gentlemen of Hainault, among whom the chief was Sir Walter Manny, were too strongly attached to Edward III. thus to break with him, and they continued to fight under his standards, while the chivalrous and poetical old Canon of Valenciennes, Sir John Froissart, who had come to England with Queen Philippa, delighted to chronicle their deeds of arms. The good old man loved a true knight and a brave feat of arms wherever he found them, but he inclined the more to the English party, and most of all to the Hainaulters on the English side.

His chronicles have cast a halo of romance and chivalry around the whole period of Edward III., but he wrote much from mere hearsay, and except where his main facts are corroborated by documentary evidence, his narratives can seldom be trusted. They are, however, admirable pictures of the manners and ways of thinking of the time.

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CAMEO II.

THE WARS IN BRITTANY.

(1341—1351.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*Kings of Spain*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II.	1328. Philippe VI.	1312. Alfonso XI. 1350. Pedro II.

Emperors of Germany.	*Popes.*
1314. Ludwig V.	1342. Clement II.
1347. Karl IV.	1352. Innocent VIII.

CAMEO II.
—
Succession of Brittany.

WHEN two nations are ripe for war, causes of quarrel are numerous, and Edward III. had found another quarter in which to attack Philippe de Valois.

After the murder of young Arthur of Bretagne by King John, his vassals had sworn allegiance to his little sister Alix, and married her to a French prince, Pierre de Dreux, called Mauclerc, or the bad scholar, although he was a poet and man of talent. He died in St. Louis's first crusade, and his son, Jean le Roux, who succeeded him, gave his son Jean in marriage to Beatrice, daughter of Henry III. This Jean was killed by the downfall of a wall at the inauguration of Pope Clement V., and was succeeded by his son, Arthur II., who left three sons by his first wife: Jean III., the next duke; Guy, Count of Penthièvre; and Pierre; and one by his second wife, Jean, Count de Montfort.

Jean III. was childless, and early lost both his whole brothers, Guy and Pierre, the elder of whom left an only daughter, Jeanne de Penthièvre; and on this child he settled his duchy, betrothing her to Charles, the younger son of the Count de Blois and of Marguerite de Valois, sister to the King of France.

Jean III. died soon after the battle of Sluys, in the year 1341. On his deathbed, his youngest brother, Jean de Montfort, importuned him strongly to reverse his settlement upon their niece, the Countess de Penthièvre and Blois, and give Bretagne to him, as the male heir. The dying Count answered, "Brother, you are wrong to press me. You ought not to wish me to alter what I have done. For Heaven's sake leave me in peace. I will not burthen my soul."

Nevertheless, no sooner was the Duke's last breath drawn than Montfort claimed the dukedom, and seized his brother's treasure at Nantes, where he convoked the States-General; but the nobles were all in the interest of Charles de Blois, and no one made his appearance. The citizens and country-people, however, preferred a native Breton to

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a Frenchman, and the treasure of Nantes enabled him to enlist a great number of the Free Lances, who had begun to form a large portion of the military force. With these he besieged Sir Garnier de Clisson at Brest, lured him into a sally, mortally wounded him, and took the castle by assault, after which he passed on to Rennes. There he made the governor, Sir Henry de Spinefort, prisoner, and sent word to the inhabitants that he should be hanged, unless they gave up the keys. Sir Henry was so much beloved that the townspeople consented to purchase his life by submission to Montfort, and Sir Henry was likewise induced to join the Count. His brother Olivier was the governor of Hennebonne, the strongest of the Breton towns, which Montfort intended next to invest. Henry, afraid for his brother's safety, obtained five hundred men from the Count, with whom he rode in front of the army with the ermined banner of Bretagne displayed. Sir Olivier at once opened the gates, and came down to meet his brother, who took hold of him, saying, "Olivier, you are my prisoner."

"How is this?" returned Olivier. "I trusted in you, and thought you were come to assist me in defending the place."

"Sweet Sir," replied Henry, "things do not go on in that manner. I take possession of this place for the Count de Montfort, who at this moment is Duke of Bretagne, to whom I, as well as the chief part of the country, have sworn fealty; and you will, I am sure, do the same, for it will be more agreeable to do it out of love than through compulsion."

Sir Olivier yielded to his brother's reasons, and gave Hennebonne up to the Count; and soon after another partizan, Sir Hervé de Léon, induced his namesake and comrade-in-arms to yield the famous castle of the Joyeuse Garde. Montfort held nearly the whole of Bretagne, but he felt himself insecure on his throne, well knowing the favour with which the King of France regarded his rival, Charles de Blois.

This Prince would gladly have held aloof from the quarrel. He was one of the greatest ascetics of the time. He fasted twice a week even at the most festal seasons, and continually chafed his flesh with tightly-drawn cords, which he never removed even when he wore his armour; he put pebbles into his shoes, and lashed himself every Friday with a scourge with needle-points in all the knots, striking his fists so hard upon his breast that his colour fled and became green. His couch of straw and ashes contrasted with his wife's down pillows and gold brocade, and his dress was sordid and far from clean, for he was one of those who held the disgusting Spanish fancy that the discomforts of dirt and vermin were essential to mortification. His piety was ardent; he was so perfectly acquainted with the Holy Scriptures that the clergy were amazed, especially as he had no other learning except in music and grammar; he confessed every evening; heard mass twice a week, or oftener; missed none of the Hours of the Church; and communicated at all the great festivals with such fervent devotion, that he sobbed and wept aloud. He daily said throughout the Psalter, the Hours of our

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CAMEO II.
Charles de Blois.

Lady, and the Office of the Cross, with such intense feeling, that his chaplain often thought him in ecstasy; and he gave away alms even beyond his revenues, besides keeping a table for the poor and sickly, often feeding sixty or eighty at once, waiting on them with his own hands, and often washing their feet.

His elder brother, the Count de Chatillon, called him the Hermit, and he would gladly have actually retired into the monastery of Charleroy, and left Montfort to reign in Bretagne; but his wife, Jeanne de Penthièvre, was far from resigned to losing her inheritance, and impelled him into going to Paris, to lay his complaint before the King.

Philippe was the less disposed towards Montfort because that claimant had already passed over to England, to pay homage for the earldom of Richmond, and obtained promises of support there, although, considering Edward's own pretensions to France, he should have been the last, for consistency's sake, to oppose the succession of females. On Montfort's return he was summoned to Paris, whither he went with four hundred noble Bretons in his train, and at eight o'clock the next morning appeared at the palace, where King Philippe and his twelve peers received him in the midst of the assembled court, among whom was Charles de Blois.

"Sir," said Montfort, "I come here in obedience to your commands and good pleasure."

"Count de Montfort," returned the King, "I thank you for so doing; but I am much surprised how you could think or dare, of your own accord, to invade the duchy of Bretagne, where you have no right, for there are nearer heirs than you, whom you attempt to disinherit; and in order the better to strengthen your claim, you have been, as I am informed, to do homage for it to my enemy, the King of England."

"O dear Sir, do not believe it," answered the Count; "for in good truth you have been misinformed: but with regard to my claim, of which you have just spoken, with all due deference to your grace, I believe you are quite mistaken, for I know of no nearer relation to the duke, my brother, lately deceased, than myself, and I shall not think myself a rebel, nor be ashamed, for not giving up my right."

"Sir Count," said the King, "you say well; but I command you, by what you hold, and expect to hold from me, that you quit not the city of Paris for fifteen days, when the peers and barons shall try this right of relationship."

"Your will shall be done, Sir," said the Count; but well knowing what the decision would be, he resolved not to abide it, and early in the morning rode back to Brittany in the disguise of a merchant, with four attendants. His flight was not discovered until his representative came in his name to tender homage for the duchy. Charles de Blois making the same offer, the cause was heard on either side, and decision was of course given in favour of the Countess de Penthièvre and her husband.

"Fair nephew," then said the King, "you have adjudged to you a fair

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and large inheritance, make haste to win it from him who wrongfully holds it; and call all your friends to aid you, and I will not fail you, for I will lend you gold and silver, and will bid my son, the Duke of Normandy, to be the leader."

Siege of Nantes.

Charles bowed, thanked the King, and obtained the ready aid of many of the great nobles of the French court, such as the Duke de Bourbon, the Count de Blois, the Duke of Athens, who had borne that title since the Latin conquest of Constantinople, and Sir Luis of Spain, the son of a prince of Castile, who, dying while his children were under age, had left them to be supplanted and disinherited by their uncle, his younger brother. These nobles, with an army of ten thousand men under the command of Jean, Duke of Normandy and heir of France, marched into Brittany, where Montfort shut himself up in Nantes, while his lesser castles were taken, and the whole country cruelly devastated. Soon after Nantes was besieged, and bravely defended. Observing a convoy of provisions coming towards the town, Sir Hervé de Léon and many of the townspeople sallied out to capture it; the French camp became alarmed, and the battle was becoming general, when Sir Hervé too hastily gave orders to sound a retreat, during which great numbers were slain, and two hundred were left behind to be made prisoners. Montfort was very angry, and told him that such a retreat was no better than a flight, and that he could not suppose that so able a captain would commit such an error, otherwise than by intention. Exceedingly wounded, Léon wore a gloomy countenance, and meditated turning against the Prince who had insulted him. At the same time the Duke of Athens had detached himself from the main army, and besieged the Castle of Valgarnier, where his friend, Sir Sauvage d'Attigny, was taken in a sally. The chastelain offered to set his prisoner free unransomed, if the Duke of Normandy would authorize a combat between two equal troops of Breton and French knights. The Bretons were defeated, and to the eternal shame of Jean of France he caused the heads of their thirty-two champions to be cut off and thrown over the wall into the besieged city of Nantes.

Captivity of Montfort.

The inhabitants, already weary of the siege, were intimidated by this atrocity, and taking counsel together with Hervé de Léon, made favourable terms for themselves with the Duke of Normandy, admitted the French troops, and seized the unfortunate Jean de Montfort in his bed in the early morning. The Duke of Normandy gave him a safe conduct to Paris, but there he was seized, thrown into the prison of the Louvre, and kept in close captivity.

But Brittany was not conquered with Jean de Montfort, although the only son of Montfort was but three years old, and as the contemporary rhyming chronicler, St. André, says, his friends would not openly espouse his cause:

> "De peur de perdre leur renom
> Et la forme du chaperon
> (Le moule du chapeau, la tête)."

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CAMEO II.

Jeanne de Montfort.

However, he had a mother, Jeanne, the sister of the Count of Flanders, or, as the Bretons called her, Jannedik Flamm, a high-spirited woman, with, as Froissart tells us, the courage of a man and the heart of a lion. As soon as she heard of her husband's disaster, she took her little son in her arms, and showing him to the people of Rennes, said to them, "Friends, let us not distrust the grace of Heaven. We are under great misfortune in what has befallen the person of my lord; but I hope by the same grace that he will come out, sooner or later, and that we shall see him safe and sound. Take heart, forsake not one who puts his whole trust, after God, in you and your loyalty; and if Heaven should show us no favour while he is there, still I put under your charge his lawful heir, of his blood, bred up in the hope that he will one day be a man of worth and valour!" Her little band of knights wept as they heard her; but, turning round, she said, "Ah, Sirs, be not dismayed for my lord. He was but one man. See here my little child, who will be, by Heaven's will, his restorer, and will do you good."

After going through all the towns favourable to her, she shut up herself and her son in Hennebonne, sending her friend, Sir Amaury de Clisson, to entreat the aid of Edward III., promising homage for the dukedom, and offering the hand of the three-year-old boy to one of the English princesses. Meantime Charles de Blois, pronouncing that the lady should quickly be sent back to her distaff, had taken Rennes, and marched against Hennebonne. The events of the siege have been told by Froissart, and are still sung in a popular Breton ballad:—

Siege of Hennebonne. 1342.

> "What yonder climbs the mountain track
> It is a flock of black sheep.
> No sheep they are who climb the hill,
> 'Tis the French army come to take Hennebonne."

Every bell in Hennebonne was set ringing, and Jeanne, clothed in armour, mounted on a white horse, with her beautiful boy seated before her, rode through the streets, while the people shouted, "May Heaven guard the mother and child, and confound the French!"

Outside (according to the ballad) the French cried out, "The hind and the fawn, we will take them alive in their lair. We have fetters of gold to bind them together."

To which Jeanne the Fleming made answer from the top of her towers, making a play on the word *bleiz*, or *blois*, signifying in Breton a wolf.

"It's not the hind that will be taken! I don't say it will be the wolf; but if he is cold to-night, we will warm his hole."

Which the very next day she did, with a firebrand in her own hand, sallying out at a gate opposite to that where the battle raged, and burning the tents and baggage of the besiegers; then finding herself cut off from returning to the town, she galloped off to the town of Aurai, where she collected six hundred fresh troops, and brought them back to

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reinforce Hennebonne; riding up to the gates at sunrise on the fifth morning of her absence, just when the citizens had begun to despair of her return. Gallant was her defence; she made her ladies take up stones from the streets and carry them to the machines on the ramparts, and she showered down quicklime on the heads of the assailants, trusting all the time to succours being sent to her from England; and Charles de Blois went off to besiege Auray, leaving Luis of Spain to finish taking Hennebonne.

CAMEO II.

Siege of Hennebonne. 1342.

The succours tarried long, the walls were battered, the citizens lost heart, and the Bishop of Léon was gained over by his nephew, Sir Hervé, to play the same game which had been played with the Count. Jeanne discovered that he was trafficking with her enemies and tampering with her friends, and calling her knights together, entreated them to wait three days, promising them aid from King Edward. One—two days passed, and in vain the Countess sat in her turret, straining her eyes over the British Channel; not a sail was on the waters: and the third morning brought to her council-hall the Bishop of Léon and the knights and citizens, to deliberate on the surrender to Sir Hervé, who was already at the gates of the town demanding the keys.

"A quarter of an hour's delay," said the Bishop, "and he will put all to the sword."

The burghers had taken up the keys to go forth to offer them, when, with a shriek of joy, Jeanne caught the Bishop with one hand, and pointed to the window. "There! there!" she cried, "the promised succours! Help! help is come, my friends!" And behold, a great fleet of vessels, large and small, was heaving in sight—ship after ship, their decks glittering with burnished steel, and their masts garnished with many a welcome pennon.

"Well, reverend father," quoth Tanneguy du Chastel, "methinks you may dismiss your Parliament."

"Sirs," said the Bishop, "I am about to depart from your company. I am going to him who has a better and greater right."

"Hum!" growled the Sire de Landeneau; "pray what were you doing amongst us? Were you the wolf among the lambs?"

These iron-clad lambs, while the Bishop crept off to the camp, prepared for the reception of their allies. The streets were hung with tapestry, and Jeanne herself went down to the harbour, and graciously thanked the English reinforcements, who had for two whole months been tossing in the Channel, unable to come to her rescue. Sir Walter Manny was the leader, and was feasted by the Countess; but in the midst of the meal he looked up, and saw a huge machine unceasingly casting stones into the town. "I vow," he cried, "that I will destroy that great machine, which thinks to frighten us. Who will follow me?"

Answers were not few, and with several knights and three hundred archers Sir Walter made his way out and burnt, not only this machine, but many others, and were retreating in good order when the French knights came galloping round them like madmen.

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CAMEO II.

Relief of Hennebonne.

"May I never greet my lady and dear friend," cried Sir Walter, "if I enter castle or fortress ere I have unhorsed some of these gallopers."

So, with lance in rest, he and his knightly companions burst upon the French, when "many legs were made to kick the air," and a sharp skirmish took place, in which the French were forced to retreat. Sir Walter and his friends re-entered the town, and Jeanne, coming to meet them, "kissed them all like a noble and valiant dame."

This achievement caused the siege of Hennebonne to be raised, but Auray was reduced by famine, and the garrison cut their way through the enemy, and rejoined the Countess. It was a grievously cruel war. Luis of Spain had the cruelty of a Spaniard, and the Breton nobles were in general little prone to mercy; horrible massacres took place, and were retaliated by slaughter still more horrible, and the most violent hatreds arose. Charles de Blois seems to have been too weak to control the ferocious men who fought his battles, and more than one instance took place of prisoners of war being beheaded. In fact, a captive was considered the absolute property of his captor, so that where the lust of blood was stronger than the lust of gold, his death was preferred to his ransom, without damage to the honour of the victor in public opinion; nor was it till the latter years of the war that a gentler and more chivalrous temper began to prevail.

At last, after a second attempt to take Hennebonne, a truce was made, to last from the 1st of November, 1342, to the 1st of May, 1343. Charles de Blois remained at Carhaix, glad to profit by this peaceful time for devotion, and saying that "if Heaven had in His wisdom chosen him as duke, all the victories of the Countess de Montfort were but so many trials, and would not prevail against the Divine will."

Jeanne meanwhile, leaving Hennebonne in charge of Sir Walter Manny, conducted her little son to the English court, where Edward III. received her most affectionately, and invited the young Jean and his little sister to share the nursery of his own children. Little Jean was but four years old, and only in the course of this winter was born his intended bride, the little Lady Mary; but even in her cradle the two children were considered as affianced, and Jean, who was called the Infant of Bretagne, spent his whole youth among the young English princes.

His mother, with reinforcements under the charge of Robert d'Artois, returned to Bretagne, and had a sea-fight off Guernsey with the vessels of Luis of Spain, when the Countess, "with a sharp rusty sword in her hand," behaved with her usual gallantry. The English secured their landing, but lost four vessels; however, they soon after took the town of Vannes, so easily, that some suspicion fell on the fidelity of the garrison, who were commanded by Hervé de Léon and Olivier de Clisson. Again the Marshal de Beaumanoir attacked Vannes, and took it by assault, Robert d'Artois retreating by another gate, so badly wounded that he died on his way to England. He had made himself so much beloved by Edward, that the news of his death was received with the words, "I

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swear so to treat that felon country, that the traces shall appear for fifty years!"

CAMEO II. — *Edward III. in Brittany.* 1342.

He accordingly sailed in person for Brittany, with a great army, and Philippe himself advanced against him. All was prepared for a battle, when the two Cardinals of Preneste and Clermont came in the name of the Pope to mediate between the two Kings. Philippe, apparently glad to avoid encountering the star of Edward, agreed, and a peace for three years was signed, between England and France, but not between Montfort and Blois, although the liberty of the Count had been made an article of the treaty. Still, however, Philippe continued to detain him in the Louvre, while Edward, returning home, exchanged Olivier de Clisson for the Earl of Stafford. He had preferred sending home Clisson, rather than Hervé de Léon, and this would appear to have excited the suspicions of Philippe, for no sooner did the liberated knight appear at court than he was thrown into prison and beheaded. Shortly after, in the middle of a tournament, Philippe seized and put to death fourteen other Breton knights who had always fought for Charles de Blois. No one could discover what prompted him to this atrocity, which turned against him a great number of Bretons, and among them Clisson's high-spirited widow, a kindred character to Jeanne de Montfort, to whom she brought large reinforcements, and presented her little son Olivier, that he might be brought up with the young Montfort.

Edward was so enraged at the judicial murder of Clisson, that, by some extraordinary idea of retaliation, he talked of putting Hervé de Léon to death; but the Earl of Derby persuaded him out of any such measure, and instead of it, he sent Sir Hervé home, for a very trifling ransom, on condition that he should carry his defiance to Philippe de Valois, and at the same time invite every French knight and squire, whom he should meet, to the great chivalrous festival about to be given in honour of the institution of the Order of the Garter.

Death of Jean de Montfort. 1345.

Poor Sir Hervé had a dreadful homeward voyage, and his health was so shattered by his sufferings that he died very quickly after his return to France. In the meantime Charles de Blois had taken Quimper, and permitted horrid cruelties there; and Jean de Montfort, believing that this conduct released him from his *parole*, escaped from the Louvre in the disguise of a pedlar, and came home; but his health was broken, and he died early in 1345, appointing Edward III. the guardian of his young son.

Considering the dukedom as the right and property of the infant in his custody, the future dominion of his little daughter Mary, Edward took up arms for the conquest with more ardour than ever, and sent a still larger detachment to Brittany, under the Earl of Northampton. In 1347 Charles de Blois laid siege to Roche Derrien, with 1,600 men-at-arms, 12,000 infantry, and 4,000 archers. An English knight, named Thomas Dagworth, set off to the relief of the city with only 5,000 men, and fell upon the camp of Charles de Blois on the night of the 18th of June. There was a long and obstinate battle, partly in the dark or by

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CAMEO II.

Battle of Roche Derrien. 1347.

torchlight. Dagworth was wounded, made prisoner, and rescued by his own people; but he had been taken a second time, and victory was so decidedly with the larger force, that Tanneguy du Chastel was rallying the remaining troops, intending to retreat upon Hennebonne, when Sir Garnier de Cadoudal, one of the knights of the brave Jeanne the Fleming, coming up with one hundred fresh horsemen, shouted, "*Or sires*, to arms! to arms!—to horse! to horse! let him who has none come on foot! The foe thinks himself secure! They are on their guard no longer! Come, and we shall discomfit them!" They charged as the early summer sun was rising, and the French, taken in this unexpected manner, gave way, and were routed with a cruel slaughter. Charles de Blois fought like a lion, but he was driven back upon a windmill, separated from his friends, and bleeding from eighteen wounds; and at length, asking for a Breton knight, he gave up his sword to Robert du Chastel, and was carried into the town of Roche Derrien. Ferocity seemed to infect every one who meddled with this savage Breton war, and Sir Thomas Dagworth acted in a manner unworthy of an Englishman. Finding Charles lying on a feather-bed, he insisted on his surrendering himself to him. Charles refused, being already Du Chastel's prisoner; whereupon Dagworth, in a passion, ordered four archers to shoot at him, and being withheld from this atrocity, snatched away the bed and left him bleeding on the straw. Charles's piety enabled him to receive this ill-treatment with the utmost patience; he raised his eyes to heaven, confessed himself deserving of all, and made a vow thenceforth never to lie on anything but straw. He was sent to Vannes, tormented on the way by the insults of his guards, who brought all sorts of noisy instruments to din in his ears, and called on him as a musician to join in the concert. On arriving, however, he was better treated, and Jeanne de Montfort granted a safe-conduct to her namesake, his wife, Jeanne de Penthièvre, to come and nurse him. She promised to put herself at the head of her armies, and fight for the birthright of herself and her children, as effectually as Jeanne de Montfort was fighting for that of her son; and she kept her word, for the captive Charles had hardly been transported across the Channel, and placed in the Tower of London, before she had raised a force with which she recovered Roche Derrien.

Captivity of Charles de Blois. 1347.

The war had become entirely French and English. The Breton people, an exclusive race, hating all strangers alike, had at first been attached to the elder Montfort, as a native, whereas Charles de Blois appeared to them an intrusive Frenchman. The grudge against the Saxon was, however, of still earlier date, the invasion of Britain and the death of Duke Arthur being confused together as grounds of dire enmity; and the little Jean de Montfort was so much identified with his English father-in-law, that his cause met with no more favour than the injustice of his claim merited. The knights and gentry took either side according to their friendships or convictions; but the spirit with which the country looked on at the struggle is curiously shown in one of the old Breton ballads, collected by M. Villemarqué, where John Bull and

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CAMEO II.
—
Desolation of Brittany.

William the Wolf, another allusion to *bliez*, or Blois, are represented as watched by little Kate the Ermine. The Ermine, be it observed, was the crest, and the fur covered the shield of Bretagne, with the motto, *Malo mori quam fœdari*:—

"See the oak-leaves spread before the beech-leaves,
See the wolf watching the bull!
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks,
Out of ten men, nine will die!

"John Bull and William the Wolf are terrible foes:
See William watch on the shore;
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks—sks,
Watching John as he swims over.

"If it is fresh beef that you seek, you'll have none to-day,
You'll find long sharp horns,
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks,
To tear out your bowels, if you please.

"Little sharp Kate, the ermine, laughs from her hole,
See how gracefully
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks,
William capers.

"William capers, poor fellow, from the point of those horns,
And I who thought his teeth,
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks—sks,
His teeth surpassed the horns.

"Up goes John, down goes John;
At him, at him, William! catch him,
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks,
He is spent, he halts, and thou art so speedy.

"Ay! ay! I have worn him out; I'll bring him to reason:
Ha! ha! John Englishman, beware.
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks,
The Devil is behind thee!

"In each meadow where they've passed the grass is burnt,
In each field they crossed,
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks—sks,
No oats or wheat will ear!

"No tree will bloom in the orchard; the flowers are shattered,
As if destroyed by rain:
Oh, there! sks—sks—sks,
Ah, would that they would throttle each other!"

No more hearty wish than that they would throttle each other did the poor exhausted Bretons breathe, as their dukedom was torn to pieces by the wild fury of the combatants—harvests destroyed, cattle seized, and the roade filled with fugitives. Every one wore mourning, and no one was at ease, but the wild soldiery and the fierce captains, who forgot their chivalry in dealing with the vanquished. Robber chieftains arose, holding for one or the other party, but obeying no one, and exercising unrestrained licence. Froissart mentions one of these,

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CAMEO II.

The Combat of the Thirty.
1351.

a Dutch boy of low birth, named Croquart, who had been page to Sire d'Ercle, until he came to manhood, and attached himself to a man-at-arms in Brittany, where he showed such prowess, that when his master was killed his companions elected him their chief. He made his profit by seizing ill-guarded towns or castles, putting their inhabitants to ransom, and selling the places to the country again; and he was said to be worth 40,000 crowns, without including his twenty or thirty handsome horses, all of a deep roan colour. He was considered to be the best man at his weapons in the whole country, and had an offer from the King of France of knighthood, and of a wealthy marriage, provided he would forsake the English party; but he remained constant to the Lions of England, and was one of the champions in a very notable chivalrous encounter which took place in the year 1351.

Sir Thomas Dagworth had agreed with the Sire Robert de Beaumanoir, the Marshal of Brittany, on behalf of Charles de Blois, that the two parties should respect the person and property of merchants and peasants; but Dagworth was soon after killed by a deserter named Cahors, who went over to the French, and in revenge the English renewed their depredations in so furious a manner, that Beaumanoir demanded a safe-conduct from Sir Richard Bemborough, the commander of the garrison of Ploërmel, in order to consult on the renewal of the ordinances of Dagworth.

On his way to Ploërmel, Beaumanoir, one of the most chivalrous men of his time, encountered troops of poor peasants tied two and two by their thumbs, or with fetters on their hands and feet, forced along by the brutal soldiery with blows of their swords. Full of indignation he exclaimed, as soon as he was admitted into the Castle of Ploërmel, "Knights of England, I marvel that valiant men such as you should wage a cruel and shameful war, not on armed men, but on merchants, peasants, and peaceful folk. Soldiers ought not to vex and ruin the poor man who sows wheat, grows vineyards, and feeds cattle. But for the husbandman, must not the noble toil with flail and hoe? Peace, then, henceforth for the peasants; they have suffered enough, and the ordinances of Dagworth have been too much forgotten."

"Silence, Beaumanoir," cried Bemborough, violent to make up for the badness of his cause; "Montfort shall be Duke of Brittany, Edward shall be King of France, and the English shall do what they please, in spite of all Frenchmen, and of those who hold with them."

"Dream another dream," said Beaumanoir, "this is ill dreamt. Never will ends be gained by these means. Act more wisely—set the prisoners free, and we will then debate on what is to be done next."

"Englishmen are not likely to obey such men as Bretons!" exclaimed Bemborough, bursting into praises of the national courage, and declaring that no men could stand before the English!

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CAMEO II.

The Combat of the Thirty.

1351.

"Well," said Beaumanoir, "that the war may only fall upon warriors, let us choose out equal numbers on either side, thirty Bretons against thirty English, and we will see which has the better heart and the better cause."

The combat of the Thirty was then fixed for the Half-way Oak, between Ploërmel and Josselin, and the time was to be the Saturday before Passion Sunday. Both chieftains mustered their forces with the utmost anxiety: but those of Beaumanoir were all true-born Bretons, fighting for the protection of their oppressed countrymen; while Bemborough had nothing to maintain but the pride and lawlessness of his followers, and could not succeed in getting together on so short a warning more than twenty English, among whom were two names afterwards notable, Robert Knollys and Hugh Calverley; and besides these he had six Netherlanders, among whom was the brigand Croquart, and four Bretons.

Every one armed himself as he chose. Among the English, Thomas Belford had a steel mace of twenty-five pounds weight, and Hucheton Clamaban a scythe with sharp hooks along the back; and on the Breton side only one knight came on horseback, but he dismounted when he saw the rest on foot.

The Bretons heard mass and communicated, after which Beaumanoir addressed them: "Friends, may God make us increase in virtue. We have heard mass, and received absolution in the name of Christ our King. He will give us might and victory. Keep a good countenance, hold fast together, bravely and prudently."

"Sirs," said Bemborough, on his side, "Merlin, whose books I have consulted, predicts a full victory over the Bretons. We will kill or take Beaumanoir and all his comrades, and carry those that are left to our gentle King Edward, who shall treat them at his pleasure."

A few messages passed between the two leaders, and the melée began with great fierceness. Two hours of resolute fighting so exhausted both parties that they drew off to breathe. By that time two Bretons were killed and three made prisoners, and the sight seemed to madden the rest. Beaumanoir knighted a youth of his party, and bade him make the English pay for his spurs ere the hour of compline. As he spoke, Bemborough fell furiously on him, and grasped him round the waist, crying, "Surrender, Beaumanoir! I'll not slay thee, but send thee captive to my lady-love!"

"St. Ives!" shouted Beaumanoir, "the lady-love shall be mine this very day!" but he was grappling with difficulty with the Englishman, when two of his friends came up and killed Bemborough, cutting off his head, while a cry ran through the Bretons, "Beaumanoir is avenged!"

"Ha!" called the bold outlaw, Croquart, "Bemborough is dead. All Merlin's books have not been worth twopence to him! Courage is the only hope. Keep close to me, and death to all who come near us!"

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CAMEO II.

The Combat of the Thirty.

1351.

The fight continued to rage, and Beaumanoir, who was streaming with blood, and was fasting on account of the morning's holy rite, called out for drink. "Drink thine own blood, Beaumanoir," cried Geoffroi Dubois, "and the day is ours!"

The victory was still doubtful, when Guillaume de Montauban mounted his horse as if for flight. "False squire!" shouted Beaumanoir, "where are you going? Shame to thy race!"

"Take care of your work, brave knight!" said Montauban, "I'll take care of mine!"

And bursting on the English with his heavy horse, he broke their ranks, and enabled the Bretons to grapple with them one by one, until the rout was complete, and the surviving Englishmen were forced to surrender. The Sire de Tintenniac on the one side, and Croquart on the other, were adjudged to have best done their devoir, and, like the battle of the thirteen French and Italians, which was called *La Disfida di Barletta*, the combat of the Thirty was deemed the greatest feat of arms in the war.

Froissart, strangely enough, only mentions it incidentally in a sketch of the career of Croquart, who was killed shortly after by a fall from his horse. The old Canon turned a deaf ear to any tale that would not ring welcome in the ears of the English court; but his silence is compensated for by all Breton histories, as well as by a Breton ballad, and a rhyming French chronicle. The combat of the Thirty was worked in tapestry, and the fierce enthusiastic cry of Dubois was "thought a proud word" by the Beaumanoirs, and thenceforth "*Beaumanoir, bois ton sang*," was their war-cry and the motto beneath the eleven argent billets on their azure shield.

The names of the knights were preserved in the nearest convent, where those who fell were buried; and, still better, embalmed in the memory of the grateful peasants. The Oak, standing half-way upon the moor, was the monument of the locality, till it was uprooted by some of the savages of the wars of the League; a stone cross replaced it, which shared the fate of all that was time-honoured in the Revolution; and lastly, under Louis XVIII. an obelisk was set up, bearing the names of the sixty warriors, and the date, the 27th of March, 1351.

The Breton ballad ends with saying:

"He was no friend to the Bretons who did not shout for joy
When our men came back to Josselin with broom-flowers in their helmets.

"He was no friend to Bretagne, nor to Bretagne's saints,
Who did not bless St. Kado, the patron of Breton warriors;

"Who did not wonder, praise, and bless, and sing,
In paradise and earth below St. Kado has no equal!"

The gratitude of the Bretons would lead to the hope that the poor peasantry profited by their generous champions' conflict in their behalf,

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but nothing on the subject is recorded, and the warfare raged on from castle to castle, and city to city; and the two Jeannes continued to fight like two lionesses, the one for her son, the other for her right; and Charles de Blois prayed and fasted in his imprisonment in the Tower of London. Two other royal captives shared his confinement, and the little Duke of Brittany, and his still younger bride, occupied the state apartments in the same old fortress.

CAMEO II.

Captivity of Charles de Blois.

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CAMEO III.

THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

(1329—1346.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II.	1328. Philippe VI.	1312. Alfonso XI.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1314. Ludwig I.	1316. John XXII. 1334. Benedict XII. 1342. Clement VI.

CAMEO III. — *Regency of Moray.* 1329.

"WOE to the land whose ruler is a child" has often been applied to Scotland, that land of disastrous minorities, the first of which commenced with David II. the son of the great Robert.

His troubles, however, did not begin while there still lived the

> "Scots who had with Wallace bled,
> Scots whom Bruce had often led."

Thomas Randolph, Earl of Moray, was Regent, and conducted him and his little English queen, Joan, to Scone, where they were crowned, and received the anointing of which his father had been deprived, while the herald proclaimed their titles, declaring David King of Scotland by his father's conquest, not by inheritance. Afterwards, Moray knighted the little King, then eight years old, and he proceeded to knight the Scottish nobles of a fit age for that dignity.

Randolph's was an iron rule, though perhaps not more severe than was necessary for a country still full of the lawless habits engendered by a long partisan warfare, and far too congenial to the character of the inhabitants. Still he seems to have taken a grim pleasure in executions, for when he found fifty heads of Highland thieves hung on the battlements of Ellandonan Castle, he said "he loved better to look on them than on any garland of roses he had ever seen." At Wigton, in Galloway, a man complained that a party of his enemies were lying in wait in a forest to destroy him; whereupon Randolph sent out a strong party, seized them, and instantly hung them all. Nor did he show any respect of persons. The murderer of a priest had fled to Avignon, and obtained the Pope's pardon, but on his return the Regent seized him,

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and put him to death. "The Pope might pardon you for the death of a priest," he said, "but not for that of a subject of the King of Scotland." To produce a sense of security of property, he commanded that the tools and implements of husbandry should be left in the open field, and that, even at home, doors should not be secured with bars and bolts, since, if anything were stolen, it should be compensated for by the sheriff, who was to be indemnified out of the thief's property. A canny Scot who took advantage of this law to hide his ploughshare, and pretend that it had been stolen, "on the gallows paid the cheat;" and by imprisoning all "vagrants, sorners, and masterful beggars," the Regent did his best to make it possible to have confidence in the general honesty. Many of the Scottish barons had been deprived of their estates for their adherence to the English, and these formed a league for restoring the house of Balliol to the throne, a plan which Edward III. did not forbid, although he would give no open assistance. At the very moment most favourable to their design Randolph died suddenly, of course with suspicion of poison; and it is certain that he was taken ill immediately after a feast at Wemyss, and that a friar at once fled, as if conscious of guilt.

CAMEO III

Regency of Moray. 1329.

Donald, Earl of Mar, became Regent; and on the very day he undertook the government the disinherited barons, with Edward Balliol at their head, sailed into the Forth, and soon after landed at Wester Kinghorn—so unfavourable a spot, that an able ruler would have nipped their enterprise in the bud; but Mar was at a great distance, and they not only landed unmolested, but seized Dunfermline, which was full of stores of weapons and provisions laid up by Randolph.

Regency of Mar. 1332.

At Dupplin Muir the two armies came in sight of each other. That of Balliol was far inferior to the Scottish force, but a traitor named Andrew Murray of Tullibardine conducted them by night across the river Erne, and falling on Mar in the early morning, they made the most dreadful slaughter, which raged from sunrise till nine o'clock. Randolph's son and some others did their best to retrieve the day, but they were overwhelmed by numbers and slain, fortunate in dying a soldier's death, for multitudes were found to have perished without a blow, trodden down by their own troops and smothered by the weight of their armour. Mar himself was killed, and the rout was the most complete and disgraceful ever suffered by the Scots.

Battle of Dupplin. 1332.

The Earl of March, with 30,000 men, was at some distance to the south. A ghastly and bleeding warrior reeled into his camp, told the woful tale of Dupplin, showed his mortal wounds, and, sinking down, breathed his last. March now held the chief power, but he wavered, and used indecisive measures. Balliol seized Perth, and all the Comyn faction rising against the hated house of Bruce, he was in three weeks master of Scotland. He tendered his allegiance to Edward III., proposed to marry the young Joan, the betrothed of David, offered to give up Berwick to the English, and to assist them in all their wars, proposals that were as welcome to the English as they were distasteful to the Scots, who saw themselves carried back to the days of Edward I.

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CAMEO III.
Regency of Bothwell.

As to the transfer of the hand of Joan, they took care to secure both her and her husband by shipping them off for France, where they were presented as suppliants to Philippe de Valois, who readily took them under his protection, and assigned as their lodging the renowned Château Gaillard. Thus Edward Balliol appeared to reign without a rival, but he was soon to learn that "success but signifies vicissitude." A band of patriot Scots were drawing together: Sir Andrew Murray of Bothwell, the husband of the Christian Bruce who had been hung up in one of the English birdcages, was Regent, and with him were the Earl of Moray, son of Randolph, and brother to him who had perished at Dupplin; Archibald Douglas, brother to the good Lord James, and William Douglas, the "dark knight of Liddesdale;" besides many more resolute men, who considered Balliol's treaty as laying on them a disgraceful yoke. The capture of Perth was their first success, and afterwards, by a sudden attack on Balliol's army in the tardy dawn of a December morning, they fully avenged the losses at Dupplin, and drove Balliol a fugitive from Scotland only six months after his first arrival there.

Aid was, however, near at hand, for Edward III. himself was advancing northwards, eager to avenge the provocation he had suffered in his first campaign. In skirmishes on the border Sir Andrew Murray and the Knight of Liddesdale were both captured by the English, and Balliol was able to return into Roxburghshire even before Edward had advanced far enough to lay siege to Berwick. The siege became a blockade, and Sir Alexander Seaton, the governor, at length agreed to surrender, unless he should receive supplies and reinforcements by a certain day, giving up as hostages his own son and several other youths, children of the burghers.

Before the appointed day, Sir Archibald Douglas succeeded in throwing succours into the town; and then marching on into England, forayed Northumberland, and even threatened Bamborough Castle, where Queen Philippa was lodged, hoping to make a diversion in favour of Berwick; but Edward trusted to the walls of Bamborough, and remained to demand the surrender on the appointed day. The inhabitants pleaded the succour they had received, but Edward foully transgressed the laws of mercy and generosity by beheading young Seaton before the gates of the town in his father's sight. The burghers, terrified lest their sons should share the same fate, fixed another day for surrender unless relief should come, and, by messages, strongly urged the Regent to march to their rescue.

"Good King Robert's testament" was full in the minds of the elder chieftains, but the need of Berwick was pressing, and James Douglas's skill had not fallen to the lot of his brother Archibald; so he resolved on fighting a pitched battle with the English, who were drawn up on the top of Halidon Hill, with a great marsh before them. It would really appear as if the Scottish Regent had lost his senses, for he caused his heavily-armed knights to dismount, and set off floundering through this bog to charge up the hill, where the English archers could, perfectly at

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CAMEO III.

Battle of Halidon Hill. 1333.

their ease, shoot them down long before they crossed the morass. The arrows flew "like motes in the sunbeam," and multitudes perished in the marsh; and though the survivors struggled up the hill, and attacked the English with undaunted courage, they were breathless, exhausted, and easily overborne; so that the account is by no means incredible which states that the English lost fifteen men, and the Scots fourteen thousand, among them Archibald Douglas, the fourth Regent within four years! The English began to say that the Scottish wars were at an end, since not a man was left fit to lead an army. Edward himself seems to have thought so, for it was here that he listened to Robert d'Artois, and turned his mind to France, as if Scotland were already subdued.

Several castles were still held out for David Bruce, and served as rallying-points to the adherents of his family, and the Scots swarmed out like hornets whenever any attack could be made upon the English; but the main strength of the kingdom was in the hands of Balliol and his allies, and though every heart was for the Bruce, only children in their games dared to call their king David and not Edward.

Sir Andrew Murray and Sir William Douglas of Liddesdale had, however, been ransomed, and they were in themselves a host. They rescued Murray's wife, Christian Bruce, from being again taken in Kildrummie Castle, and they flitted before the cumbrous southern army, letting it exhaust itself as in the old days of the first Douglas and Moray. A story is told to illustrate the coolness of Sir Andrew. He was encamped in the wood of Stronkaltere, now entirely vanished, when tidings were brought that the whole English army were advancing on him. The Regent was hearing mass, and no one dared to interrupt him; but as soon as it was over, he was told that the enemy were coming. He only said there was no need of haste, and, when his horse was brought, placidly tried the girths and adjusted the furniture. His knights grew excessively impatient, but he proceeded with provoking coolness to put on his armour, and finding a strap which braced his thigh-armour broken, he quietly called for a certain coffer, whence he took a skin of leather; and then sitting down on a bank, cut off a strip, and with his own thrifty hands mended the brace, packed up his box, mounted his horse, and led off his men in perfect order, without the slightest loss, before the very faces of the English.

Siege of Dunbar. 1337.

William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, the early friend of Edward III., was in command of the English army, and laid siege to Dunbar Castle, which belonged to the Earl of March, but was defended by his wife Agnes Randolph, the daughter of the great Earl of Moray, and commonly called, from her dark complexion, Black Agnes of Dunbar. When Salisbury advanced his heavy balistæ, and rained heavy stones on the walls, she and her maidens came out on the battlements, and wiped the places where they struck with a white cloth, to the extreme provocation of the English. She did more real service by her presence than merely taunting the foe, for she directed her garrison like an able general, and was never wanting in resources to disconcert all attacks. When

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CAMEO III.

Agnes of Dunbar.
1337.

the huge machine called a Sow was brought near the walls, guarding with its sloping hog's-back-roof a multitude of miners, Agnes shouted to Salisbury that his sow should produce a brood, and at the same moment caused a large stone to be dropped, crushing the roof, and dispersing those beneath, while the lady cried out, "See the litter of English pigs!" Salisbury was not behind in his retorts, for seeing one of his knights pierced through his treble armour by an arrow from the walls, he exclaimed, "There comes one of my lady's tirepins! Agnes's love-shafts go straight to the heart." He was obliged to blockade the castle, and the brave lady was nearly starved out, when Sir Alexander Ramsay of Dalhousie contrived to come by sea to her relief, and Salisbury was thus forced to relinquish the siege, which had lasted full five months.

Sir Alexander Ramsay and the Knight of Liddesdale were considered as the prime champions of the Scots, and when the Earl of Derby was at Berwick he challenged the latter to a jousting-match in all goodwill and courtesy. In the first course Douglas was wounded in the hand by a splinter of his own lance, and forced to desist, when the Earl proposed a tournament for three days of twenty English against twenty Scots, the English undertaking to award the prizes to the Scots, the Scots to the English. They seem to have been considered as having equally distinguished themselves, and the joust was chiefly remarkable for the bearing of William Ramsay, brother to Sir Alexander, who was struck through the helmet with a lance so deeply, that it was thought he could not survive the removal of the weapon. A priest was sent for, and the wounded man confessed at once. "Ah!" said Henry of Derby, "it is a goodly sight to see a brave baron shrived in his helmet. May I have such an ending!" Thereupon Sir Alexander came up, and, setting his foot upon his brother's helmet, pulled out the truncheon by main force, when William started to his feet, and declared nothing ailed him; and Derby exclaimed, "What stout hearts these men have!" but the brave William sank and died ere he had gone many steps.

Terrible famine was produced by these perpetual wars, and the sufferings of the peasantry were dreadful; but the English army suffered even more than the Scots, and had only four castles left, Edinburgh, Jedburgh, Roxburgh, and Lochmaben; and the chief of all these they soon lost by a stratagem cleverly carried out by a merchant named Walter Currie, who, being admitted to supply provisions, introduced the Knight of Liddesdale's men disguised as drivers of the waggons. They killed the warders, blew their horns, and admitted Douglas and the rest of his followers. These successes decided the Scots on fetching home their young King, and they sent messengers to France to invite him to assume the reins of government; but David had anticipated them. Learning the prosperity of his partisans, he decided on setting off before the English should have notice of his movements, so as to be able to intercept them; and taking counsel with his friend, King Philippe, orders were given for the building of 2,300 vessels for his escort, and for the embroidery of so many banners, that all the tailors in Paris

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CAMEO III.

Return of David. 1341.

were occupied with them for sixteen weeks, while in the meantime King David, with his Queen Joan, slipped quietly across in a private vessel, and safely landed at Inverbervie in Kincardineshire on the 4th of June, 1341, after an absence of half his lifetime. He was just eighteen, tall and handsome, "well waxen up," and fond of dancing, jesting, jousting, and all the accomplishments then in high esteem; while Joan

> "Was sweet and debonnaire,
> Courteous, homely, pleasant and fair;"

so that their subjects were highly delighted with them at their first appearance: but it soon became evident that the talent of the great Robert had not descended to his son, and that David was a mere hot-headed, pleasure-loving youth. A skilful hand would have been needed to rule that most perplexing realm, surrounded by patriotic veterans, who had gallantly served their country, but had been utterly unused to restraint. Soon after David's arrival, the brave Sir Alexander Ramsay, took Roxburgh Castle, and, in the delight of such an acquisition, David bestowed on him the government of the castle, and the sheriffdom of Teviotdale, forgetting that the latter office was already held by Douglas of Liddesdale. Deadly enmity was excited in the breast of the "dark knight" against his old companion-in-arms. He led a band of armed men to Hawick, where Ramsay was holding his court in open church, and invited the former sheriff to seat himself by his side; but instead of being disarmed by his frank courtesy, Douglas wounded him, threw him across his horse, bore him off to the ill-omened Border castle of Hermitage, and threw him into a dungeon to perish by famine. The vault was under a granary, and the corn which fell through the chinks of the floor enabled him to prolong his misery for seventeen days, when he died; and in recent times his sad history was confirmed by the discovery at Hermitage of the vault, containing several human bones, an ancient sword, a bridle-bit, and a quantity of chaff and dust. What a country that must have been, where the treacherous murderer of this gallant knight was not only pardoned and put in possession of the coveted shrievalty, but was known as the Flower of Chivalry!

Froissart ascribes to David of Scotland an advance into England not long after his return, when he made a horrible devastation, and laid siege to Durham. A messenger rushed off to Chertsey, where Edward III. then was, and summoned him to the rescue, when he hastened northwards, collecting all the force of the country, but not in time to save the town from being pillaged. The Scots began to fall back and drive off their booty, laying siege on the way to Wark Castle. This castle belonged to the King's friend, the William Montacute (or Montague) who had assisted him in securing Mortimer, and had for that reason been created Earl of Salisbury. He had recently been made prisoner by the French, but his beautiful wife, Catharine Grandison, was in the castle, which was defended by his nephew and namesake,

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CAMEO III.

Wark Castle.

Sir William Montacute. The Countess did her part; she "comforted much those within the castle, and from the sweetness of her looks, and the charm of being encouraged by such a beautiful lady, one man in time of need ought to be worth two." The defence was bravely conducted, but the need of succour was great, and Sir William Montacute volunteered to carry the tidings to the King of England through the midst of the Scottish army.

He left the castle secretly on a dark wet night, which kept every Scot within his quarters, excepting two, whom he met at break of day, half a league beyond the camp, driving in three oxen. He killed the animals and wounded the men, bidding them tell their King that William Montacute had passed through their army, and was gone to seek succour from the King of England. Thereupon the Scottish gentlemen came to the conclusion, that "the King often made his men to be killed and wounded without any reason," and therefore they insisted on marching off to secure their plunder, without waiting for the advance of the English, and David was forced to consent.

The Countess Catharine had only to prepare peacefully to receive King Edward, who brought up his army on the following day, and rode to the castle with ten or twelve knights. She caused the gates to be thrown open, and, richly attired, knelt on the threshold to thank her royal rescuer; then leading him in, and entertaining him with the utmost grace and decorum. So beautiful was the lady, that, in the romance of the rescue, King Edward forgot his Philippa, and "a spark of fine love struck upon his heart, and lasted a long time." Noble Catharine, with her lord in prison and her handsome young sovereign coming as her deliverer, after her heroic defence of her beleaguered castle, might have been in greater peril than when the Scottish host thundered at her gates; but she was a faithful and true-hearted wife; and when the King forgot himself so far as to make known his admiration of her, she replied, "Sweet sir, do not amuse yourself with laughing at me, for I cannot believe you mean what you say. Your knights are waiting for you; come into the hall, for you have too long fasted."

The King dared not refuse or delay, and the discreet dignity of the Countess so kept him under restraint, that he pressed his suit no farther till he was taking leave on the following day, when he begged her to think of his love for her. "Dear lord," answered the brave lady, "God the Father glorious be your guide, and put you out of all villain thoughts. Sir, I am, and ever shall be, ready to do your Grace service, to your honour and mine."

This whole expedition, with the consequences, rests on the sole authority of the Canon Froissart, and the inroad could hardly have been as formidable as he represents it. The unrequited attachment of Edward to the fair and good Countess of Salisbury is, however, so universal a tradition, that it can hardly be doubted; and his whole life shows, unfortunately, that his principles were not too high for such temptation. On the truce with France, the Earl of Salisbury was welcomed

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The Legend of the Garter.

home by his wife; but shortly after Edward sent express orders, that the Earl should bring her to a grand tournament, which was to take place in London. "The ladies and damsels were most superbly dressed and ornamented according to their different degrees, except the Countess of Salisbury, who came thither in as plain attire as possible, for she was not willing that the King should give up too much time to admire her. And while at his court, the gossiping legend narrates how, after one of the dances, a blue silken garter was found lying on the floor; and Edward, marking how the smiles of gallants and the titter of ladies were raising a blush on the fair cheek of Countess Catharine, himself raised it from the ground, bound it about his own knee, and, with a lion glance, silenced all by the words '*Honi soit qui mal y pense.*' 'The shame is to him who thinks evil.'" And, withal, the incident may have recalled to his mind the blue garter once worn round the left knee by the knights of Richard Cœur de Lion. Ideas of a brotherhood like that of King Arthur of the Round Table had been inspired by the chivalrous romances in which he delighted, and the project took shape. His Order were to be Knights of the Blue Garter, and their motto should be his own words, "*Honi soit qui mal y pense*," the commemoration of the pure heart, that, while her thoughts were innocent, could be touched by neither evil nor shame; and the patron should be the warrior saint, who trampled evil beneath his feet; and the chapel and home of the Order should be St. George's at Windsor Castle, then rising into glory and beauty under the hand of the skilful architect, William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester.

First Chapter of the Garter. 1344.

St. George's day, 1344,* was fixed for the institution and first Chapter of the Order. Neither Queen Philippa nor the Earl of Salisbury were of those who thought evil of the good Countess, for Philippa led three hundred ladies attired in the blue velvet mantle and crimson kirtle of the Order, and the Earl stands as the sixth of the twenty-six knights chosen by the King as his Brethren of the Order. They are almost all names that thrill us with exultation. There, next after his father, stood Edward, Prince of Wales; then his cousin, the gallant Henry of Derby, now Earl of Lancaster; the bosom friend of the Black Prince, Sir Piers de Greilly, called by his strange Gascon title, Captal (or chieftain) de Buch; Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, redeeming by his fidelity his father's evil fame, Sir John Chandos, and Sir James Audley, whose right to their spurs was soon gallantly proved; and others of scarce less renown. Each wore the silken garter at his knee, the "robe of heavenly blue," a kirtle of crimson, and on the left shoulder the red cross of St. George; each was admitted by the King with solemn oaths administered by the chaplain, to fight for God, St. George, and the King; and each hung his banner, rich with armorial bearings, over the stall in the chapel, where he knelt and joined in the prayers day by day offered up for the "Most Noble Order of the Garter." And the broken, infirm, and poverty-stricken warriors were

* There is some controversy whether this first Chapter took place in 1344 or 1347.

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CAMEO III.

The Order of the Garter.

provided for; twenty-six poor and indigent knights were added to the Order, to be lodged and fed close beside the castle walls, and constantly to serve God in prayer for their more brilliant brethren. At the death of each knight, his silken banner made way for another, but his place did not forget him. Enamelled in bright colours on brass, his arms remained on the back of the stall that had once been his; and rich and rare is the record that the heraldic lore of those dark oak stalls presents. The number of knights was raised to forty, and the Order continues to be the highest honour in the power of the English crown to bestow.* The rich collar and jewel of St. George were devised in the time of Henry VII.; and the ribbon, worn in comparative undress across one shoulder, was at first black, but was changed by Queen Elizabeth to light-blue, and as such was worn till the House of Hanover changed it into dark-blue, in order to mark the difference between their knights and those appointed by the exiled Stuarts. The star was a device of King Charles I. The Garter has in later times become a decoration conferred for high nobility rather than distinguished merit. Sir Robert Walpole was the last commoner admitted to the Order, and it has become rather a compliment than a badge of personal renown; but it is still the oldest existing secular Order of Knighthood in Europe, and no one can see St. George's Chapel, with its gorgeous perspective of silken banner behind banner, and its stalls encrusted with bright armorial bearings, hear the chanted supplication for the "Most Noble Order of the Garter," or mayhap remember the blue ribbon on the breast of him we loved to call *the* Duke, without feeling that Edward III.'s institution is still undecayed. The Bishops of Winchester and Oxford are Prelate and Registrar of the Order, and, as such, wear a blue ribbon and jewel with their episcopal robes.

The third Campaign in France. 1346.

The King was not long in carrying his son Edward abroad to earn the spurs he worn on St. George's day, and the campaign of 1346 was the most effective that had yet taken place in France. The regency was left nominally in the hands of the little Lionel, then only eight years old, but who was seated on the throne when parliaments were held, and whose councils were in reality governed by his mother, Queen Philippa.

David Bruce thought the King's absence a fit opportunity for an invasion of England upon a large scale. He collected at Perth 3,000 regular cavalry, and 30,000 other troops, many of them mounted on wild Scots ponies, and coming from all parts of Scotland. The fierce chieftains brought their enmities with them, and ere they set forth the Lord of the Isles was murdered by the Earl of Ross, who thereupon led his men back to their own hills, while the Islesmen likewise dispersed in grief and indignation. Still David advanced, and his first exploit was the siege of the peel or tower of Liddell, held by Walter Selby, one of the fierce brood of Border knights to whom the international hostility had given birth; ever on the side which promised the most plunder, and yet from

* Perhaps the Victoria Cross is more what Edward's decoration originally was, the meed of personal prowess.

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mere force of personal courage held in honour as a good knight. After holding out for six days, the castle was stormed and taken, and Selby, holding out in vain the lure of some day joining David's party, was put to death.

Young Bruce was not the man to restrain the ravages of his savage forces, and the northern counties were horribly devastated; even the shrines of Lanercost and Hexham not being respected, although St. Cuthbert was said to have appeared in a dream to David, and warned him to spare his domain. Another more substantial adviser was the Knight of Liddesdale, who counselled a retreat, content with the spoil already gained, and the injury inflicted; but the younger men would not listen to the veteran. "You have filled your own coffers with English gold," they said, "and secured your lands by our valour; and now you would restrain us from our share in the plunder, when there are no fighting-men in the country."

The boasters little knew what English spirit could do. Queen Philippa herself came to Newcastle-upon-Tyne to assemble her forces, and all the spears of the North — Percy, Neville, Musgrave, Scrope, and many another gallant name—encircled her crown; while the archbishops and bishops summoned their tenants, and brought them in person to her standard, till 30,000 men, of whom 20,000 were yeomen archers, had mustered for the defence of the realm. David had meanwhile plundered and burnt his way to a place then called Beaurepair, now degraded into Bearpark, near Durham, where he lay encamped among hedges and ditches, without a thought of keeping watch, or of reconnoitring, and entirely unaware that he was but six miles from the English army. At daybreak the Knight of Liddesdale, coming in with some forage, found himself before the English army, and gained the camp with some loss and difficulty. He went at once to rouse his master with tidings that the English were upon them; but David laughed him to scorn. "There are none left in England," he said, "but monks, swineherds, tailors, and tanners, who dare not look me in the face. I'll make martyrs of these confessors." "Sir King," said Douglas, "you'll soon find it otherwise; they are stout men, and will speedily be upon us." "Sir William," said David, "your brain is crazed with night-watching; you are doubling their numbers. Begone, if you are uneasy. While I have my good right-hand, I fear no Englishman." "My Lords," said the knight, looking round, "I shall indeed stand firm this day, but many an unborn child will rue this battle. If thou trust me not, King David, my sword shall prove my words."

They were interrupted by two poor monks from the citizens of Durham, who, little knowing that succour was so near, had sent them to make terms with the invader. David, irritated and violent, ordered them to be hung; but at that moment other messengers hurried in with tidings that the English banners were close at hand, and in the ensuing confusion the monks were allowed to make their escape.

Philippa nobly did her part. Mounting on a white palfrey, she looked

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CAMEO III.

Battle of Nevil's Cross.
1346.

on while the four divisions got under arms, each led by a bishop and a baron; and then riding in among them, entreated them to do their duty loyally, and defend the honour of their lord the King. They promised her to fight as heartily as though the King had been present; and then commending them to the protection of God and St. George, the gentle lady withdrew, while the forces marched on to the spot called Nevil's Cross, where they drew up, close in front of their enemies. David was marshalling them in haste and confusion, keeping the centre himself, giving the right to the Earl of Moray, and the left to the Knight of Liddesdale and his own nephew and heir, Robert the Stewart, neither of whom he greatly loved or trusted. Sir John Graham, an old knight, who remembered the tactics of Bannockburn, implored to be allowed with a hundred horse to take the formidable archery in flank and cut them down, but David, resolved to endure no dictation, refused him hastily. Repentance could not have been long in being brought home to him by the hail of cloth-yard shafts, which came furiously from 20,000 long-bows, trying every joint in the armour of his host. The melée took place in the midst of the storm, and the hand-to-hand fight lasted three hours, David fighting most desperately, with one arrow in his head and another in his nose, refusing to retire to have them extracted, longing to die, as he found the day going against him, and calling on the English to slay him. A cool and determined Northumbrian squire, John Copeland, had marked him for his prey, and succeeded in mastering him after a fierce personal struggle, in which David with his own fist knocked out his captor's two front teeth, hoping to provoke the *coup de grâce;* but Copeland was not to be irritated into destroying his prize, and setting his captive on horseback, carried him, with six or eight men, to the Castle of Ogle, where the broken arrows were removed, not without great agony.

Robert Stewart drew off the remnant of the troops to Scotland, for which the rash and vindictive David always owed him a grudge, fancying he had left him to his fate. Philippa mounted her horse, and rode to rejoice with her brave defenders, and hear the roll of the slain and prisoners. Randolph of Moray was dead, the last of his line except his sister, Black Agnes; and so was many another brave chieftain: and Douglas of Liddesdale stood among the goodly list of captives; but where was the royal prize? The Queen was told that a squire had carried him off from the field to Ogle Castle, whither she accordingly sent letters to demand him.

"I'll not give up my prisoner to man or woman, save to my lord the King!" quoth the sturdy Copeland. "The Queen may depend on me for taking proper care of him."

On obtaining such an answer, Philippa complained to her husband, who at once sent letters calling on Copeland to repair to Calais, where he was carrying on his blockade. Lodging David in Bamborough Castle, Copeland obeyed, and was received graciously by Edward, who took him by the hand, saying, "Ha! welcome, my Squire, who by his valour has vanquished my adversary, the King of Scots."

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CAMEO III.
Surrender of David II.

Copeland fell on his knees, saying, "If God, out of His great kindness, hath given me the King of Scotland, and permitted me to conquer him in arms, no one ought to be jealous of it; for God can, when He pleases, send His grace to a poor squire as well as to a great lord. Sir, do not take it amiss if I did not surrender him to my lady the Queen, for I hold my lands of you, and my oath is to you, not to her."

"John," said the King, "your loyal service, and our esteem, may serve you as an excuse. Shame upon all who wish you evil! Now return home, and take your prisoner, the King of Scots, to my wife; and by way of equivalent I assign you lands, as near your house as you can choose them, to the value of 500*l.* a year, and retain you as a squire of my body."

Highly satisfied, John made his way back to England, and delivered up the captive to Philippa at York, with apologies that perfectly satisfied her. This episode perhaps is one of the best explanations of the popularity of Edward III. A little resentment at the rude reply to his wife, a little less courtesy to the squire, and he would have given him a grievance for life, and very probably thrown him into the arms of his prisoner; whereas Copeland rose to be a knight-banneret, sheriff of Northumberland, and a trusty servant of the Crown.

David was sent to the Tower and closely guarded, and Edward Balliol hoped to recover the kingdom; but to this Edward III. gave no encouragement. He preferred acknowledging the claims of his brother-in-law, and keeping him in captivity, by means of demanding such a monstrous ransom as exceeded the Scottish resources; but Queen Joan was allowed to rejoin her husband: and for eleven years they continued at the English court, taking part in the various brilliant festivals that took place in the intervals of the campaigns of Edward III. Meantime Robert Stewart acted as Regent, and Scotland fared as best it might under war and pestilence.

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CAMEO IV.

THE SIEGE OF CALAIS.

(1345—1348.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II.	1328. Philippe VI.	1312. Alfonso XI.

Emperors of Germany.	*Pope.*
1314. Ludwig V.	1342. Clement VI.
1342. Charles IV.	

CAMEO IV.

The War renewed. 1345.

THE truce of 1343 had been only a breathing-time for the two Kings of England and France, and their subjects in Brittany had never laid down their arms. By the beginning of 1345 so many offences had been exchanged that the English Parliament, sharing the King's indignation, granted him large supplies, and in especial renewed the tax upon wool, which occasioned Philippe to call him the wool-merchant. On the other hand, the French raised their funds by bestowing on the Crown the sole right to sell salt, and forcing every subject to buy a certain amount every year. Edward III. had his jest in return, and declared *The Gabelle.* that his rival truly reigned by the Salic law; but the *Gabelle*, as this monopoly was termed, was no joke to the French, who continued to pay an arbitrary price for a quantity imposed on them by law, even down to the French Revolution, when it was one of the foremost grievances that exasperated the peasantry.

Edward's first measure was to send Henry of Lancaster, Earl of Derby, into Gascony with 500 knights and 2,000 archers. It was a war of small sieges, fertile in chivalrous incidents, as it could not fail to be where Derby commanded, Sir Walter Manny fought, and Froissart recorded their achievements. The old canon tells how, a fortnight after their arrival at Bordeaux, Manny whispered to the Earl at dinner, "My lord, if we were good knights, we should sup to-night on the wines of the French lords who hold Bergerac." "Yes," said the Earl; "for my part I will not be behind." The other knights seeing them with their heads together, whispered, "Let us arm ourselves, and have a ride towards Bergerac." No sooner said than done: they rode off, and penetrated the suburbs on their side of the Dordogne; but the garrison fought gallantly in the streets, and retreated across the river. He waited till the next morning for boats from Bordeaux, crossed the river, and fought the whole day in the streets. At night the garrison drew off in secret, and the next day the inhabitants surrendered, and

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took the oaths of fealty to Edward III. And the like success attended the army before various castles in Gascony.

CAMEO IV.

Sir Walter Manny's Pilgrimage.

During the siege of La Reole Sir Walter Manny bethought him of his father, who, before he could remember, had gone on pilgrimage to Santiago de Compostella, and had never returned to Hainault, only a report had been brought to his family that he had been murdered on his return, and lay buried near the Castle of Reole. Sir Walter offered a hundred crowns to any one who could tell him the truth of the story, and an old man came forward and narrated that the Lord of Manny had the misfortune to kill, in a tournament, the relation of the Gascon Bishop of Cambray. In expiation, he had undertaken a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James, but on his way back had gone to visit Charles de Valois, father of the present King of France, then besieging La Reole in the course of the war between Edward I. and Philippe le Bel. While there, he was treacherously murdered by the kindred of the Gascon knight, and was buried in a small chapel, where a little marble tomb had been erected. When the town was taken, the old man led Sir Walter to the tomb, where a clerk read and expounded to him a Latin inscription, proving that the information was correct. He rewarded the old man, and causing the tomb to be opened, sent his father's remains home to Valenciennes, where he buried them in the church of the Minorite Friars, and caused masses to be yearly said for the repose of his soul.

Muster of the French. 1346.

Derby, pursuing his career of conquest, took almost all the castles and cities in Gascony, and was fast recovering the full extent of the duchy of Aquitaine. He routed the French at Auberoche, and garrisoned various places; but on Christmas-day the King of France sent out orders to his nobility to assemble with their vassals at Orleans, on the 3rd of February, 1346, under the command of the Duke of Normandy. The army was so considerable, that Derby could not keep the field against it, but remained at Bordeaux, sending out from thence his knights to take the command of the threatened places. Jean of Normandy was less humane than Henry of Derby, and by giving up the towns that fell into his hands to pillage and massacre he taught the inhabitants of those he attacked to throw all their strength into the hands of the English.

Sir Walter Manny, with forty knights, 460 men-at-arms, and as many archers, defended Aiguillon with great valour, daily sallying out for skirmishes, and repulsing every assault of the besiegers, though these attacks were very violent and determined, and the Duke of Normandy had promised one hundred golden crowns to the man who should first gain the drawbridge. Jean sent to Paris to ask his father whether he should change the siege into a blockade; and Sir Walter reviewed his resources, to see how long he could hold out without the succour that he knew Lord Derby could not give unless reinforcements should arrive from home.

Nor was King Edward unmindful of his brave forces. He had sent out orders to his vassals to assemble at Southampton, and on St. John

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CAMEO IV.

Edward III. embarks. 1346.

the Baptist's day, 1346, he, with his eldest son, Edward, took leave of Queen Philippa and little Lionel, committing the kingdom to them, and them to his cousin the Earl of Kent, son of the murdered Earl Edmund. He embarked at Southampton with the most numerous army he had yet raised, and intended to have repaired to Gascony; but six days of foul winds, which kept him at anchor on the coast of Cornwall, gave him time to listen to other counsels.

One of the old house of Harcourt in Normandy, founded so long ago by Bernard the Dane, had come to Edward's camp, on an affront received from a French knight, which Philippe VI. would not permit him to avenge. This Sir Godfrey de Harcourt represented to Edward that he would strike a far more effectual blow by landing in Normandy than by sailing southwards. The people, he said, were unwarlike, the gentry absent at the siege of Aiguillon, and the towns and castles were without means of defence, and so rich, that they would afford wealth to his people for twenty years to come. Edward listened to his persuasions, and he conducted the fleet to the Cotentin, near his brother's inheritance. The English landed at La Hogue St. Vast, and the King knighted the Prince of Wales, then sixteen years of age, and about to enter upon his first campaign.

The descent was quite unexpected, and the English advanced without meeting any opposition, finding the country so wealthy that they needed no supplies but wine from the fleet, and plundering most unscrupulously. At Barfleur they saved the lives of the citizens, but took everything else in such quantities that furred robes were held cheap by the very horse-boys; and they sent the inhabitants on board the fleet, lest they should rise upon them in their rear. At Caen, the Constable of France had collected some troops, and marched out to defend the city; but they were routed, and the English pursued them into the place, and thus gained possession of it. Among the charters Edward found one drawn up at the beginning of the war in 1339, wherein the Normans promised King Philippe VI. to undertake, at their own expense, a second conquest of England under the command of their duke, Prince Jean; and they had even gone so far as to partition out the English territories by anticipation. King Edward was fearfully incensed at the discovery: he sent a copy of it to England, and published it to his army, giving orders that such presumption should be visited on the unhappy citizens by a general massacre the next morning. Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, however, succeeded in pacifying him, and obtaining leave to ride through the streets, proclaiming that no one should be bold enough to injure house, man, or woman; upon which the unfortunate burghers took heart to bargain for their lives by offering their coffers and caskets to the plunderers. This was the mediæval notion of mercy.

Edward continued to ravage the country, and sent parties of foragers to the very borders of Paris. The King of France felt that it was time to march out and defend the honour of his kingdom; and he was further encouraged by the arrival of a large number of German nobles at his

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CAMEO IV.

court. The Pope had quarrelled with the Emperor Ludwig of Bavaria, and sought for a new emperor to set up against him. Heinrich of Luxemburg had been the best emperor who had reigned for many years, and his untimely death in Italy had been greatly lamented. His son, Johann, was King of Bohemia in right of his wife Elizabeth, and was one of the most graceful and accomplished gentlemen of his time, a perfect knight-errant, of the highest order and courage, and with an attention to his word that often told against his temporal advantage. Bohemia, wild and uncouth, with a strange language and savage nobility, had always been distasteful to him, and he had spent most of his time in France, where he had caused his children to be educated, and where his daughter, Bonne, was the wife of Prince Jean. Such a devout churchman as Johann would have been preferred by the Pope; but he was now old, and had lately become blind: so that the choice of Clement VI. was directed to his son, Charles of Luxemburg, Markgraf of Moravia, who had been chosen by a section of the German college of electors, but found himself unable to make head against Ludwig, and retreated, with his father and all his friends, to the court of France.

The House of Luxemburg.

They were a valuable reinforcement to Philippe, who had begun seriously to prepare for a siege of Paris, ordering all the buildings against the walls to be destroyed. He now resolved to march out: but this alarmed the Parisians, who sent a deputation to beg him not to leave his fine city of Paris to be wasted and destroyed. Of this, however, there soon seemed no danger, for so immense an army collected, that Edward's march necessarily had become a retreat upon Flanders, passing first through Picardy, and afterwards through Ponthieu, his mother's inheritance. He had crossed the Seine by a bridge of boats, but the Somme presented greater difficulties, as all the bridges were carefully guarded by the French; and Philippe, around whom an enormous host had mustered, followed him closely, in the hope that, thus enclosed between the two rivers, his enemy would be starved out, or driven to give battle with inferior numbers; and he brought out the great red banner of the Oriflamme, considered in France as a signal of a holy war, where no quarter would be given.

However, Edward caused all his prisoners to be brought before him, and speaking courteously to them, promised that whoever would guide him to a ford where he could safely pass should have his liberty and that of twenty others. A peasant named Gobin Agace was thus induced to lead the way to a ford that was passable at low water, and from its hard bottom of firm gravel and white stones was called Blanche Taque. The army set out at midnight, but found the tide in, and while waiting for the ebb had a skirmish with some of the French, and defeated them, though "they appeared to be equally fond of tilting in the water and on dry land." Edward gave public thanks for his safe passage, and then releasing Gobin and his companions, he gave him one hundred crowns of gold and a good horse.

The Ford of Blanche Taque.

He then proceeded into Ponthieu, and had encamped at the village of

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CAMEO IV.
The Battle of Creci.
1346.

Creci, when, on Friday afternoon, the 25th of August, 1346, he learnt that the French army had crossed by the bridge of Abbeville. "Let us post ourselves here," he said. "We will go no further till we have seen our enemies. I have good reason to wait for them here, for I am on the lawful inheritance of my lady mother." Then giving his men orders to be in readiness for battle on the morrow, he gave a supper in his tent to the earls and knights, where they made good cheer; but he dismissed them early, and repairing to his oratory knelt before the altar, entreating that if he should give battle the next day he might come off with honour. At midnight he went to rest, but, rising early, he and his son heard mass and communicated, as did most of the troops. Brave as they were, it was an anxious moment, for their numbers were but an eighth of those of the French; and be it remembered that this was only the first of the long series of battles which afterwards established the Englishman's almost overweening confidence of victory. Whether it was because Edward wished that his son should have the full honour of his first battle, or that he desired to obviate the mischief to England of his death while his children were young, or that he feared Philippe's attention to the warning of Robert of Sicily would again balk him of his conflict should the two monarchs both command in person, he placed the first division under the command of the Prince of Wales, assisted by the Earl of Warwick and Sir Godfrey de Harcourt. It consisted of 800 men-at-arms, 2,000 archers, and 1,000 Welshmen; with them were certain new machines, never yet used in battle, though in sieges proof had sometimes been made, of Friar Bacon's invention. The next division, under the Earl of Northampton, amounted to 800 men-at-arms and 1,200 archers; and the reserve, which the King kept highest up on the hill in the rear, was of the same number. Edward then mounted a small palfrey, and, with a white wand in his hand, rode along the ranks, accompanied by his two marshals, the Earl of Warwick and Sir Godfrey de Harcourt, going at a foot's pace, encouraging and entreating his troops so sweetly, and with so cheerful a countenance, that all took heart. By this time it was ten o'clock, and he returned to his own division, bidding his men dine heartily, and drink a glass after, in which matter they willingly obeyed him. They then packed up their cooking apparatus, returned to their places, and all sat down in their order, sheltering themselves as best they might from the showers, with their helmets and bows laid beside them, that they might be in full force and vigour when the enemy should appear.

No such precautions had been taken by Philippe de Valois. He put his trust in the imposing array of names and huge numbers that he had collected. He had with him the King of Bohemia, who, blind as he was, could not endure to miss a battle; his son Charles of Luxemburg; Jayme, King of Majorca, of the House of Arragon; the Duke of Lorraine; the Count of Flanders; and Sir John of Hainault, Edward's old friend and master in the art of war; 8,000 knights and 60,000 infantry, a sixth part of whom were Genoese crossbowmen, reputed the best

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sailors and the best archers. Early in the morning he heard mass at Abbeville, and set forth at sunrise, under a heavy fall of rain; all the nobles setting out, each man on his own account, without any concerted plan, except that some one advised him to halt the cavalry, and let the foot go forward, lest they should be trampled down by the horses. Four nobles then galloped forward to reconnoitre, and, returning, with difficulty pushed through the crowds, and told the King how fresh and vigorous the English looked, strongly advising him to wait where he was for the night, and get his troops into better array, instead of attacking while they were wearied and disorganized by their disorderly march.

Philippe had sense enough to consent, and his marshals rode about, shouting, "Halt, banners, in the name of St. Dennis!" but no one had any notion of attending. The fiery gentlemen thought their honour concerned in going as near the foe as possible: so the hindmost declared they would not stop till they were even with the front; the front pushed on to be before them, till they came in sight of the dark-green ranks of yeomen, sitting in good order upon the hill of Creci; whereupon they all came to a sudden stand, and fell back, so that those in the rear thought the fight had begun, and pressed forward or hung back, according to the condition of their nerves; while the common people, who choked up the roads, valiantly drew their swords, and shouted, "Kill, kill!" and the nobles left behind struggled to force their way through them; so that, as the Hainaulters afterwards told Froissart, no one who had not been present could conceive the bad management and disorder of that day.

The King was pushed forward unwillingly, until, at about four o'clock in the afternoon, he came in sight of the English, when his blood was stirred, for he bitterly hated them, and he called out to his marshals, "Send forward the Genoese, and begin the battle!" The unfortunate Genoese had marched eighteen miles in heavy rain, under their armour, and carrying their crossbows; and they told the Constable d'Eu that their strings were limp, and they were in no state to do good service. Out broke the Count d'Alençon in a passion: "This comes of cumbering ourselves with a ribald crew, who always fail in time of need!" And the two Genoese admirals, Doria and Grimaldi, men as noble and as proud as himself, and far more skilful, were forced to do their best to confute the taunt by arraying their men, as well as they could, while an August thunderstorm was raging overhead, the blackness increased by a solar eclipse, and the crows and ravens, whose strange instinct scented the battle, screaming and flapping about in the torrents of rain and hail.

The English yeomen meanwhile quietly rose up, each man in his place, so that as they stood their battalions took the form of a harrow, in squares like a chessboard. Each donned his steel cap, and drew his bowstring from the case where it had been kept dry; and at that moment the cloud began to roll off, leaving a clear sky towards the west, so that the sun broke cheerfully out with strong, clear beams, which fell

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CAMEO IV.
The Battle of Crecy.
1346.

on the backs of the English, but dazzled and blinded the eyes of their adversaries.

The Genoese were by this time in order, and "leapt forward with a fell cry," hoping to frighten their enemies, as no doubt they had often done to unwarlike Italian citizens; but finding the English stood still and paid no attention, they hooted again, and came forward; then, with a third cry, discharged such of their crossbows as were not too damp to use. Then, thick as snow, came the arrows from the long-bows, piercing heads and arms, and through cuirasses; and mingled with these came large balls of iron, propelled from the hill above with sounds like the retreating thunder of the storm, doing deadly execution, and terrifying men and horses. The Genoese gave back; but behind them were the brilliant and impatient knights, wild to press forwards; and finding the way encumbered, Philippe shouted the barbarous order, "Kill me those rascals, who block our way without reason!" and the unhappy Italians were actually cut down and trampled upon on all sides by the very men in whose cause they were fighting. But when the French came within the flight of those deadly shafts, they brooked them as little as did the Genoese; their horses capered and curveted, and became unmanageable, and the wild Welshmen, rushing down with their knives, mingled themselves with the disordered French, and killed a great number. The old King of Bohemia, hearing the cries around, desired to know where his son Charles was, and was told that he was not at hand, but was probably fighting elsewhere. "Sirs," cried the old man, "do me this favour—to lead me where where I may strike but one stroke!" Two of his knights thereupon tied the bridles of their horses to his, and rode on either side of him into the fray; and there all three bravely died together: while Charles, who had by no means such a taste for fighting as his father, rode safely out of the battle; "and I do not know which road he took," scornfully observes Froissart.

There were French enough left to draw into some sort of order, with the Counts of Alençon and Flanders; and they made a formidable charge, the King trying constantly to get to where he saw flying the banners of the English cavalry, but there was always a hedge of archers before him. One large body, however, broke through the archers, and had so fierce a conflict with the 800 knights of the first troop, that the second was forced to come to their assistance, and the Earl of Warwick sent Sir Thomas Norwich to the windmill where King Edward stood that whole day without his helmet, to ask him to bring up the reserve. "Is my son dead, or hurt, or to the earth felled?" asked Edward. "No, Sir; but he is full hardly matched; wherefore he hath need of your aid." "Now, Sir Thomas," replied the King, "return to him, and to them that sent you hither, and say to them that they send no more to me as long as my son is alive, for any adventure that falleth; and also tell them, that I command them to suffer the child to win his spurs, for, if God be pleased, I will that this day be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him."

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The danger had indeed been great, for young Edward was at one time unhorsed, and struck to the ground; but one of his loving Welsh knights who carried the great dragon standard threw it over him as he lay, and stood upon it till the enemy were forced back, for, as doubtless the eye of the King had discerned from his station at the top of the hill, this impetuous charge was unsupported. The numerous knights and men-at-arms of the French army could not struggle up to their comrades, impeded as they were by the Genoese striking right and left for their lives, and by the Welsh and Cornishmen, whose long knives did deadly execution. Some nobles fell into ditches, and were dragged out by their squires; and pages and squires were wandering about looking for their masters at the bottom of the hill; while on the slope the English chivalry had repulsed the dangerous charge of the two Counts, and were cutting down the best knights of France. Only sixty knights remained around King Philippe, and his standard-bearer was killed before his eyes; a hot conflict took place for the possession of the precious Oriflamme, but it was ended by a gallant Frenchman, who leapt from his horse, ripped it from the shaft with his sword, wrapped it round his body, and rode off. Philippe's horse was killed under him by an arrow, and Sir John of Hainault remounted him, saying, "Sir, retreat while you have the opportunity; do not expose yourself so simply: if you have lost this battle, you will win another time!" and laying hold of his bridle, he dragged him off the field in the dusk of the summer evening. On they galloped, only four other nobles with them, and the sounds of defeat and slaughter ringing in their ears, till darkness closed in upon them, and they came to the Castle of Broye, where the gates were closed and the drawbridge raised. The governor came out on the battlements, and demanded who called at such an hour. "Open, open, Governor," cried Philippe, "it is the fortune of France." His voice was known, and he was admitted; but the small solitary fortress was too near the victorious enemy, and at midnight he set forth again, and did not rest till, at daybreak, he arrived at his own city of Amiens.

Edward III. had been too wise to allow his little force to disperse in pursuit, and, with discipline rare for those days, not a man broke the ranks, though flushed with success, to follow the enemy. Only when they heard no more war-cries, and stillness came down upon the darkening field, they judged the day their own, and began to light torches and watchfires. Then the King came down from his station, and met his son by the light of the fires. He took the brave boy in his arms, and kissed him, saying, "Sweet son, God grant you good perseverance. You are my true son—right loyally have you acquitted yourself this day, and shown yourself worthy to be a sovereign." Deep and low bowed the princely youth, and humbly he spoke, giving all honour to the King for the generalship that had in fact won the battle. Then thanks were rendered by the whole army where they were due, and the voice of praise ascended all night; but there was no tumultuous rejoicing, as the King had forbidden all riot and excess.

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CAMEO IV.

The Victory of Creci.

On Sunday morning a heavy fog veiled the piteous scene on the slopes of the hill. Edward sent out the two marshals and a body of men to see if there were still any parties of French together, when they fell in with a detachment of Norman troops coming to join the royal army, routed them, and killed a great number. Many a straggling Frenchman, who had lost his banner and lain down under a hedge, was put to death, and it is said more were killed that Sunday morning than in all the previous evening. This seems to us cold-blooded cruelty, but in the eyes of their contemporaries the two Edwards were models of merciful warriors; and, in excuse for this indiscriminate slaughter, it may be said, that both armies understood that there was to be no quarter, and in the dark night and foggy morning the English, a small body in a hostile country, by no means as yet perceived how complete had been their victory, nor that the enemy's army was annihilated.

The King and his son were coming from hearing mass when this party returned with their report; and being assured that there were no signs of any Frenchmen making head against him, he sent two nobles, three heralds, and two secretaries, to examine the dead and record their names, which could easily be discovered by their surcoats, blazoned with their armorial bearings. "What think you of war; is it an agreeable game?" he said, turning to his son.

The roll of the slain was brought to them as they sat down to supper, and with it eighty banners. Eleven princes lay dead on the field; among them the Counts of Flanders and Alençon, and the brave old King of Bohemia, who was found dead between his two knights and their steeds, their bridles still linked together. The Count de Harcourt was likewise slain, though his brother, Sir Godfrey, had sought him in vain in the battle in hopes of saving him; 1,200 knights and 30,000 common men had also fallen; while the English had lost but one knight, three squires, and a few yeomen. The King ordered a truce of three days in order to bury the dead, and caused the corpses of all the nobles and knights to be carried with honour to the convent of Monterey, he attending their funeral in mourning.

The fame of the Prince of Wales was made by Creci, and in memory of it he adopted, as one of his devices, the sun breaking from a cloud, as on the memorable evening. Another remembrance of that battle is commonly reported to have been his love for the black armour he had then worn, which contrasted well with his crimson, azure, and gold surcoat, and his brilliantly fair complexion, and led to his universal title of the Black Prince; but there is really no contemporary authority for the cause of this appellation, and it was probably a soldier's nickname. From that time, likewise, he assumed the ostrich-feather, and the two mottoes, *Houmout* and *Ich dien*, which he always signed with his name. Common report declared that these belonged to the King of Bohemia, and conferred on the youth the not very honourable, and certainly fabulous, exploit of killing the blind old hero. The old Johann's usual badge was a vulture, but the ostrich does seem to have been a pun used by

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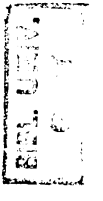
Badge of the Prince of Wales.

some of the German princes on the name Oestreich, the eastern realm—France having once been Ne-oestreich, the not-eastern realm. The one was Latinized into Austria, the other into Neustria; but Oestreich held its ground at home, and mediæval tongues made Autriche and Ostrich of it. The ostrich-feather was borne by all the sons of Edward III., however they derived it; but it was also a badge of the House of Luxemburg, as appears from its afterwards having been the device of Anne, daughter of the runaway Charles and wife of the son of the Black Prince. For the motto, Ich dien, the Welsh will have it that it means "Behold the man," and was spoken by Edward I. when he presented his son as their prince; but its more obvious meaning is, "I serve," in the German, as Houmout is *hoch muth*, "high spirit." Remembering that Edward had a Flemish mother, it is probable that he really meant to convey by these two sayings that he would fain show high courage indeed, but only in the service of his father, in allusion to the words of St. Paul, that the heir differeth in nothing from a servant so long as he is a child. A high-spirited humility and obedience were indeed the great characteristics of the Black Prince's career, as though the object he proposed to himself was to be the best and most dutiful of his father's servants; and when we look at history, and see the difficulties that have almost always arisen where an heir-apparent has been a man of talent and of spirit, we appreciate the temptations of his position, and the mingled courage and meekness that kept him on perfect terms of affection and confidence, and without the slightest rivalry, with a father who was only seventeen years his senior.

The Siege of Calais. 1346.

The victory of Creci laid France open to Edward, but he wisely resolved to begin by securing a communication with England, and for this purpose he marched at once to Calais, and laid siege to it. His preparations showed his determination, for he erected an absolute city of huts for his army, built of wood, thatched with broom, and laid out in streets, with a regular market-place, where markets were held thrice a week for food and clothing, which were brought from England and Flanders. The nearest port to England, within actual sight of the cliffs of Dover, and fortified in the strongest manner, Calais seemed the very key of France, and he was resolved not to move from before it until he had reduced it by famine, for the walls were of thickness beyond the power of his machines, even of the wonderful thundering "bombards" that he had used at Creci, and which began to be called cannon, from their resemblance to the hollow reeds, or *cannes*, through which the dreadful Greek fire had been propelled. Sir Jean de Vienne, the governor, a Burgundian knight, perceiving his intentions, resolved to rid himself of all the useless mouths, and drove out 1,700 of the poor inhabitants, who presented themselves in the utmost misery before the English camp; whereupon King Edward not only granted them a safe passage, but gave them each "a hearty dinner and two sterlings apiece, for which many of them prayed heartily for the King." At the same time Edward wrote an account of his victory, which he sent to all the mayors of his good towns, and to all the sheriffs of the counties, telling them of his



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CAMEO IV.

Parliament of 1346.

resolution to take Calais, and requesting a grant of money. Parliament assembled, with little Lionel presiding, and were shown that agreement found at Caen for the intended new Norman conquest, a document which stirred their feelings as it would those of the proverbial bear to find the bill of sale for his own hide. They were then asked what were their petitions to the King. These were, that those who contributed money should not be bound to furnish further supplies of horses or men; that the chief gentlemen of each county should be made justices of the peace; that the shrievalty should not be held for life; and lastly, that no foreign clergy should be allowed to hold benefices in the realm, "these being mostly, in their own countries, tailors, shoemakers, or chamberlains to cardinals, and that their livings should be given to poor English scholars." These very reasonable petitions were granted, and in return the nation supplied the King with all the men and money his necessities required.

In contrast to the open-hearted friendliness which made Edward and his people fight as one man, Philippe VI. wrapped himself in gloom; he called indeed for troops and money, but he called as a despot, not as a friend, and made no appeal to the loyalty or patriotism of his excitable people, nor allowed any one to understand his views and measures.

Edward's invasion had, as Sir Godfrey de Harcourt had predicted, been the most efficient relief to the gallant garrison of Aiguillon. A skirmish had taken place in which King Philippe's nephew, the young Duke of Burgundy, had been killed by his horse falling with him, and soon after Jean of Normandy received orders from his father to raise the siege, and join his army. This he accordingly did, after four months' delay before the city, and set out for the north six days before the battle of Creci. He did not arrive till after the rout, when he found his father at Amiens, with a few nobles who had begun to reassemble after their terrible defeat, among whom was the young Louis, now Count of Flanders, a boy of sixteen, who had been badly wounded at Creci, where his father had been killed. Philippe knighted him on his recovery, and he soon after returned to Flanders; but he found his subjects strongly linked by ropes of wool to the English interest. They had already sent to the camp before Calais to excuse the murder of Jacob von Artevelde. "Dear Sir," they said, "you have a fine family of sons and daughters. We have also a young lord, whom we are bringing up and taking care of. It may perhaps be that a marriage could be brought about between them."

Isabel, Edward's eldest daughter, was fourteen, exactly at the fit age for the wife of the young lord, and he lent a favourable ear to the proposal; but not so Count Louis, who declared with spirit that he would never marry the daughter of the man who had slain his father. The Flemings, in return, told him that if he would not listen to their advice he must expect no good from them; so they kept him at Courtrai, and set a guard over him who were never to lose sight of him, and keep close to him by night or day, whither he went out hawking or attended mass.

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CAMEO IV.

Sir Walter Manny joins the King.

In the meantime Sir Walter Manny had released a prisoner of distinction, on condition of obtaining from the Duke of Normandy a safe-conduct for himself, so that he might traverse France and join King Edward before Calais. The safe-conduct was granted by Jean, but Philippe, in his state of irritation, no sooner heard of it, than he seized Sir Walter and his twenty attendants at Orleans, and threw him into prison. Duke Jean, feeling his honour at stake, loudly remonstrated, and told his father at last that he would never bear arms against the English again, unless Sir Walter were set at liberty. Philippe himself seems to have been ashamed, for he sent for Sir Walter to dine with him at Paris, released him, and presented him with jewels to the worth of one thousand florins. The loyal knight would only accept them on condition that his taking them should be pleasing to the King his master, and on his arrival at the camp he told him what had passed. "Sir Walter," said Edward, "you have hitherto most loyally served us, and we hope you will continue to do so. Send back to King Philippe his presents, for you have no right to keep them. We have enough, thank Heaven, for you and for ourselves." Sir Walter accordingly returned the gifts, and they were bestowed by Philippe on the Sire de Mausac, while Edward rewarded his brave Hainaulter by making him a Baron of England.

The next event at Calais was the tidings of the battle of Neville's Cross and the arrival of John Copeland. Shortly after, Queen Philippa, having safely disposed of her prisoner, set forth from England with her daughter Isabel and a bevy of fair ladies, the wives and daughters of the nobles in the besieging army, and arrived in the wooden town, where they were received with great state, and the Christmas of 1346 was kept by the English court with as much splendour and festivity as if they had been within the stately walls of Windsor. Their rejoicing was increased by the tidings sent from the Flemings, that their refractory young Count had been wearied out at last by his captivity, and had consented to meet the English royal family.

At Bergues the meeting took place on the 14th of March, 1347. Isabel was conducted thither by her father and mother, in the hope that her fair face would be the most conclusive argument. Edward led the youth aside, and speaking, kindly to him, assured him that, so far from having intentionally brought about his father's death, he had not even known him to be in the battle, till he heard his name among the slain. The Count appeared satisfied, and a beautiful illuminated treaty of marriage was produced and sealed by both parties, by the King and Queen, and the Black Prince, purporting that Louis of Flanders and Isabel of England should be wedded a fortnight after Easter. But there was more beneath than Edward's statecraft perceived, while he continued to negotiate for the marriage of the Prince of Wales to Margaret of Brabant. Now Count Louis had formerly been betrothed to this Lady Margaret, and his heart was with her; while, on the other hand, Prince Edward's boyish love had fastened itself on his cousin Joan, the daughter of the ill-fated Earl Edmund, who, inheriting all his beauty, was known

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CAMEO IV.

Escape of the Count of Flanders.
1347.

as the Fair Maid of Kent. And thus there was less anger and indignation on the part of the prince and princess than on that of their parents, when, the very week before the intended wedding, tidings came that Count Louis had gained over two of his guards, who had let him gallop off while out hawking, and that he had safely gained the court of France. Ere two months were over Margaret of Brabant was Countess of Flanders, but the Queen, who considered Joan of Kent as vain and light-minded, assured her son that she would never consent to his marriage with her.

The unfortunate garrison of Calais were by this time nearly starved out, and had sent messages to Philippe to entreat him to relieve them. He assembled an army, and advanced so near, that the citizens from their walls could see his banners by the moonlight on the little hill of Sangatte. On attempting to advance, however, he found there were only two approaches—by the downs along the coast, close within arrow-shot of the English fleet, or by the bridge of Neuillet, across the marshes and bogs around the camp, and this was closely guarded by the Earl of Derby. Thereupon he sent a challenge to King Edward to come out and give him battle on equal terms; but Edward was too old a soldier by that time to expect to make war a succession of bloodier tournaments, and made answer that he had chosen this spot nigh upon a twelvemonth ago, and Philippe might have sought him there sooner; for himself, he had not the smallest intention of coming out for the convenience of the French. Finding the downs and the bridge alike impracticable, Philippe gave up his attempt, marched back to Amiens, and disbanded his army, probably because feudal troops could never be kept together beyond the forty days for which their tenure bound them to serve.

Cruel was the disappointment of the men of Calais when the banners disappeared from the mound, and they found themselves left to their fate. For a whole year had they held out, and had eaten all their provisions, as well as consumed all those animals that form the last resources of famine, and now they beheld their resistance wasted, and themselves abandoned. Sir Jean de Vienne mounted the battlements, and entreated a conference. Sir Walter Manny was sent to speak to him, when he offered to surrender at once on the sole condition that the lives should be spared, and the garrison left free to depart whither they would. Sir Walter replied, that the old piracies of the men of Calais, and the loss of time that the King had met with before their walls, had so exasperated him, that he was determined to grant no terms, but was resolved to kill or ransom whom he would.

"These conditions are too hard for us," said De Vienne; "we are but few knights and squires who have loyally served our master as you would have done, and suffered greatly, but we will endure more than any men ever did, rather than the least should fare worse than the best. I entreat you, of your pity, to return to the King of England, and beg him to have mercy on us, for I have such an opinion of his gallantry as to hope he will grant you this favour." But Edward, whose fleets had often suffered severely from the ships of Calais, would still hear of no

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terms, until Sir Walter spoke thus: "My lord, you may be doing wrong in this; you set us a bad example. If you send us to your castles and towns, we shall go less willingly if you put these men to death, for then so would they serve us in a like case."

The other nobles supported Sir Walter, and the King finally said, "Sirs, I will not be alone against you all. Walter, go to the men of Calais, and tell the captain that the greatest grace they can have from me is, that if they send from Calais six of the most notable burghers, barefooted, with ropes round their necks, and the keys of the town and castle in their hands, I will work my will on them, and the rest I will receive to mercy."

This message having been transmitted by Sir Walter Manny, the governor returned, and caused the great bell to be rung, convoking all the citizens to the town-hall. He then told them all that he had been able to obtain from the stern conqueror, and "loud was the weeping and bewailing that arose, so that the hardest heart must have pitied them; even the Lord de Vienne himself wept bitterly." Then after long silence arose up the richest burgher in the town, who was called Eustache de St. Pierre, and said, "Sirs, sad pity and mischief would it be to let so many people die of hunger or otherwise, when other means are to be found; and so would it be great alms and great grace before our Lord to guard them from such mischance. I have such good hope of grace and pardon from our good Lord if I die to save this people, that I will be the first, and will willingly go in my shirt, unshod, and the halter round my neck, to be at the mercy of the King of England."

At these most Christian words the townspeople were almost worshipping the good man, and many men and women cast themselves at his feet, weeping heartily. Next another honest burgess, of great traffic, who had two fair daughters, rose up, and said he would be comrade to his gossip Eustache de St. Pierre, and his name was Jean d'Aire; the third, Jacques de Vissant, joined them with his brother Pierre, and two others followed. Sadly Sir Jean de Vienne mounted a small pony, for he was so much wasted with famine that he could hardly walk, and, followed by the multitude of admiring and lamenting citizens, led them to the gate, and gave them over to Sir Walter Manny, bearing witness to their honourable station and free self-devotion, and entreating him to do his best in their behalf. The kind and brave Sir Walter pledged himself to do his best endeavours, and led on the procession to the royal lodging, where stood King Edward, with all his nobles around him. Not a heart was there but was moved at the sight of the six faithful burghers, gaunt with famine, and in this piteous suppliant array, as they knelt before the King, and said, "Gentle Sir, and gentle King, behold us six, who have been ancient burghers of Calais, and great merchants. We bring you the keys of the town and castle, and put ourselves at your mercy, to save the rest of the people of Calais, who have suffered so heavily. If you will, have pity on us of your great nobleness!"

Not a man was there who did not weep, except the King, who strove

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CAMEO IV.
—
Surrender of Calais.
1347.

hard to keep his anger, and fiercely bade their heads be smitten off at once. Sir Walter Manny and all the barons pleaded for them, but the King ground his teeth, and signed to the headsman. Then Queen Philippa drew nigh, weeping so for pity that she could not stand, and sank on her knees before the King her lord, and said, "Ah! gentle lord, since I passed the sea with great peril to see you, I have asked nothing of you. Now humbly I pray you, and entreat, for the sake of St. Mary's blessed Son, and for love of me, that you would have mercy on these six men!"

The King was long silent, but at last exclaimed, "Dame, I would that you had been elsewhere! You beg so that I cannot refuse. There! I give them to you. Do your pleasure with them!"

And good Philippa's pleasure was to lead the gallant men to her own apartments, and there to have them newly clothed, and feasted with all due honour, and then she sent them away with a sum of money. The King intended entirely to repeople Calais with English, but he found that he should only obtain the scum of the people, and he therefore brought back the old burghers, whom he had at first turned out, and restored their property to them, on receiving an oath of fidelity. This beautiful story rests on the sole authority of Froissart, and has been often disputed. Queen Philippa was lodged in the house of Jean d'Aire, where, a short time after the taking of the town, she gave birth to her fourth daughter, Margaret. A truce was soon after concluded, and the royal family returned to England, leaving the government of Calais to a Lombard mercenary knight, named Almerigo di Pavia. The knowledge that he was not a native Englishman prompted the governor of St. Omer, Sir Geoffrey de Chargny, to attempt to corrupt him, and recover Calais; and he so far succeeded, that Almerigo promised to deliver up the place to him for 20,000 crowns. Some suspicion having reached Edward, he sent for the Lombard to Westminster, and taxed him with his treason, saying he had intrusted to him that which he prized most in the world, except his wife and children. Almerigo threw himself at his feet, and confessed the whole, and Edward, who had bred him up from a child, and loved him much, actually forgave him, on condition that he would continue the treaty and send him exact information. Accordingly, tidings presently came that Sir Geoffrey de Chargny and his men would be at the gates of the city on the last night of the year 1347. King Edward, as if outwitting the French had been a frolic, took his son with him, and 300 men-at-arms and 600 archers, and secretly arrived at Calais, where he told Sir Walter Manny to take the command, he himself would fight under his banner. At night the French troops, according to appointment, traversed the bridge of Neuillet, and the first party crossed the drawbridge with the bag of crowns. These they gave over to the Lombard; but at that moment the door of the hall was opened, and they beheld the force of well-armed English; they saw they were betrayed, surrendered themselves, and were closely secured. Meanwhile, the delay had excited some suspicion outside. "These Lombards are a malicious

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sort of people," said one of the knights; "he is telling over your crowns to see if there be any light ones." But in the midst the cry of "Manny to the rescue!" came through the darkness, and the English fell upon them. They all fought most gallantly, and the battle lasted the whole night; the King and Prince fighting like private men. Edward had a long personal struggle with Sir Eustache de Ribaumont, who, without knowing him, twice brought him down upon his knees, but at last was forced to surrender his sword. Sir Geoffrey and the other knights were likewise forced to give themselves up, and Edward entered the town in the most brilliant good-humour at the surprise of the French on finding who their antagonist had been. He bade all the knights, both French and English, to sup with him on that New Year's evening, and sent them all new robes. He himself came down to receive them with a chaplet of pearls round his hair, and sat to entertain them, while the Prince and the other young knights waited upon them.

After supper, the King went up to his late antagonist. "Sir Eustache," he said, "you are the most radiant knight I have yet seen. I never found any one in battle who, body to body, gave me so much trouble as you have done to-day. I adjudge you the prize of valour;" and taking off his chaplet, he placed it on Sir Eustache's head, saying, "I beg of you to wear this chaplet this year for love of me, and to say wherever you go who gave it to you. I also give you your liberty free of ransom."

Sir Geoffrey de Chargny was allowed to ransom himself, and returning to St. Omer, succeeded in seizing the unfortunate Lombard knight amusing himself on the borders of Calais, and revenged himself on him by torturing him to death.

It was a time of transition, cruelty strangely mingled with romantic and graceful chivalry, and the greed of conquest which prompted Edward's wars almost forgotten and excused in the fair-dealing with which he conducted them. This was the most active period of Edward's life. In the summer he heard great complaints of the Spanish fleet, which went in great force to Flanders for purposes of trade, but plundered seaports, and committed acts of piracy by the way, under the command of a disinherited prince, the grandson of the representatives of the late King of Castile's eldest son, who had died before his father, while his sons were still under age. The right of primogeniture had been set aside in behalf of the second son, and a subsequent civil war had ended in the defeat of the direct heirs, who became wanderers and leaders of free companions, and were known in their own country as the Infantes de la Cerda, from their birthplace, and in France as the Sieurs Charles and Louis de l'Espagne.

Fierce and unscrupulous adventurers they seem to have been, and so much damage was inflicted by the piratical Charles, that Edward resolved to put a stop to his ravages, and prepared to intercept him on his return from the Netherlands. The Spaniards thereupon not only laid in a full stock of linen, but assembled forty large vessels, took a number of sailors, archers, and crossbowmen into their pay, and pro-

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CAMEO IV.

Sea fight off Winchelsea.
1348.

vided a great supply of bolts, cannon, iron bars, and huge stones, which were to be launched from the little turrets on the summits of the masts.

Land and sea fights were far from such distinct enterprises as at present, and Edward III. resolved to command his own fleet, taking with him the Prince of Wales and the little John of Gaunt, his cousin Henry of Derby, whom he had newly advanced to the title of Duke of Lancaster, Sir Walter Manny, and all his best knights. The Queen came to Winchelsea with him, and there remained while he embarked to await the enemy from Sluys. The King was in high spirits, and wearing a black velvet jacket and small black beaver hat, "which became him greatly," sat on the forepart of his vessel, listening to the music of a German dance, lately introduced by Sir John Chandos, who likewise sang with his minstrels, to the great delight of the King; but all the time both were turning many a glance to the little tower on the mast-head, where a knight kept watch, and by and by called out, "Ho! I spy a ship! It seems to be a Spaniard! Ha! Two, three, four; so many that I cannot count them!"

The minstrels ceased, but every order had been previously given, and the English were fully prepared as the Spaniards bore full upon them with the wind in their favour. "Lay me alongside yonder Spaniard," cried the King, "I will have a tilt with her." The shock of the meeting was like the crash of a torrent or a tempest, the two turrets on the masts knocked together, and that of the Spaniard broke off and fell into the sea, but the royal ship sprang a leak. The King wished to grapple this vessel, and take it, but was persuaded to wait for a larger one, which at once threw out hooks and chains to fasten to that containing such a prize; and the masts being higher, the missiles therefrom did great damage to the English. The fight was so warm, that there was no time to stop the leak, and by the time the Spaniard was taken the royal vessel was in great danger of sinking, but was able to continue the fight. The Prince, with whom was his little brother, was in still greater risk; his ship had suffered severely in the shock of grappling with a huge Spaniard, and let in so much water, that half his crew were baling it out while the rest were fighting. The Duke of Lancaster saw his danger, and, crying "Derby to the rescue!" grappled the enemy on the other side, and decided the victory. The Princes and their crew had but just time to leap into the conquered galley before their own went down. The conflict had begun at vespers, about five or six o'clock, and lasted till the darkness of the summer night came on, enabling the Spanish vessels to sail back to Sluys, leaving fourteen of their number in the hands of the English King, who, having thus gained his second great naval battle, returned rejoicing to the Queen. Her anxiety had been great, for the whole battle could be plainly seen from the high ground above Winchelsea, the ships on both sides counted, and the deadly grappling marked. The night was spent in banqueting, and on the morrow the King thanked his trusty warriors, and dismissed them to their homes.

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CAMEO V.

THE BATTLE OF POITIERS.

(1348—1365.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II.	1350. Jean.	1350. Pedro.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1347. Charles IV.	1352. Innocent VI.

CAMEO V. — *The Black Death.* 1348.

THE short interval of peace was no cheerful period in either England or France, for a deadly sickness was prevailing. It began in China, and came with a westward course across Europe, cutting off almost all whom it attacked by a sudden affection of the blood, causing a horrible change in the appearance, which occasioned it to be known as the Black Death. It was most fatal in large cities, where, in almost every place, three out of five perished, and even the cattle became infected, and died in multitudes. The effects of the panic varied according to different temperaments. The lively Italians tried to forget their peril in feasting and entertainments, and the Decamerone of Boccaccio, the earliest prose tales in any modern language, professed to be narratives told to amuse a party of fugitives from the pestilence. On the other hand, the graver northern nations deemed it a judgment upon the riches and luxury of the period, and a race of fanatics arose who paraded the streets, scourging themselves, and singing dolorous hymns.

No less than 51,000 persons died in London, and Sir Walter Manny, shocked at the overflow of the churchyards, bought a piece of ground adjoining "No Man's Land," and built on it a chantry, that prayers might be offered for those buried there, and these often amounted to two hundred per day. This act of charity was the seed of further benefits, for the good knight added to his original chantry a monastery for the Order founded by St. Bruno at Chartreux, and thence called the Carthusian, which London tongues converted into Charterhouse.

The pestilence lasted two years, and in the second there was a severe famine, the prices of all food and animals having increased fourfold, and labourers having become so scarce that the land was in danger of lying fallow. Edward therefore interfered by a proclamation, ordering all men and women under sixty, and without property, to hire themselves out to work at the regular rate of wages, namely, a day-labourer

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CAMEO V.

The Black Death. 1348.

at three-halfpence, a carpenter at twopence a day, and others in proportion, forbidding the going from home to seek work, and punishing idleness or extra wages with the pillory.

In general, the higher orders, by shutting themselves up in their castles, avoided the ravages of the disease, but it had one victim in Edward's own family, the fairest of his daughters; and yet to her "the angel of death was the harbinger of mercy," sparing her from a fate as piteous as could have been devised. Alfonso XI. of Castile had sent to ask in marriage a daughter of the English King for his heir, Don Pedro; and the beautiful Joan, in her fourteenth year, was equipped with all the magnificence her father so much loved to display, and sent off on her way to Castile. Pedro was to meet her at Bayonne, and be married on the All Saints' day of 1348; but before the time appointed the fatal sickness had invaded Guienne, the young girl sank under it, and was buried in the very church where her bridal was to have been celebrated. Edward III. addressed an elaborate letter of condolence to his intended son-in-law, for whom he long preserved a friendly feeling, and it was not till the Prince of Wales had proved it by personal experience that he believed how much worse Pedro the Cruel was than the Black Death.

Accession of Jean. 1350.

The year 1350 raised a new sovereign to the throne of France. Philippe VI. died, like his descendant Louis XII., of over-feasting and amusements on the occasion of his second marriage. He was succeeded by his son Jean, hitherto called the Duke of Normandy, a high-spirited prince of much personal bravery and chivalrous temper, but of small ability and no grasp of character. He evidently wished to be honourable and upright, but he was continually falling into difficulties, whence he extricated himself in a sort of despair, by sudden measures of violence and treachery, which stained the knightly reputation which he so much coveted. His position was likewise very difficult; Edward III. was an open and honourable foe, and his relations with him were simple enough; but the great vassals, doubtful in their allegiance between France and England, were hard to deal with, and worst of all was his cousin Charles, King of Navarre. This prince had inherited the little realm of Navarre through his mother, daughter to the eldest of the sons of Philip le Bel, and thus would have been likewise King of France but for the Salic law. He was Count of Evreux in right of his father, and laid just claims to all the inheritances of the royal line which were not attached to the crown; and thus, with his little independent border kingdom, and his large fiefs within the realm, was a most dangerous connexion. Nor did his character lessen the danger; for his craft and violence gave him the soubriquet of "the Bad," and he scrupled not at prison or assassination to remove his enemies from his path. King Jean had endeavoured to attach him more closely by a marriage with his own eldest daughter, Jeanne; but such ties could not secure his fidelity, and half the troubles of the reign were caused by quarrels between him and the only person in the family who approached him in sagacity, namely, the King's eldest son. Though only thirty-one years of age, Jean had

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CAMEO V.
The truce.

been married so young to his first wife, Bonne of Bohemia, that his son Charles was already old enough to be effective. He was possessed of much prudence, with a quick and keen insight into character; and delicate health rendering him less courageous than the other princes of his time, his weapons became those of subtilty and guile, so that he was a complete contrast to the simple-minded King, his father. He already bore the title of Dauphin, or Count Dauphin, of Vienne. Several of the great crown vassals in Southern France bore the dolphin on their shields, and had thence been called Dauphins; and Humbert, the Dauphin of Vienne, having had the misfortune to drop his infant child out of window while playing with him, found himself the last of his race, and left his county to Prince Charles, after whose time it became the appanage of the heir apparent of France.

The truce was very wearisome to the knights, whose sole occupation was war, though they solaced themselves as well as they could with pageantry, and the King of France established an Order of Knights of the Star, in imitation of Edward's Order of the Garter. The Duke of Lancaster tried to find employment, by setting off to assist the Teutonic knights in their war with the infidels of Prussia; but on the way he was seized, like Richard I., and forced to pay 3,000 florins for his ransom. He accused Otho, Duke of Brunswick, of being the author of the outrage, and on his denial challenged him to fight out the quarrel in the presence of the King of France. The lists were prepared in due pomp, and the two knights were led to the chapel to make oath that their cause was just. From that moment Otho lost heart, and stood like one stupefied; he let his shield drop out of his hand three times, and his friends declared him to be in no condition to fight. He was made to acknowledge himself vanquished, and the Duke of Lancaster was considered to have established his cause. A like judicial combat was fought before King Edward by the Milanese Giovanni Visconti and Jacques de la Marche.

The truce ended in 1354; and Edward offered to conclude a lasting peace, and renounce his pretensions to the French crown, if the sovereignty of the provinces he now held in fee were made over to him. Jean disdained such terms, and the interference of the Pope only succeeded in prolonging the truce for another year, during which the Constable of France, Charles de l'Espagne, was assassinated by order of Charles the Bad, who then offered his alliance to the English, but ended by reconciling himself to Jean.

The English Parliament purchased some regulations on the choice of Justices of the Peace by the supplies which they granted to the King; and he fitted out two armies: one of them he gave to the Prince of Wales to invade France from the south-western provinces, and the other he led himself to Calais; besides sending young Montfort to assert his claims to Brittany, under the protection of Henry of Lancaster. Jean marched against Edward in person, and challenges passed between the two; but first Jean would not fight, and then Edward heard tidings

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CAMEO V.

The burnt Candlemas. 1356.

which called him home in haste. The Earls of March and Douglas, in revenging a Border foray, with the aid of some French knights sent by Jean, had totally defeated the Constable of Norham, and taken the castle. The Steward of Scotland, following up their success, had seized Berwick by a night surprise; and there was reason to apprehend that they would make a sudden dash into England itself, in the hope of rescuing their King. Edward hurried back, stayed but three days in London, and was soon on the Scottish border with his two young sons, Lionel and John, and Sir Walter Manny. Berwick was speedily recovered, and Edward advanced into Scotland, ravaging the whole country, and taking all the towns. At Roxburgh Edward Balliol surrendered all his claims to the kingdom in favour of Lionel, and it seems as if Edward had hoped to reduce the stubborn country at last; but it was the depth of winter, and his devastation recoiled upon himself,—his army suffered from famine, and not only a famine of food, but of fighting, for the Scots kept in the hills, and after patiently enduring what they called "the burnt Candlemas," saw their enemy starved into retreating, and then hunted them out of the kingdom. Edward seems to have been at length convinced of the impossibility of subduing the indomitable mountaineers, and entered in earnest into negotiations for the ransom of David. The Earl of Douglas, his cousin Archibald, and other Scottish knights, followed their French allies home, and offered their swords to the King of France.

Meanwhile, Jean, in great distress for money, imposed the *gabelle* with great severity. The King of Navarre and other French vassals resisted the payment within their fiefs, and thus stirred up Jean to one of his foolish acts of treacherous violence. While the King of Navarre was at dinner with the Dauphin at Rouen, the King and the Marshal Arnold d'Andreghen entered the hall and arrested him, the Count of Harcourt, and several other nobles. Charles the Bad was imprisoned, the Count of Harcourt and the rest taken into a field behind the town and beheaded; whereupon, of course, their relations went over to the English.

Jean then marched against the Prince of Wales, who was pillaging all the provinces adjacent to Gascony, with about 2,000 men-at-arms, 4,000 archers, and 4,000 foot. The King had raised the full force of his realm, amounting to 60,000 men, and the Black Prince intended to retreat before this huge host could come up with him; but before the castle of Romorantin a favourite squire was killed by a stone at his side, and he swore in his anger not to decamp till the castle should have been burnt to the ground. Greek fire soon accomplished this threat, but the delay gave time to King Jean to intercept him, and cut him off from Gascony. The peasants gave Edward no intelligence, and he was unaware of the approach of the enemy, till sixty horse, sent out to reconnoitre in the heathy country interspersed with vineyards, brought back word that they had crossed lances with two hundred French. On this the Captal de Buch was sent out with

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a strong body, and from a hill beheld the royal standard entering the town of Poitiers, and the whole country around overspread with armed men setting up their tents. Some of the enemy crossed their path; they unhorsed several and took them prisoners, and learnt from them that King Jean, his four young sons, the Marshals of France, and twenty-five great dukes and counts, were in array against them with 60,000 men.

"God help us!" quoth Prince Edward, when the tidings were brought to him; "we must consider which will be the best manner to fight them."

He resolved to give himself every advantage of ground, and selected an inclosure within thorny hedges, called the field of Maupertuis, on the slope of a hill thickly planted with vines and approached by a long lane only wide enough for four horses abreast. On each side of this lane the English archers were arranged chessboard fashion, and the men-at-arms were drawn up behind them without their horses, since the vines rendered the ground unfit for cavalry.

So fearful, however, were the odds, that Edward was almost relieved when the Cardinal Talleyrand de Perigord rode up to offer his mediation, and he even offered to surrender all his conquests, release his prisoners, and swear not to serve for seven years against France; but Jean, thinking him in his power, insisted that he should surrender himself as prisoner with one hundred knights, and to this Edward would not consent. Sunday passed in these negotiations, while the English dug ditches and threw up banks so as further to secure their position. The French King in the meantime had divided his force into three bodies: one he commanded himself, keeping his youngest son, Philippe, who was about twelve years old, with him; the second was under his brother, the Duke of Orleans; the third, with his three elder sons. Each of these was double the number of the Prince's little army; and three hundred picked horsemen, under "the bravest of knights," Sir Eustache de Ribaumont, were to sweep round the hill, and cut down the English archery in the rear.

When the Cardinal had departed with the final rejection of the terms, the Black Prince spoke thus: "Now, Sirs, though we be but a small company, as in regard to the puyssance of our enemies, let us not be abashed, for the victory lieth not in the multitude of people, but where God will send it. If it fortune that the day be ours, we shall be the most honoured people of all the world; and if we die in our right quarrel, I have the King my father, and brethren, and also ye have good friends and kinsmen—these shall revenge us. Therefore, Sirs, I require you do your devoirs this day, for, if it please God and St. George, you shall this day see me a good knight."

Sir John Chandos remained with the Prince as his chief adviser, for the stout old warrior had more generalship than any of the other knights. Sir James Audley came up to Edward, saying, "Sir, I have ever served most loyally my lord, your father, and yourself. I formerly

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CAMEO V.
The Battle of Poitiers.
1356.

made a vow, if ever I should be in any battle where your father or any of his sons were, that I would be the foremost in the attack and the best combatant on his side, or die in the attempt. I beg, therefore, permission to quit you, that I may post myself so as best to fulfil this vow."

"Sir James," said the Prince, giving him his hand, "Heaven grant that you may this day shine in valour above all other knights;" and with these words the knight, followed by his four trusty squires, hastened to the front of the men-at-arms, against whom the Marshals of France were leading the first division up the lane. There the long line of horsemen presented the fairest mark for the archers; the horses were stuck full of arrows, and floundered about in their agony, overwhelming their riders, and causing inextricable confusion, while the infantry, bursting through the hedge with their long knives, killed, or made prisoners, the knights in their narrow inclosure. The rear fell back upon the Dauphin's division, and threw it into confusion, which Chandos perceived, and said to the Prince, "Sir, push forward; the day is ours! God will give it into your hand!" Mounting their horses, the Prince and his knights charged down the hill, crying, "St. George for Guienne!" and the Dauphin's body-guard, seeing their van in disorder, and the enemy advancing with so much impetuosity, thought it desirable to secure the persons of the princes; and thus eight hundred lances left the field without ever having been near the enemy. This broke up the whole division, for though Sir Jean de Xaintré, Sir Guiscard d'Angle, and several other good knights and squires, loving death better than dishonour, rushed forward against the English, such isolated efforts could rescue nothing but their own reputation, and they were slain or made prisoners. Xaintré never recovered from his wounds, D'Angle was left for dead, and Sir Eustache de Ribaumont killed. The cowardice of the Dauphin's division infected that of his uncle, the Duke of Orleans, which went off headlong from the field of battle without having broken a single lance. The King's division alone remained, still double the number of the Prince's army, and the very flower of the French chivalry. On the sight of the advance of the English Jean cried, "Alight! alight!" Every knight sprang from his saddle to receive the charge on foot; and well did they fight, especially the King himself, who dealt gallant blows with his battle-axe, while his little son, Philippe, stood undaunted by his side, watching his assailants, and crying—"Father, take care of yourself—to the right—to the left!" Their valour, however, was of no avail; the English horse broke through their ranks, and they were cut down on every side. The royal standard was taken by Sir Reginald Cobham, and that lodestar gone, all was dismay and confusion. Some fled towards the city of Poitiers, but the burghers had shut their gates, and left them to perish under the blows of the troops of the Captal de Buch. Everywhere the English were slaying or making prisoners, and they began to press round the King, with cries of "Yield! yield! or you are a dead man!"

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Among them was a French knight named Denis de Morbecque, who, having been banished for having dealt a fatal blow in a tumult at St. Omer, had taken service with the English. Anxious to save the King, he pressed by main strength through the throng, and in good French entreated him to yield.

"To whom shall I yield? To whom?" exclaimed the King. "Where is my cousin, the Prince of Wales?"

"Sire," replied Denis, "he is not here, but surrender to me, and I will take you to him."

"Who are you?" said Jean.

"Sire, I am Denis de Morbecque, a knight of Artois; but I serve the King of England, because I can no longer dwell in France, and have forfeited all that was mine."

"I yield to you," said the King, giving him his right-hand glove. But the danger was not yet over, for the English and Gascon men-at-arms, jealous of the prize falling to a Frenchman, pushed Sir Denis away, and rudely laid hold of the King and his son, each bawling out, "I took him! I took him!" and others, "No, he is mine!"

"Sirs," said the poor captive, in danger of being torn to pieces among the rabble, "I pray you to conduct me peaceably to my good cousin, the Prince, and do not make such a riot about my capture, for I am great enough to enrich you all." They were somewhat appeased, but not a step was made without brawling, and Sir Denis found himself unable to protect him.

In the meantime, Chandos, who had kept close to the Prince all day, with too much real patriotism to turn aside to enrich himself by making prisoners, looked forth on the field, and perceived that the battle was won. "Sir," said he, "you should halt here, and plant your banner in this bush, to collect your forces, which seem much scattered, though I did not perceive any banners or pennons of the French. Refresh yourself, for you are much heated."

So the banner was set up in the bush, the Prince took off his helmet, and his squires setting up a crimson silk tent, he there awaited the return of his trusty warriors, and the details of the great battle he had won over a force more than seven times the amount of his own. His first inquiry was for the King of France, for whom he sent the Earl of Warwick and Sir Reginald Cobham to seek. They rode at once up a little hill to overlook the plain, and presently spying a mob of soldiers engaged in fierce dispute, they rode in among them, and demanding the cause of the quarrel, learnt that the King of France and his son were there, among more than ten knights and squires, who all laid claim to the captive. Their authority at once rescued him, and they conducted him to the crimson tent, where Edward received him with the utmost grace and courtesy, seeing in him, not the conquered foe, but the suzerain lord, whom he received and welcomed as his guest. The Prince's next anxiety was for his friend, Sir James Audley, whom he had last seen hurrying to the forefront of the battle in search of honour. The reply

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CAMEO V.

Victory of Poitiers. 1356.

was, that Sir James was lying on a litter, sorely wounded; on which the Prince desired to know whether he could be brought to his tent, otherwise he would go to see him. Sir James, highly gratified, caused himself to be carried on his litter to the tent, where Edward embraced him as he lay, saying, "Sir James, I am bound to honour you very much, for by your valour this day you have won honour and renown above us all, and your prowess has proved you the bravest knight."

"My lord, I wish it had been as you have said," returned the wounded knight. "If I have been this day forward to serve you, it has been to accomplish a vow of my own, and should not be made so much of." However, Edward endowed him on the spot with five hundred marks a year out of his own estates, and Sir James, praying that he might be deserving of his bounty, was carried back to his tent, where he at once resigned the pension to his four squires, declaring that they had always served him faithfully, and that his glory and safety were entirely owing to them. On hearing this, the Prince insisted on charging his estates with six hundred marks more, to be paid to the generous knight on his own behalf.

One of Edward's Welsh vassals, Sir Howell y Twyell, did such good service on that day, that not only was he knighted on the field and richly endowed, but his good battle-axe was carried to the Tower, and every day was served with a full meal, and guarded by eight yeomen of the guard. The dinner, untouched by the weapon, was distributed to the poor, with injunctions to pray for the soul of the axe's master; and this strange custom continued until after the Reformation had put an end to all endowments for the benefit of the deceased.

The evening of that September day presented a strange scene among the vineyards of Poitiers. The handful of Englishmen had in their power a King, a Prince, seventeen Counts, and so many captives, that the ordinary number was four prisoners to each Englishman, and the more fortunate had a still greater amount. They were all treated kindly and courteously, and it was agreed that the price set on them should not be so ruinous as to hinder them from again making war creditably; so they gave their parole to return either themselves or their ransoms in due time, and were dismissed to their homes to collect the sums. War was then a species of gambling speculation, of equally balanced profit and loss: but the system was already doing much to lessen the spirit of ferocity and personal enmity, and the prisoner and captor bargained for the ransom, in full confidence in each other's word, and with no more sense of shame in the disaster than in the loss of a game of chance or skill. The darker side was, however, that the captive was entirely in the power of the victor, who was at liberty, by every rule of public opinion, either to keep him for ever in prison, or to put him to death; it was only foregoing so much gain; and when from any cause a vindictive spirit had arisen, prisoners were often massacred in cold blood.

Even at Poitiers, the Scottish allies, uncertain whether they might not meet harder measure than the French, dreaded falling into the hands of

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the English. The Earl of Douglas, who had been knighted by King Jean at the beginning of the engagement, was wounded, and carried from the field by his friends; but Sir Archibald was taken, and conducted to the English camp, where, the instant his friend and countryman, Sir William Ramsay, espied him, cried out, "You accursed wretch, how come you here, thus decked out in your master's armour? Come here, and pull off my boots!" The English began to declare that their prisoner was a man of high rank. "He a lord!" cried Sir William, "a base knave, who, I suppose, has killed his master, and tricked himself out in his armour. Go, villain, find your master's body, that I may give it Christian burial!" Then he ransomed the pretended serving man for forty shillings, struck him on the face, and sent him off to make his escape to his own country.

Meanwhile, Edward was consoling his royal captive, and waiting on him at that memorable banquet, which gave the chief distinction of gracefulness to all his laurels, refusing to sit down at the table with one of so much higher rank, and as he served him with the cup cheering him by compliments to his personal prowess, which caused all the noble captives to whisper to each other that a prince who so comported himself would come to the greatest glory in Christendom.

The monks of Poitiers were left to bury the dead, and the Prince marched at once by slow stages to Bordeaux, where he remained all the winter, treating Jean as his honoured guest, and entertaining him with feasts, tournaments, and minstrelsy. Jean hoped to have continued there without being taken to England, and obtained a promise from the Gascon knights, whose suzerain he was, that they would oppose his being removed. Orders, however, came from England, and though they remonstrated, Edward's gentle speeches and a judicious distribution of florins silenced them, and in April, 1357, the Prince and his captives set sail with a considerable fleet, sufficient to prevent a rescue on the high seas, although a truce for two years had newly been concluded.

They landed at Sandwich, and proceeded to Canterbury, a place which left a deep impression on the Prince's mind, as the first cathedral in his native land where he offered up his thanksgivings for his wonderful successes. After spending a day there, they rode towards London, where a grand public entry was preparing. The King of England chose to meet his prisoner more informally, and arranged a hunting-party, with which he encountered the cavalcade upon the road, and riding up to Jean he took off his cap, saying, "Dear cousin, welcome to the Isle of England."

"Well met, cousin," returned Jean with a like obeisance, and the King then invited him to join the chase. He excused himself, and Edward, giving him permission to go and come as he chose within the island, saluted him and rode off.

How the father and son met we are not told, but the King had sent orders to London to do honour to the entry of the conqueror; nor were the citizens backward to do so: the guilds all arranged themselves

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CAMEO V.

The Black Prince's triumphal entry into London.

1357.

in robes of uniform hue, and formed processions to welcome him; every window was hung with tapestry; twelve beautiful girls were hung up in golden cages, to scatter flowers of gold and silver filagree on his head, and all was triumph and festivity: but the Prince, anxious that the welcome of his countrymen should be turned to do honour to his guest, refused to be the conspicuous object of their acclamations, and, wearing only his hereditary blazonry like any private knight, he mounted a small black pony, and rode by the side of the splendid white charger on which he had placed Jean, as though it had been the triumph of that monarch. Later and more reserved times would have placed the delicacy in omitting the whole pomp of the reception; but display was a part of that simple period, and the entry of the Black Prince into London is memorable as the visible token of the victory of Christianity, the greatest contrast to the Roman triumph, when the chained prisoner was dragged behind the chariot to perish beneath the Capitol. And King Jean, whose whole aim was to be *franc, gai et bachelereux*, does not appear to have cared much what was the occasion of the pageant, so long as he held the first place in it. He was conducted to Westminster Palace, where Edward III. awaited him on his throne, rose up to welcome him, and assigned him the Savoy Palace for his residence. He was, however, sometimes at Windsor, sometimes at other castles, and often in company of the other captive prince, David of Scotland. His young son was full of fire and eagerness to maintain his father's precedence; and there is a story extant that once, when at dinner an attendant served Edward first, he rose up passionately and struck the man for want of courtesy to his father. Edward laughed, saying, "You are Philippe le Hardi," a name by which he was ever after known. His fierce temper led him once into a dispute with the Black Prince at chess; and again King Edward showed favour to the bold boy, and found fault with his son for contending with his young captive.

A grand tournament was held at Smithfield, and attended by the three kings and the Queens of England and Scotland; but perhaps the most remarkable of these festivities was the grand banquet given by Henry Picard, Lord Mayor of London, to four kings at once—the King of Cyprus, Pierre de Lusignan, being then on a visit to Edward, from whom he hoped to obtain succours for the Holy Land. It is recorded as "one of the honourable acts of citizens," and must have struck the French monarch as a strange act of grace on Edward's part, since it was the French fashion to despise and trample down the burgher class, and at Paris the citizen would have feared lest the display of his wealth should be only a guide to the rapacity of the monarch.

The Round Tower at Windsor being now complete, a splendid Chapter of the Garter was there held, and a tournament afterwards took place, in which Jean and David both tilted in armour, which is still preserved. The beautiful Countess of Salisbury was present, and her charms had nearly won the heart of a second monarch, the fickle and dissolute

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David; but in the joust her gallant husband, the King's earliest friend, received a fatal wound, and the good Catherine, his true and faithful wife, retired into the deepest seclusion, so as never again to be harassed with royal admiration. David was obliged to return to the lodging appointed for him at Odiham, with an allowance of 13*s.* 4*d.* a day for his table; but the arrangements for his ransom were soon after concluded, and, his French allies undertaking to pay the half of it, he was allowed to return to Scotland, after eleven years of captivity. Well would it have been had his troubles sent him home a wiser man!

Release of David II. 1357.

France meanwhile was in a horrible state of confusion. The King of Navarre had escaped from his prison and gone to war with the Dauphin, and peace had not long been made between them before a frightful insurrection of the oppressed peasantry put every one of gentle blood into the most imminent danger. Maddened by the exactions of the nobles, the labouring classes rose throughout Central France, and with their scythes, forks, and clubs penetrated into several castles, and tortured the knights and ladies to death. From the nobles' contemptuous name for the villains, "Jacques bonhomme," this was called the Jacquerie. The lower mob of the towns joined them for the sake of pillage, and the most horrible violences were committed; and at last the Dauphin, the Duchess of Orleans, and three hundred noble ladies, found themselves pent up in the Château de Meaux by 9,000 insurgent peasants, a host of furious wretches from Paris and Meaux clamouring for their blood outside, and nothing but the strength of the walls for protection.

The Jacquerie. 1358.

In this condition the Captal de Buch and his cousin, the Count de Foix, found the place, as they were returning with sixty lances (three times that number of men) from one of the campaigns with the Teutonic knights, which were the resource of these warriors in the brief intervals of peace. They offered their aid to the distressed garrison, and riding in among the half-naked peasants in their full armour, they cut them down on every side, so that before the end of the day 7,000 had been killed or drowned in the Marne. The gentry finished the work of destruction with the ferocity of men who had been terrified, and the Isle of France became a scene of desolation. The old English historians unconsciously personify the whole, reporting that the leader, James Goodman, was taken and put to death. Poor James Goodman suffered wrongs for many a year longer, and took a still more frightful revenge when his time came.

The truce being over at Easter, 1359, Edward and all his sons, except the youngest, Thomas of Woodstock, invaded France; but there was no army to give them the pleasure of a victory. He attempted to take Rheims, but in vain; and soon his career was arrested by a tremendous storm, with hail and lightning that killed a great number both of men and horses, and filled the army with horror. The son of the Earl of Warwick was struck dead before Edward's eyes, and thinking this visitation a judgment upon his ambition, the King fell on his knees in the nearest chapel, and vowed to come to terms of peace.

Edward III.'s fourth Invasion. 1359.

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CAMEO V.

The Peace of Bretigny. 1360.

Jean, on his side, was ready to yield anything that he might recover his liberty; and a peace was finally concluded at Bretigny, by which he engaged to pay three million crowns for his ransom, to yield Aquitaine as the absolute property of the English, and to withdraw his support from Charles de Blois. He was released on the 25th of October, 1360, on paying the first instalment of his ransom and sending his second and third sons to reside at Calais as hostages for the remainder, while twenty young nobles were sent to London as pledges for the performance of the rest of the treaty.

The romantic love of the Prince of Wales had kept him unwedded all this time, though he was nearly thirty years of age. Joan of Kent was at this time left a widow by the death of Lord Thomas Holland, whom she had so unwillingly accepted in her minority; and his constancy was at length rewarded by the consent of the King and Queen. A dispensation was procured, not only on account of their relationship, but because the Prince had been sponsor to both her sons, Thomas and John Holland, and they were married in the Queen's chapel at Windsor on the 10th of October, 1361. In token of gratitude for the fulfilment of this wish of his heart, Edward built a chantry chapel in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral, and endowed it with an estate, that two priests might offer constant prayers for his soul. Soon after he set out with his bride to assume the government of Aquitaine, and to hold a splendid court at Bordeaux, the prime school of chivalrous exercises; and he did something better, by bringing order and good government into the long-perturbed provinces.

Marriage of the Black Prince. 1361.

The exhausted population of France found it impossible to raise the rest of their King's ransom, nor would the Aquitainian vassals attached to the French party transfer their homage to Edward, border feuds with the Gascons probably embittering their hostility. The Bretons would not give up the cause of Charles de Blois, nor would the two young princes remain quietly as hostages at Calais. King Jean, wearied out with perplexities, and with the reproaches of the English, at last resolved to surrender himself, as he could not otherwise be true to his word. Some idea of a Crusade had lately arisen, and he thought with delight of uniting with his fellow-kings, and bringing all their gallant chivalry together to attack the Infidel. His noble English foes had made him happier than his home, torn with dissension, and the realm he had no force to govern; and embarking at Boulogne, he sailed for England, saying that if honour were to be found nowhere else, at least it should find a refuge in the breast of kings.

Edward III. knew not how to do him grace enough, and treated him with double distinction. The Crusade was actually in contemplation, the King of Cyprus was to come again to England to arrange the plans, and David of Scotland and Waldemar of Denmark had promised to meet him there; but ere this could take place Jean of France fell sick, and he died in the Savoy Palace on the 8th of April, 1365.

Death of King Jean. 1365.

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CAMEO VI.

THE EAGLE OF BRITTANY.

(1350—1366.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II.	1350. Jean. 1365. Charles V.	1350. Pedro.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1347. Karl IV.	1352. Innocent VI.

CAMEO VI. — *The Romance of the Château de Gléaquim.*

NOT far from the coast of Brittany, where now stands the town of Cancale, lay a valley, which, while still left to nature, was adorned by rich verdure, interspersed with the beauteous flowers called in the old dialect *glay*, the contraction of the Latin *gladius*, a sword, from their long sword-shaped leaves, whence their modern French name of *glaïeul* and the Latin *gladiolus*. After the great battle of Tours, which for ever drove the Saracens beyond the Pyrenees, a fugitive Moor, called, probably from his profession, Hakim, a physician, after wandering far and wide through France, arrived unmolested in this fair valley. The *glaïeul* blossoms, with their peculiar tint of crimson and the delicate white slashes in the lower petals, their graceful growth and slender leaves—or, it may be, the likewise sword-leaved yellow flag of the verdant marsh—won the Eastern heart so sensitive to the beauty of colour, and Hakim, dwelling unmolested in the valley, surrounded his hut with so many of the plants, that the spot took the name of Glay Hakim. A castle subsequently arose there, which was called Gléaquim, and gave its name to a knightly family, bearing for arms, argent a displayed eagle, beaked and membered gules. The old castle became ruinous, and was abandoned; but close beside it stood the pretty house of Plessis Bertrand, built by one of the family, and the Castle of Motte Broon, near Rennes, was their main stronghold, though they were not considered as by any means among the foremost nobility in wealth or power. There was, indeed, a prophecy of Merlin, that an eagle should one day fly out of Brittany, and, at the head of a multitude of starlings, sweep throughout France and over the Pyrenees; but accredited as were these predictions, the eagle was far too common a cognizance for the De Gléaquins, or Du Guesclins, as they began to be called, to found many

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CAMEO VI.

Birth of Du Guesclin.

hopes on this score. Such is the romance, which in those days of queer philology was supposed to account for the name Guesclin.

Early in the fourteenth century, the Sieur Robert Du Guesclin married ~~the~~ very beautiful ~~Jeanne de Malemains, a~~ Norman lady. Not long after her marriage, the lady dreamt a dream which long dwelt upon her mind, as an augury for the future. It seemed to her that she had a box, containing her own likeness and that of her husband, and composed of three diamonds, three emeralds, three pearls, and one large rough pebble, which was such a desight to the others, that she carried the box to the smith that it might be removed. He advised her not only to allow it to remain, but to guard and wipe it more carefully than all the rest; and accordingly having herself rubbed it well, this stone became the most brilliant diamond she had ever beheld; but at the same time one of the pearls dropped out and was lost.

Jeanne, in course of time, had ten children, four sons and six daughters, of whom the eldest was named Bertrand, after his godfather, ~~Sir Bertrand de St. Pern.~~ The child was so far from handsome, that from the first his appearance was a vexation and shame to his beautiful mother; he was very short, with great shoulders, and something of a twist in the figure, but of the most wiry strength; his head round, his nose short and turned up, his eyes green, his skin dark, his arms long, and though his hands and feet were small and well-made, so awkward ~~and unsusceptible of training~~, that he was the despair of the household and at war with all the world, never without a stick in his hand, the terror of the other children.

The chaplain found it hopeless to teach him his letters; the ladies could instruct him no graces of pagedom; and before he was seven years old he took to roaming about the village at the head of all the barefooted peasant-boys around. Sometimes they divided into two parties, and fought with fists and clubs, sometimes they marauded on the farmers' orchards, and the lady daily heard some complaint of her son, till she had begun to believe that he was no child of hers, but a changeling elf, and that the best thing that could happen to the house of Guesclin would be that the unruly Bertrand should be found drowned in the torrent, and his handsome and tractable brother Olivier become the heir. Sir Robert was constantly absent at the wars, and the lady was the less able to manage her son.

One day the hall of Motte Broon was ranged for dinner, and the younger children seated in full order and state at the high table beside their mother, dining on a roasted capon, when in rushed the little household outlaw with scratched face, grimed hands, and stained clothes, shouting imperiously that he would not see his younger brothers sit down in his place, and before him! he was the heir, and would make them obey him by force! The terrified children gave way, and he seated himself by his mother, clutching rudely at the food with his hands, and spilling the wine, till the lady, in anger, ordered him off, and threatened to have him beaten till the blood should come. Bertrand started up so

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CAMEO VI.
Education of Du Guesclin.

hastily as to kick down the table and all the contents, and his mother began to revile him, and call herself the miserable parent of a mere cowherd, who would be the shame of his lineage.

The altercation was interrupted by the entrance of a friend of the family. It was the daughter of a Jewish physician, who had been carefully educated by her father in all the deep sciences in vogue among the Hebrews, and having since been converted to the Christian faith had taken the monastic vows, and lived in a convent at Rennes, but not under such strict rules as to prevent her going from place to place to exercise the healing art which she had derived from her father's instructions. She was much respected, and the Dame Du Guesclin, highly honoured by her visit, hastened to greet her, and then quickly to rectify the confusion of the hall. Meantime, the kind Nun remarked the brown meanly-clad child crouching sullenly on the floor, and turning towards him, she stooped down and spoke to him, so gentle, that he, unused to kind words, thought she was laughing at him, and raising his stick, growled out that he would break her head if she did not let him alone. Still the good Nun, instead of being disconcerted, smiled and coaxed the surly child till he had given her his hand, and a ray of such fire and intelligence kindled on the harsh countenance that she told him to stand still and listen, she had great news for him, namely, that he might be the greatest man of his time.

The Seneschal, who stood by, laughed at the look of grave awe that stilled the features of the young scapegrace. "Yes, lady," said he, "you may be able to lull children for a moment; but this fellow is the most unruly and misbehaved child living. Little hope of such as he!"

Such an answer, and the rude garments of the sunburnt boy, made the Nun suppose him a poor neglected orphan, and she asked the lady whose child he was. The reply was given with tears, that this was no other than her own eldest son, so uncouth, so wild, so disobedient, that he was her constant grief and dread lest he should dishonour his family.

"Not so," answered the Sister. "Be not weary of this child: he whom you despise is beloved by Him who suffered the Passion. One day he will yet be the first man in France, and the glory of the kingdom!"

Hope began to glide into the boy's heart, and he watched the good Nun earnestly. She stayed till the next day, when a peacock was served up for dinner, and Bertrand, in his devotion to his only friend, snatched the dish from the servant, and set it before her; then seized cups and goblets, and filled them with wine with such a good will that they overflowed on the table, begging her to drink for love of him.

His mother could hardly believe she heard so civilized a speech from him, while the Nun began to caress and encourage the boy, and tell him that he was already beginning on the right course which would lead him to greatness.

"How am I to come to any good here?" said the boy: "no one attends to me; the meanest servant scoffs at me."

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CAMEO VI.

Bertrand in disgrace.

His mother began to exclaim at the change the Nun had wrought, declaring that she should never forget her obligations to her. Bertrand spoke up with a dawning presage of the powers within him: "Mother, fruit that never ripens is worth nothing; fruit that ripens slowly is always good."

Thereupon the lady told her dream of the jewels, which the Nun encouraged her to believe signified the future glory of her rough diamond. Thenceforth Bertrand was dressed and treated as became the heir of the house, and received some training from his father; but though the word in season had roused his spirit, still turbulence and activity were so strong within him that, mismanaged as he was, he was continually breaking out and running wild among the peasant-boys. He fought and wrestled with them, and thus greatly strengthened his ungainly but sinewy frame, at the expense of much disgrace at home and many a sound blow abroad. One day the Nun met her little champion being carried home by a peasant, battered, bruised, and unable to walk. "Ah! fair nephew," said she, "what a shame for a knight's son to fight with those whom he ought to guard, and to use the fist instead of the lance!"

"Holy dame!" cried Bertrand, "it is because I have neither lance nor horse, and my father will give me none."

"Come to my cell when you are cured;" said the Nun, "and see what Heaven will provide."

She actually gave him some money, with which he bought a lance and pony, and exercised himself with them as best he could; but this failing him, he returned to his old courses; and as he was now fourteen years old, with wrists like iron, he was more than a match for all the village lads, and complaints poured in on his father from the farmers that the young lord had beaten one, and maimed another, and given a black eye to a third. Sir Robert declared that he should impose a fine on any vassal who let his son fight with the young gentleman; but the love of hearty knocks was far too strong in both parties to be thus checked, and at last the knight of Guesclin could find no other expedient but keeping his son constantly locked up in his own apartment, where the poor boy actually remained for four months. At last he contrived to seize the servant who brought him food, take the keys from her, and lock her up in his place; then running down-stairs and into the fields, he met a labourer with a cart-horse, jumped upon its back, shouted out a rude peal of laughter, and galloped off without saddle or bridle to Rennes, where lived one of his aunts. She received him with the reproaches to which he was but too well accustomed; but her husband, an old warrior, disapproved of the family system of management, and said heartily, "Youth must have its way: here is no lack of good wine and salt-meat; thou shalt share it as long as it holds out!" and thenceforth he treated Bertrand as his guest, and gave him every advantage in training in martial exercises. About three months after his arrival, the peasantry appointed a Sunday for one of the grand wrestling-matches for which Brittany and Cornwall were alike famous, and Bertrand,

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CAMEO VI.

Bertrand's first tournament.

mindful of many a victory at Motte Broon, was all on fire to witness it; but his aunt, thinking the sport as base as dangerous, carried him to church with her, to keep him out of mischief. Between the exordium and the sermon, however, the incorrigible lad contrived to steal out of church, and was at the lists, where a mighty wrestler was carrying all before him. Some of his old comrades, recognising him, entreated him to maintain the honour of their district; and he consented, on condition that they should take care his aunt never heard of it. The champion had overcome twelve antagonists, and despised the boy who presented himself; but Bertrand's marvellous sinews gave him the victory, though, in falling upon his adversary, he struck his knee against a pebble so violently that he fainted away. He was obliged to refuse the silverbound cap and feathers, which was the prize of the combat, lest it should betray him to his aunt; and was so ill from the effect of the blow that he was nine days in bed, and was well scolded for his escapade.

On his recovery his uncle made his peace with his father, and he returned home much more discreet and courteous, and therefore so much more in favour, that his father allowed him to have a small pony on which to ride, to be a spectator of all the neighbouring tournaments. When Bertrand was about eighteen, a grand joust was announced at Rennes, at which Sir Robert Du Guesclin presented himself with his retainers, when poor Bertrand's ungainly figure and shabby equipments consorted so ill with the splendour of the scene, that he found everybody making game of him, and calling him a cowherd who had borrowed the miller's horse for greater show. Stung to the quick, the youth backed his sorry beast out of the brilliant throng, and retreated to the hostelry, where, falling in with one of his cousins, who, having done his part in the lists, was being disarmed, he entreated, with tears in his eyes, for the loan of the horse and weapons. The cousin consented; "But," said he, "remember that never did adversary see the back of my cuirass."

With a good steed under him, visor closed, and lance in rest, the happy Bertrand entered the lists, and did his part with credit against several esquires; but when he beheld his father come forward as his opponent, he respectfully lowered his lance and refused the challenge. It was at first supposed that the Sieur Du Guesclin's reputation was the cause that the unknown champion avoided meeting him; but his prowess against all the other challenges made the spectators change their mind, call him the adventurous squire, and become very desirous to learn his name. At last a Norman knight resolved to put an end to his disguise, and, aiming full at his head, bore off his helmet on the point of his lance, but, at the same time, found himself seized by the arm with the giant grip of Bertrand's hand, and borne headlong to the ground. The lists rang with the praises of the gallant young Du Guesclin; the prize of the day, a silver swan as large as life, was adjudged to him, and Sir Robert, embracing him with rapture, promised him that henceforth he should never want horse nor gold to go and win fame.

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CAMEO VI.

Death of Charles de Blois.

1351.

How he won it does not appear; but, in the wars between Blois and Montfort, Bertrand Du Guesclin was found a vehement partizan of the former, and at the head of sixty stout warriors, all "good thieves," marauding upon the English and the friends of Montfort, and when he made his visits to his mother, carrying off her jewels to supply his needs, but soon returning to repay her twentyfold with his boot.

The unfortunate Charles de Blois, after his long imprisonment, was permitted to go to Calais in 1351, to marry his daughter to his friend Charles de l'Espagne, the Constable of France, who promised to pay his ransom; but in two years' time the Constable was assassinated by Charles the Bad, and Charles de Blois, losing hope, went back to his captivity, while his daughter died of grief. Edward III., touched by his misfortunes, set him free, on condition that the truce should be strictly observed, and that he should give up his two sons as hostages. Bertrand Du Guesclin and the Lord de Beaumanoir were among the knights who escorted them to England, and brought back their duke, Charles. He faithfully kept his oaths; but his followers carried on their own petty warfare, from castle to castle, and cottage to cottage, and Bertrand made the war-cry of "Notre Dame Guesclin" the terror of his foes. His first substantial conquest was the Castle of Fourgeray, where, in the absence of the governor, a son of the Bamborough who was killed at the Combat of the Thirty, he obtained admittance for himself and his troop in the disguise of woodmen in frocks bending under their fagots, surprised and made prisoners or put to death the garrison, and killed the captain on his return the next day.

Edward III. now thought it time to send Jean de Montfort to fight his own battles, and equipped him ducally, giving him an army under the charge of the gallant Henry of Lancaster. They landed in Brittany early in 1357, and at once laid siege to Rennes, Duke Henry swearing never to quit the place till his banner should float on the highest tower. The governor of the place was the Sieur de Penhoët, called *le Tortboiteux*, a cunning old knight, who held out manfully, while Bertrand harassed the English besiegers from the woods. The Duke, knowing the garrison to be short of provisions, devised a trick by which he hoped to tempt them to sally out so as to be cut off. A herd of swine were by his orders driven near the walls and there left to attract the hungry defenders; but Penhoët was even with them. He hung an unfortunate hog, head downwards, over the battlements, till its squeals had brought all its congeners together; then lowering it to the ground, he let it loose, when it ran straight to the gate nearest its own stye, followed by the whole of the intended decoy, which all trotted into the town to reinforce the stores of the fortress, whilst the burghers appeared on the turrets, returning polite thanks to the English duke for sending them such a feast. "He has sent us good bacon" is still a Breton proverb for a disappointed stratagem.

The bacon, however, soon came to an end, and the city was reduced to great straits. At last a citizen, who could not bear to see his eight

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children starving, came to *le Tortboiteux*, and undertook to obtain succours for the place, if the garrison would make a sally and leave him to be taken prisoner. This was carried into effect, and he was led before the Duke of Lancaster, to whom, after some pretence at reluctance, he announced that though the town was in such extremity that seven of the governor's children had died of hunger, a convoy of provisions, with 4,000 Germans under Charles de Blois himself, was expected the next day, and by a judicious ambush all might be cut off, and that Rennes would then be forced to surrender. Henry fell into the plot, and set out on the road indicated by the citizen, who meanwhile made his escape, and found his way to the forest-lodging of Du Guesclin, whom he informed of the state of affairs. Down came Bertrand and his troop upon the nearly deserted camp, pounced upon Lancaster's own stores, forced his carters to drive them into the city, where the delighted inhabitants bore him in triumph to his old uncle's house, and then, after paying the carters well, he sent them back to the camp, on condition that they should say to Lancaster, "Lord Duke, Bertrand commends himself to you, swears that you shall see him as soon as he can; and informs you that food is so plentiful with him, that, if you please, he will send you good wine, and hydrome besides, to sweeten your heart."

Henry Wryneck, who loved a gallant foe, took the message in such good part, that when one of his knights cried, "By St. Dunstan, this is a brave youth; I should like to see him!" he responded, "I'll send him a safe-conduct, and ask him to dinner!" So a herald was sent into the town, and, at first sight, took Bertrand for a brigand rather than a knight, but changed his mind when he received as a reward a purse of gold and a silken surcoat; while Bertrand, having had the letter read to him, put on his best armour, mounted his finest steed, and with four companions rode into the English camp, exciting wonder by his dark visage and sturdy mien. Lancaster, with his noblest knights, received him most honourably, and at the feast entered into some arguments to bring him over to Montfort's party: "For," said he, "the rights of Blois are very doubtful, and more than 100,000 men must die ere they can be established." "So much the better for their heirs," retorted Du Guesclin, an answer that made the Prince laugh, and then offer his guest to knight him and secure high honours to him if he would join the English party, though of course Bertrand's indignant refusal did but add to his esteem.

While this was passing, William Bamborough, another of the family to whom Brittany had been so fatal, made his way up to Du Guesclin, and exclaimed, "Bertrand, I have a request to make, which, as a gentleman of honour, you cannot refuse. You surprised the Château de Fourgerai, and slew my brother Robert. You must answer me therefor! I demand of you that we exchange three blows of the sword, three of the axe, three of the dagger!"

Bertrand took him by the hand, and replied, "*Beau Sire, grand mercy* for the three you ask: you shall have six if you need!"

The Duke was vexed at this defiance, as compromising his hospitality,

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CAMEO VI. — *Siege of Rennes.* 357.

and tried to prevent the combat, but Bertrand declared he would not give it up for his own weight in silver; and so choice a chivalrous spectacle was too delightful to the Plantagenet for him not to declare at once that the encounter should take place in his camp the next day, in his own presence, and under his safe-conduct on the faith of a prince.

Then, after a splendid banquet, the Duke caused one of his handsomest chargers to be led out, and presented it to Bertrand, who cried out in transport, "Sir! Heaven guard you from trouble: never before did prince nor count give me the worth of one penny! The horse is so beautiful, that I trust to ride it to-morrow before you to acquit myself of my duty!"

On his return to Rennes, Penhoët and the citizens were disturbed both at the gift and the challenge, though Bertrand replied that Lancaster was the very soul of honour, and extorted permission to fight the duel. His aunt made more objections, followed him to mass, and afterwards, while he was putting on his armour, and taking three draughts of wine and three morsels of bread, she continued her arguments; but all she obtained was a good-natured order to her to go home to her husband, and prepare a good dinner against his return.

All Rennes mounted the walls, all the English gathered round the lists, where the Duke published a decree that no one should come within twenty lances' length of the two squires on pain of death. The three onsets took place without much effect, though with some slight advantage on Bertrand's side. "Shall we have another in honour of the ladies?" said he. "I forewarn you the devil will be in it."

"Go on," said the Englishman, and this time he fell beneath Bertrand's sword. His life was spared; but Bertrand, taking his steed and weapon, went up to the Duke, bowed, thanked him for having granted him the encounter, and said, "Sir, I came here with one sword and one horse; I go back with two!" Lancaster congratulated him, and, to secure his safe return, sent a herald to escort him to the gates of Rennes; and this person was requited by Bertrand with the present of Bamborough's horse.

Tortboiteux was soon convinced that Bertrand's intercourse with the English had not made him the worse Breton. The besiegers had prepared a huge wooden tower, called the belfry, consisting of platforms at different stages, with drawbridges that were thrown out when the whole machine had been moved up to the walls. It was covered with tin or with ox-hides to prevent fire, and was the most formidable appliance of mediæval warfare. However, Bertrand, making a sally with five hundred crossbowmen, each with a fagot smeared with sulphur, contrived to burn the belfry, and a hundred men in it, and afterwards to beat a body of English who had been sent to intercept his return to the city.

Lancaster was the more annoyed at his repulse, because he had just received the news of his young cousin's brilliant victory at Poitiers, and, anxious to learn whether any hope of success remained, he sent a deputation, under pretext of offering terms, to pass through the town and

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CAMEO VI.
Raising the Siege of Rennes.
1357.

reconnoitre. Du Guesclin, guessing the object, caused a grand display of plenty to be made with the scanty provisions remaining, so that the English were deceived, and reported that the town could hold out for months to come. Duke Henry, therefore, decided on raising the siege, but was deterred by his vow to place his banner on the highest battlement, until it was suggested that the garrison should invite him in to accomplish his promise in the letter, though it was impossible in the spirit.

Penhoët and Du Guesclin received him with great honour, and after leading him to the top of the keep, where the banner was duly set up, they feasted him in the hall, and Bertrand, serving him with the cup, begged him, of his courtesy, to tell him where the war would next be. The Prince, in the same spirit, struck him on the shoulder, and promised him information. The garrison, without the delicate courtesy of their leaders, would not brook the sight of the English lions on their tower, and crying out, "We promised it should be placed there, we never promised it should stay there!" they tore it up, and threw it at Henry's feet as he passed the gateway; but he was obliged to swallow the mortification, and the Peace of Bordeaux prevented the promised assignation from taking place between him and Bertrand.

During the cessation of hostilities Charles de Blois with his proud duchess re-entered Rennes, and, as a reward for Du Guesclin's services, presented him with the Castle of Roche d'Airien, and conferred on him the order of knighthood. Even the peace could not hinder a challenge from passing between him and an English knight, named Trussel, whom he mortally wounded in a duel fought before all the grandees of Brittany.

In 1359 the war broke out again, and Lancaster and Du Guesclin were again besieger and besieged, at Dinant, where old Penhoët was commander. Here, during a short truce, Olivier, the youngest of the Du Guesclin family, going out alone beyond the walls for the sake of air and exercise, was most improperly pounced upon by an English knight, named Thomas of Canterbury, who, on hearing his name, violently abused his brother, and declared that nothing short of 1,000 florins should purchase the freedom of one connected with such a robber. A groom, who had once been in Guesclin's service, was present when the youth was led into the camp, and galloping into Dinant, found Bertrand playing at tennis, and informed him of what had happened. At once mounting his horse, he rode to the tent of the Duke of Lancaster, who interrupted a game at chess with Sir John Chandos to exclaim, "Bertrand, you shall taste my wine!" "I will neither eat nor drink till I have my brother returned!" said Du Guesclin, explaining the circumstances, much to the concern of his chivalrous audience. Summoning the delinquent to the tent, Henry reproached him with the infraction of the truce, and ordered him instantly to release the captive; but he arrogantly maintained that he had transgressed no rule, and threw down his glove in defiance. It was instantly taken up by Bertrand, who declared

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CAMEO VI.

Siege of Dinant.

1359.

that he would touch no food, save the mystic number of three sups of wine, till he had proved the treason on the body of his foe.

Old Penhoët was reluctant to trust his champion outside the walls; whereupon the gallant Lancaster offered himself as one of twenty nobles who should become hostages for his safety: and a gallery was prepared, where the two generals sat side by side as spectators of the combat. Many ladies were in the city, and among them a noble damsel, named Epiphanie Raguenel, the sister of the Vicomte de Bellière. She was so much addicted to judicial astrology, that she was commonly called Tiphaïne la fée, and she had amused herself with calculating the horoscope of the Breton hero, thus discovering his lucky and unlucky days. The duel with the Englishman fell on one of the former, and her confident prediction of his success was carried to him, but treated with much disdain. "He is a trumpery fellow, no wiser than a sheep, who trusts to women and their soothsayings," said he.

Chandos and Pembroke tried at the last to propose terms; but Bertrand would accept none, unless his brother were released from ransom and Canterbury should come on his knees, holding his sword by the point, to deliver himself up to his mercy. This was, of course, refused, and the combat began, when, after a few encounters, the Englishman's sword flew out of his hand, and his adversary, dismounting, picked it up, and threw it out of the lists. He ought now to have given up the advantage of being on horseback; but apparently he was ignorant of all knightly etiquette, and after charging Bertrand several times with his knife, tried to ride him down. The Breton, however, stabbed the horse, and catching the rider in his iron grip, dragged him down, and beat him on the face with his fist, as one unworthy the name of gentleman, sparing his life at the intercession of the English leader, but causing him to be ignominiously drawn on a hurdle out of the lists, and he was further dismissed the service, and forbidden the presence of the Duke of Lancaster.

The siege was soon after raised, and a peace concluded between the two kings on the one hand, and a truce between the two dukes on the other, each reserving his own part of Brittany. During this interval Charles de Blois, telling Bertrand that his past services were a pledge for the future, made him governor of the strong Castle of Pontorson, and arranged a marriage between him and the lady of fairy lore, Tiphaïne Raguenel, whom the brave knight heartily loved and esteemed for her many perfections, though he never learnt to attach weight to her prophecies.

The first interruption to the honeymoon at Pontorson was the landing of some English troops at La Hogue. Their chief, Sir John Felton, came careering before the castle walls, demanding to see the bridegroom, and shouting out, "Have you been long enough making love? I am come on purpose to fight you man to man, twenty to twenty, or, if you please, five of my English to twenty of your Bretons!" Bertrand not answering, he added, "Well! I am going; but I shall often be here again to bring off your capons!"

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CAMEO VI.

Storming of Essay.

1359.

"I have heard you out," replied Du Guesclin from his battlements, "for such speeches entertain me. All I beg is, that you will not overwork those handsome steeds. Many thanks for your pains in choosing them in England and bringing them here."

When the English had ridden off, Bertrand sent to the two nearest garrisons, and, collecting a sufficient force, rode in pursuit, caught the enemy on the moor, and telling Felton he was come for the horses, charged him. It was a sharp conflict; but the Bretons were the victors, and brought home the horses to Pontorson, and likewise Felton and two other knights, whom he lodged in the castle as guests while awaiting the arrival of their ransom.

Soon after, Bertrand's brother-in-arms, Sir Jean de Xaintré, sent to propose to him an expedition against the Poitevin Castle of Essay, whose English garrison was the terror of the neighbourhood. It was in the midst of a swamp, and the winter frost afforded facilities for approaching it; but Bertrand was so happy with his bride, that he was reluctant to leave Pontorson, and she herself was obliged to entreat him to prefer honour to her society, and to entrust castle and prisoners to her charge and that of his sister Julienne, one of the pearls of his mother's vision, who left her convent to keep her sister-in-law company.

Meeting Xaintré, Du Guesclin nearly quarrelled with him because neither would take the command of the other, and, finally, they agreed each to lead a simultaneous assault. In scaling the walls of the castle, Bertrand trod upon a rotten beam, and fell twenty feet headlong into the castle court, where he found himself, like Alexander among the Malli, alone among the enemy, and with a broken leg. He contrived to set his back against the wall, and defended himself with his axe till his friends fought their way in, when he dropped into their arms senseless, so much covered with blood that he was carried away for dead upon their mantles; and the Bretons slaughtered the whole garrison and razed the castle in revenge.

He was taken to Nantes to be cured, and there was visited by Charles de Blois, who had resolved on renewing the war at once. Bertrand made many demurs, as the truce had not yet expired, for it seems that these expeditions had been reckoned as mere private speculations; but Charles, representing that Montfort's partizans were constantly violating the treaty, he agreed to bring his followers to the rendezvous at Nantes on the 15th of the following March, 1359; and being now able to ride again, he set out with his troop for Pontorson, on the way surprising, in his night lodging, an English knight, who had left Ploermel for the purpose of capturing him.

About three leagues from Pontorson he encountered a body of two hundred English horse, in the morning twilight, and attacking them, made them surrender, and brought them in triumph to the castle, where Tiphaïne came down into the court, full of joy at the return of her lord. Turning round to the leader of the prisoners, she then said, "Ha! brave Felton, welcome once more! It is too much for a man of courage like

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CAMEO VI.
—
Surprise at Pontorson.

you to be beaten twice in one night, once by the sister, and once by the brother."

She then explained that Felton had paid his ransom some weeks since, and had been released. The two ladies, Tiphaïne and Julienne, were sleeping together, when the latter was suddenly awakened by a foreboding dream, and either directed by it, or by the sounds she heard, she ran to the chamber of the attendant maidens, just in time to find the top of a ladder affixed to the window. Exerting all her strength, she pushed the ladder from its rest, and the weight, the crash, and the cries showed that it carried down with it a load of foes. The spirited Nun then gave the alarm, the walls were manned, and all further attacks beaten off. It was found that Felton had tampered with two women of the Dame Du Guesclin to admit him into the castle, expecting to surprise it in the absence of its master; and much ironical pity was bestowed on the captive for having been repulsed by a Nun single-handed. The two treacherous women were tied together, sewn up in a sack, and thrown into the river.

On the appointed day Bertrand was again at Nantes, and as the Marshal of Brittany, the gallant Beaumanoir, was under a pledge not to serve at present, the command was committed to him, Charles de Blois quoting the proverb, "That a troop of stags, commanded by a lion, was stronger than a troop of lions commanded by a stag." No great result arose from this war: the two claimants were once on the point of a battle, when they came to terms, and gave twenty hostages on either side, until they should be ratified by Jeanne de Penthièvre; but as she refused to hear of them, the hostages on either side were released, except Du Guesclin, whom Jean de Montfort was resolved to detain till he should have sworn never to bear arms against him. His old enemy, Sir John Felton, who was his keeper, did his best to convince Montfort of the wrong he was committing, but in vain; and at last Du Guesclin, taking Felton's young son out riding with him, went to a place where he had appointed his squires to meet him with a fresh horse, and mounting told the boy to tell his father, that were he rightly his prisoner he would not go without his leave; but as he was no such thing, he should only ask his own leave. Young Fenton began to cry, at which Bertrand told him, that if his father should beat him, he must come to him for protection, and then galloped off to Guingamp, whence he sent a herald to Montfort to clear Felton from all connivance in his flight, and to challenge all who should call it a breach of his word. It was decided by the Parliament of Paris that he had been justified in this escape.

Hitherto Bertrand had only fought for his immediate feudal superior, the Duchess of Brittany; but his fame caused the Dauphin Charles to wish to engage him in his service, and he sent a gentleman to make him large offers. He was inclined to continue exclusively Breton; but Tiphaïne persuaded him to accept the service of the French crown, and, on taking leave of him, gave him a set of tablets set in precious stones, where she had recorded all the days propitious or unpropitious to his

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destiny, entreating him to preserve them for love of her. Keep them he did, but as to consulting them, opportunity and his good sword were his only oracles.

CAMEO VI.

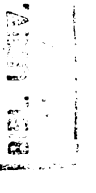
Capture of Mantes. 1365.

He took service in France just at the time of the death of King Jean, who had left to his favourite son, Philippe le Hardi, the dukedom of Burgundy. The last duke of the elder line having died childless, his domains devolved on the French crown, both in right of the male fiefs reverting to the sovereign, and because Jean's mother was an aunt of the late duke. He settled it upon young Philippe; but Charles the Bad laid claim to it, and obtained the support of Edward III. The war began by an attack upon Charles's French possessions, and the first exploit in which Du Guesclin was employed was in conjunction with the Marechal de Boucicault, to take the city of Mantes. This Boucicault effected by a stratagem: pretending to have been defeated by the free-booters of a neighbouring castle, who were foes to both parties, and galloping in as if closely pursued, while Bertrand Du Guesclin, following while the gates were still open, seized the city in the name of France.

The gallant Captal de Buch was sent with four hundred men to the assistance of Charles of Navarre, and hearing great complaints that the cause could not thrive while Bertrand Du Guesclin was on the other side, undertook, in Gascon spirit, that he would bring him bound hand and foot to the King of Navarre; while Bertrand, on the other hand, sent him word that he would dine on beef, Buch being the Breton form of the Latin *bos*, and three cows the cognizance of De Greilly. The English Sir John Jewel, with a band of free-lances, joined him, and they came up with Du Guesclin at Cocherel. The Gascons were far more favourably posted than the Bretons, upon the crest of a hill; but Du Guesclin drew them down by a pretended flight, and though the Captal was not deceived by it, seeing Jewel and the English charge down the hill, he could not bear to be behind him, and rushed to the front of the battle, where the Bretons, bringing up their reserve, surrounded his forces, and made both him and Jewel prisoners.

The Battle of Cocherel. 1365.

This battle, which gave Burgundy to Philippe le Hardi, was fought at Whitsuntide, 1365, and the tidings reached Rheims on the coronation-day of Charles V. of France, proving to him that in the Breton knight he had one of the best supporters of his tottering throne. He rewarded the victor by making him Marshal of Normandy and Count of Longueville; but even more precious to Bertrand was the affection of the Breton peasantry, who, wherever he went, saluted him as the chosen of Heaven, the rescuer of Brittany. His father died at this juncture, thanking Heaven for the honour and excellence of the son whom he had once regarded as his disgrace, and warning him, with his last breath, to look on fame as transitory, and virtue as alone conferring lasting glory.



Immediately after his father's funeral, Du Guesclin set out to obey the summons of Charles de Blois. The two rivals were again mustering their forces for a final struggle for the possession of the duchy, and with more solemnity than ever previously. Many French and Gascon knights

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CAMEO VI.

The Battle of Auray.
1365.

came to the standard of Charles de Blois; while, on the other hand, Montfort, who was besieging the Castle of Auray, in Vannes, sent to Bordeaux to ask aid from the Prince of Wales, and obtained a reinforcement, under the command of Sir John Chandos.

Charles de Blois was recovering from a severe illness, and much depressed as to the issue of the undertaking; but his wife insisted on the warfare being pursued, and solemnly adjured him to listen to no treaty which did not secure Brittany whole and undivided to her and her heirs. "Madame," he said, as he mounted his horse, "either you shall be sole Duchess of Brittany, or I will die in the cause!"

A regular challenge passed between Montfort and Blois, and the place of the combat was fixed on the Landes de Beaumanoir, close to the Castle of Auray. The English party were there first, and beheld their adversaries "marching up in such close order, that one could not throw a tennis-ball between them but it must have stuck upon the points of some of their lances." The fight was, in reality, a trial of skill between Chandos and Du Guesclin, who were the true generals on either side; and the former, accustomed to see the French brave but badly led, was so much struck with the very different array of the present army, that he exclaimed, "Behold all the flower of chivalry drawn up with the best sense, and in good order!" He gave a reserve of five hundred men to the stout adventurer, Sir Hugh Calverley, but he had infinite trouble to make him accept it. "Sir John," he said, "give the command of this rearguard to some other: I will not be troubled with it. Why am I not as fit and proper to fight in the vanguard as the rest?" In vain did Sir John represent to him the importance of the post; he remained obstinate, and did not consent till he had absolutely brought tears into the commander's eyes. "Sir Hugh," he said, "one or other of us must take the command of them: consider which can best be spared!" Then Sir Hugh owned that he knew his friend would ask nothing to his dishonour, and took the post—almost the first time that knightly punctilio had ever given way to the exigencies of the public service.

The excellent Sieur de Beaumanoir did his best to bring about terms of peace, but in vain. While this truly high-minded man argued that it was grievous that so many brave men should lose their lives for this quarrel, the English adventurers entreated Chandos to listen to no overtures, "for," said they, "they had spent their whole fortune, and were so poor, that they hoped, by means of a battle, either to lose their all or to set themselves up again."

On the Sunday morning, Michaelmas-day, 1365, a day of misfortune in Tiphaine's disregarded tablets, after mass had been said in either army, the two armies were drawn up in battle array. Beaumanoir carried a few last messages, but both leaders were bent on battle; and he finally said to Charles de Blois, "By St. Ives, I have just heard the proudest speech from John Chandos that my ears have listened to this long time, for he has just informed me that the Count de Montfort shall remain Duke of Brittany, and you have no right to the title!"

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CAMEO VI.

The Battle of Auray. 1364.

The colour came into Charles's cheeks, and he said, "Let God settle the right: He knows to whom it belongs! Forward, banners, in the name of Heaven and St. George!"

Montfort had some scruples as to fighting on Sunday; but Charles de Blois, though so devout, considered these as cowardly. As soon as the two armies were in full array, young Montfort, pointing out Charles in his ermine mantle, demanded of his followers if they deemed his cause good. They answered with one voice; he embraced them, bade them think of their souls, dried a tear on his cheek, and making the sign of the cross from his head to his knees, kissed the ground, and lifted his heart to Heaven, as he gave the word to set on, with the war-cry of *Malo!* the first word of his motto. At that moment the favourite greyhound of Charles de Blois came bounding across the space between the two armies, and fawned upon Montfort. The ermine collar proved who was the master of the time-serving animal, and inspired the English party with joy as a good omen.

Both armies were on foot, and fought with axes and swords in a desperate and bloody *mêlée*, where, encumbered with heavy armour, those who fell could scarcely rise without aid, and Sir Hugh Calverley found himself of no small use in succouring and uplifting the fallen, and reinforcing the English ranks. Montfort's companion and brother-in-arms, Olivier de Clisson, lost an eye by a sword-cut early in the day, but fought on as before, and shortly after saved the life of Beaumanoir, whom he raised up, exclaiming, "Beaumanoir! Beaumanoir! you cannot hold out! Yield! for you would be better aiding the Duke than holding with Charles to vex your friends!" The Bretons, on either side, were so closely connected, that speeches like these were heard all over the field; but with the stern determination that this battle should be decisive, orders had been given on either side, that to the two rival princes, Charles and Jean, no quarter should be given. Bertrand, with a heavy iron hammer, dashed down all his opponents, and applied himself especially to the protection of Charles de Blois; but, in the midst of the fight, a sudden charge of Calverley and his reserve spread confusion amid the French party, and, mounting their horses, many fled from the field. The small stout-hearted band still remaining were broken up and cut down singly. The throat of Charles de Blois was pierced by the lance of an English man-at-arms, and, with one cry to Heaven for the pardon of his sins, he expired. Du Guesclin fought on till all his weapons were broken, and Chandos shouted to him, "Messire Bertrand, the day is against you: yield to me!"

After this, the banner of Brittany was planted in a bush as a rallying point, and as the Count de Montfort drew near it Chandos exclaimed, "My lord, praise God and make good cheer, for to-day Brittany is yours!"

"Sir John," said Montfort, "this good fortune is through your skill and prowess. Drink of my cup, for, after God, I owe you more thanks than to any one!"

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CAMEO VI.

Death of Charles de Blois.
1364.

Then came up Olivier de Clisson, bloody and hot from the pursuit, and, leaping off his horse, drank with them, heedless of his wound, as he boasted of his prisoners. Next arrived two knights and a herald, who cried, "Sir, be of good cheer, we have seen your enemy dead!"

On this, Montfort desired to be shown the corpse, and was led to the spot where it lay covered by a shield. He desired that this should be removed, and, looking mournfully at his fallen foe, he cried out, "Lord Charles! sweet cousin! how much harm you have brought on Brittany! I grieve to see you thus, but it cannot be amended!" and he burst into tears; but Chandos plucked him by the sleeve and drew him away, bidding him return thanks for the death of his enemy.

The body was carried to Guingamp for honourable interment, and was found to be dressed in sackcloth beneath the rich armour, with a horrible thorny belt round the waist. This discovery, and his devout habits, led almost to his canonization; but when the Pope discovered how he had died, he refused to rank him among the saints. The Bretons, however, called him St. Charles, and the surcoat he wore at Auray is still preserved at Saumur. It is of white silk, embroidered with gold in octagons, containing alternately eagles and lions, and the little lozenges between worked with crosses. The sleeves and front are fastened with numerous gold buttons and green-edged button-holes.

Every man of courage of his party had been slain or made prisoner, and his young sons were still captives in England. The haughty Jeanne, who had sacrificed him to her ambition, found no one to espouse her cause, and was forced to come to terms, retaining her county of Penthièvre on condition of renouncing her pretensions, and owning Jean de Montfort as Duke of Brittany. Her son was to marry Montfort's sister; but this arrangement never took effect, for no ransom was ever paid for the poor youth, who continued three-and-twenty years a prisoner.

Edward III. rewarded the messenger who brought him tidings of the battle of Auray with the title of Windsor Herald, which survives to the present day. He gave warm assistance to Jean de Montfort in gaining full possession of the duchy, and after two years the new Duke was formally recognised by his suzerain, the King of France, and paid his homage at Paris, and peace was now universally declared; but Montfort considered his condition as so precarious, that he insisted on an enormous ransom being set upon the formidable Du Guesclin, whom he considered as his greatest enemy. Chandos, therefore, conducted his renowned prisoner to his government at Nyort, where he treated him with honour and distinction as a noble guest.

Jean de Montfort brought no duchess to share his throne; his young wife, Mary Plantagenet, had died a few weeks after their marriage, and his mother, the brave Jeanne of Flanders, was at Tickhill Castle, in Yorkshire, and never returned to Brittany. The date of her death is not known.

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CAMEO VI.

Blanche of Lancaster.

Du Guesclin's chivalrous adversary, Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Lancaster, was also dead. That most gallant and honourable knight expired from the plague, after having seen his only child, Blanche, married to John of Gaunt, the King's third son, who, on the death of Earl Henry, was called Duke of Lancaster. John of Gaunt was the most intellectual of the sons of Edward III., and to him most of the persons attached themselves who had been struck by the new opinions then beginning to make progress. The poet, Geoffrey Chaucer, a merchant's son in London, bred to the law at Cambridge, had attracted so much attention by his English poetry, that King Edward had appointed him to an office in the Household, and lodged him near the palace of Woodstock; but John was his chief patron among the princes, and, on his marriage with Blanche of Lancaster, Chaucer produced a poem in honour of the "Lady hight Fairé White." She had in her service two French sisters, Catherine and Philippa Picard de Roet, the elder of whom married Sir William Swynford; the younger became the object of Chaucer's admiration, though he did not marry her till after the death of Blanche, whom he bewailed in the "Boke of the Duchess," in the fable of Ceyx and Alcyone.

Blanche died after ten years' marriage, leaving three children, Elizabeth, Philippa, and Henry; to the latter of whom descended much of the love borne by the people towards his grandfather's house, the first line of Lancaster, so frank and gracious in manner, and so thoroughly English in blood. There was indeed a prophecy that Lancaster should wear the crown.

His elder brother, Lionel, had been from his earliest infancy betrothed to Elizabeth de Burgh, the heiress of the Irish possessions of the stout old Earls of Gloucester, from whom one county, that of Clare, took its name, and in its turn furnished a title for Prince Lionel, who, on his marriage, was created Duke of Clarence. On the same day his sister Margaret was married to John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke, the favourite friend of her brother, Edmund of Langley. Neither bride survived her marriage a full year, Elizabeth dying three days after the birth of a daughter, who was named after her grandmother Queen Philippa, and by her bred up as her own child. Margaret died nearly at the same time as her sister Mary, Duchess of Brittany.

The eldest English princess, Isabel, made a marriage of affection, as decidedly as that of the Black Prince had been. Among the French hostages for the treaty of Bretigny was a young knight of the noblest blood in France, whose family boast was,

"Je ne suis roi ni duc aussi,
Je suis le Sire de Couci,"

as though that simple lordship were the highest possible rank. The mother of Enguerrand de Couci was a Balliol, and thus he had many English connexions; he was twenty-four years of age, very handsome, and skilled both in knightly exercises and in dancing and minstrelsy.

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CAMEO VI.

Enguerrand de Couci.

The hostage won the heart of the Princess; and when King Jean's death would have sent him home again, he demanded her hand from Edward III., and met with a favourable answer. Isabel was thirty-three years old, and King Edward had lost all his other daughters, so that he was the less ready to thwart her. They were married at Windsor, and De Couci was made an English peer, by the title of Earl of Bedford; but he was too perfect a knight not to continue to regard the sovereign of France as possessing the first claim to his allegiance.

The Peace of Bretigny was, however, fully established, since the battle of Auray, by removing Charles de Blois, had put an end to all causes of quarrel; and hostages were restored, others, besides De Couci, making oath that they had been treated with signal courtesy in England.

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CAMEO VII.

THE CASTILIAN BROTHERS.

(1350—1369.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II.	1350. Jean.	1350. Pedro.
		1364. Charles V.	1366. Enrique II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1347. Karl IV.	1342. Clement VI.
	1352. Innocent VI.
	1362. Urban V.

CAMEO VII.
—
The Free Companies.
1360.

THE Peace of Bretigny was welcome to every one except the warlike race fostered by thirty years of battle, and without other means of subsistence. To England the war brought only taxation and glory, and the liberties purchased by the supplies so readily granted proved of the most lasting benefit; but to France the consequences were very different: the *gabelle* was not only grievous in itself, but became a fatal yoke for the future; and, as the actual seat of war, not only was the country the prey of famine, rapine, and bloodshed, but it retained the legacy of the redoubtable Free Companies, who perpetuated the horrors of warfare without its glories or discipline.

Homeless, landless men, living on pay, ransom, and plunder, and absolutely without other means of subsistence, they had no choice when turned adrift at the end of a war, save to seek the like service elsewhere, or to seize some castle, and thence maraud on the adjoining country. An English leader, named John Hawkwood, conducted his troop to Italy, where he served gallantly, and somewhat less unmercifully than the Italian Condottieri. He lies buried at Florence by the name of Giovanni Acuto, and is only identified with his English lineage by the hawks upon his shield.

Sir Hugh Calverley, Sir Perducas d'Albret, Aymerigot Marcel, the Bègue de Vilaines, and a multitude of others, preferred remaining in France, hoping for a fresh war, and meantime robbing their neighbours, till their atrocities became so intolerable, that Charles V. was ready to use any means of ridding himself of them; and the Black Prince offered to come and drive them out for him, but probably he thought the cure as bad as the disease. Bertrand du Guesclin appeared to him the only person capable of dealing with them, and with this purpose he paid the

CAMEO VII.

Ransom of DuGuesclin. 1365.

ransom that Jean of Brittany had set upon the stout knight, and sending for him to court, proposed to him to carry them all off at once on the crusade, to which the King of Cyprus had been striving to excite all Europe. Fine crusaders they would have been! But a more suitable employment offered itself.

Alfonso XI., King of Castile, had been widely renowned for valour and courtesy, but the great crime of his life left deadly consequences. He had forsaken his Queen, Maria of Portugal, for the sake of a lady named Leonor de Guzman, whom he caused his court to treat like his wife, while the Queen, neglected and forgotten, was sowing in the mind of her only child, Don Pedro, the most implacable resentment against the successful rival and the nine sons whom she bore to the King, and who were treated more like princes than the true heir of the crown.

Pedro II. of Castile. 1350.

Alfonso died of the plague while besieging Gibraltar in the year 1350, and Pedro, then sixteen years of age, came to the crown. Alfonso had left to Leonor the strong fortress of Medina Sidonia, as a security from the vengeance of the Queen; but Maria was not thus to be baulked, and, by treacherous promises of Pedro, the lady was induced to leave her walls, only to be seized at Seville, and put to death at Talavera. The King, however, pacified her sons by telling them that he could not protect her from his mother; and at first he appeared to live on friendly terms with his two eldest brothers, who were twins, and of unusual virtue and chivalry—Enrique, Count of Trastamare, and Fadrique, Grand Master of the Order of Santiago. There was a marriage arranged between Pedro and Blanche, the daughter of the French Duke de Bourbon, and sister to the wife of Charles V.; but ere she arrived Pedro had become enamoured of one of his own subjects, Doña Maria de Padilla, and though he married the unhappy Blanche, he threw her into prison a few weeks afterwards, forced some bishops to declare his marriage annulled, and then married a new favourite, Doña Juana de Castro, but soon imprisoned her, and treated Maria as his Queen.

Murders in Castile.

Enrique and Fadrique took Blanche's cause under their protection, and held out Toledo against Pedro; but the citizens listened to the perfidious promises of the King, and opened their gates to him. Enrique made his escape and fled to France; Blanche was thrown into prison, and after some years was poisoned; twenty-two citizens were put to death, and Pedro began to learn the taste for blood. In the course of the next few years the old Spanish historian sums up his career in the title of one of his chapters, "*de Muchos Muertes en la reyna de Castilla.*" He was one of the wretches who love to slaughter with their own hand. He killed a Moorish prince who had come with a safe-conduct to pay him homage; he poisoned his aunt for her pity for Blanche; and he contrived at different times to destroy six out of his nine brothers, slaying Fadrique in the very hall of audience at Seville, in the sight of Maria de Padilla and her children. The affairs of the kingdom were in the most miserable condition; no one's life was safe from the monster of a King; and when Don Tello, another brother, joined Enrique after a

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perilous escape from Castile, the tidings he brought were such that the Count's blood boiled to avenge these barbarous deeds and free Castile from such a tyrant.

Enrique of Trastamare invokes the aid of France. 1365.

He went at once to Charles of France, assuring him that a small armed force would encourage all the Castilians to rise in his favour. It was the very task Charles wanted for his Free Companies. They would avenge his sister-in-law and rid France of their exactions all at once, and all without half the expense of a regular crusade.

Bertrand was overjoyed at the offer of the leadership of the expedition. Now was the time for the Breton Eagle to fly over the Pyrenees, and the Moorish Hakim, from whom tradition derived his name, seemed to him to give him an especial right to fight in the land of Moors. A bull was obtained from the subservient Antipope at Avignon, giving the war the dignity of a crusade; and this done, Bertrand sent messengers to demand a meeting with the chiefs of the Free Companions at Châlons-sur-Saone. Thither they came, stout, ferocious warriors, English, Gascon, French, or Fleming, the knight and the robber blended in different proportions in every one of them, mostly attached to the English cause, but ready for whatever would offer them plunder and licence. Bertrand found them at a rich hostelry, drinking and feasting.

Invitation to the Free Companions.

"Save you, comrades," quoth he, entering; and they rose and bowed to the dark-browed enemy, whose battle-axe they knew so well.

"With Heaven's will, I'm come to make you rich," he added; and, while they shouted welcome, Hugh Calverley came to embrace him and call him friend and companion.

"No friend have I here," said Bertrand, "unless you will do as I ask."

"I would go with you anywhere, over land or sea," cried Calverley, "so it be not against the Prince of Wales!" and then he ordered wine to be brought, declaring it was good wine that had cost him nothing. Such was the honour in which they held Bertrand, that not one would drink before him; and when the goblet had been passed round, he explained the project of going to Spain to take vengeance for the murdered Blanche, promising them 20,000 florins of pay, and, moreover, absolution for their crimes from the Pope, and further hopes of passing on to do battle with the Moor. The inducements were more than sufficient, and one and all made oath to Bertrand on the sword and the goblet. They assumed white crosses, and enrolled themselves in a band, calling themselves the White Company, of which the nominal command was given to the Count de la Marche, a young cousin of Blanche de Bourbon, but the real responsibility rested upon Du Guesclin. He brought them all to Paris, where the King caressed them, and took a most affectionate leave of the guests whom he hoped never to see again.

On passing through the Pope's territory at Avignon, Bertrand with his company was excommunicated for violating the holy soil; but by way of answer he sent up a short abstract of the slight offences for which his friends requested absolution—slaying, plundering, burning,

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Du Guesclin's expedition to Spain. 1365.

drinking wine without pay, robbing churches, and killing priests and monks. The Pope in haste promised any amount of pardon if they would but depart. But this was not all they wanted, and they threatened to give him a taste of what they could do, unless he would send them 200,000 pieces of gold; and the poor Pope was forced to submit: but when the sum was sent by the Provost of Avignon, Bertrand desired to know how it had been raised, and when he found that it had been levied from the citizens of Avignon, he declared he would not touch a penny; he had not saved them from being pillaged by his companions only that they might be robbed by the Pope's collectors; and he sent the Provost to carry back the money to those from whom it had been taken, and to bring the same amount next day from the coffers of the Pope and Cardinals. Woe worth the day when the clergy had separated their cause from that of right and justice!

Enrique of Trastamare joined them at Arragon, and they first sent to ask permission of Pedro to traverse his dominions on the plea of going to fight against the Infidels; but he knew the real intention of the invaders, and assembled an army, intending to meet them on the frontier. However, Enrique had entered Calahorra, and caused himself to be proclaimed King. Great numbers of Castilians welcomed him, for he had always been popular, and they were rejoiced at any prospect of deliverance from their tyrant. Pedro killed the brother of the Alcalde of Calahorra with his own hand at the tidings, but the only effect was that all his army fell away from him, and he was left with only a single knight, Fernando de Castro, his two children Constance and Isabel, and their mother Maria de Padilla, whom he had now made his wife. He fled with them to Coruña, while Enrique was crowned at Burgos, with the goodwill of the whole nation. He rewarded Bertrand with his own former county of Trastamare, and retained him as commander of 1,500 of the White Company; but as the exchequer was in no state for war with the Infidels, he dismissed all the rest, who set out to return to France.

Coronation of Enrique. 1366.

Don Pedro, in the meantime, sent from Coruña to demand permission to come to the Court of the Prince of Wales at Bordeaux, to entreat for succour in his distressed condition. Edward's knight-errant spirit took fire at the thought of succouring a rightful king, driven out by rebels, and he invited Pedro to his court and received him graciously. Pedro bore nothing of his tiger nature in his look; he was fair and handsome, and of graceful insinuating address, and he won much upon Edward's favour. Some of the council, indeed, represented what a cruel tyrant and murderer Pedro had been, and that his present misfortune could only be regarded as the judgment of Heaven; but to Edward it was the cause of legitimacy, and he would listen to no argument that the affairs of Castile were no concern of his. The Princess of Wales was greatly averse to the project, though it is said that Pedro presented her with a golden table so large that it was carried in on the shoulders of four Spaniards; but Edward was resolved, and

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Pedro the Cruel at Bordeaux. 1366.

recalled all the Free Companies under Sir Hugh Calverley. They were delighted to hurry to the banner of the only leader they preferred to Du Guesclin, and did not suffer a moment's concern at going to undo the very work they had just done. Edward moreover wrote to England for further succours; and his two brothers, John and Edmund, thinking it would be a good speculation to marry the two young heiresses of Castile, collected all the English who were weary of inaction, and set out for Bordeaux. In the meantime, Charles the Bad, whose little kingdom was the key of the Pyrenees, made a treaty with Enrique to shut out the English, and another with Edward to let them through; but the Black Prince was the higher bidder, and the passage was secured to him.

Birth of Richard of Bordeaux. 1367.

The Prince had already one son, named Edward, and another was born to him on the feast of Epiphany, 1367, and named Richard. Three days after this event he marched from Bordeaux, and waited at Dax for his brother, who shortly after arrived from England with his reinforcement. The army was about 30,000 strong, and marched in three divisions, the first under Chandos, the second under Edward, the third under his ally Don Jayme of Arragon, titular King of Majorca. They marched through the famous pass of Roncesvalles in the Pyrenees, the scene of Orlando's last battle, when the Spanish Christians treacherously fell on the rear of Charlemagne. The mountain roads in the depths of the winter were exceedingly dreary, and horses and men suffered severely, but they arrived safely on the Spanish side; and, in chastisement for their having been allowed free passage, Sir Oliver de Mauny, a cousin of Du Guesclin, seized Charles of Navarre and made him prisoner. Some suspected that the wily Charles had purposely so arranged, in order that this captivity might save him any further concern in the matter.

The Castilians, who were greatly attached to Don Enrique, came together in great numbers to his defence, and his army consisted of 60,000 men; but of these a small proportion consisted of the Free Companions, the rest were Spanish horsemen, 3,000 in number, accustomed to combats with the Moors, 7,000 light cavalry, 20,000 men-at-arms, 10,000 Genoese crossbowmen, and 40,000 peasantry armed with all sorts of weapons.

The English force had emerged from the mountains upon the plain of Vittoria—name of good omen to their country, both then and five centuries afterwards. They encamped at the village of Navaretta, upon the little river Zadorra, and there suffered severely from the mountain blasts laden with cold rain, and still more from famine, insomuch that a loaf of bread was sold for a florin; and, as a trumpeter declared, there was not a man among them who could not have eaten two eggs, shells and all. Moreover, a foraging party, under the two brothers Felton, was surprised by the advanced guard under Don Tello, and though Sir William Felton actually drove his lance right through the body of a Spaniard, so that it came out at the back, all were slain.

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Battle of Navaretta. 1367.

Prudence would have dictated starving out the English, as the canny Scot had so often done, and Du Guesclin, with all his love of fighting, had wisdom enough to give this counsel; but it was the old story: Don Tello, puffed up with his success, reproached him with cowardice. Bertrand had not true courage enough to disclaim the taunt, and when King Enrique would have silenced Tello and followed the former counsel, he made answer that he had sworn to fight. Challenges passed as usual on either side, and, on the 2d of April, Enrique crossed the river, and prepared for a battle on the following day. As usual, the army was in three divisions, under Du Guesclin, Enrique, and his two brothers; and in the early dawn the King, mounting a mule, rode along the ranks, exhorting them to bear themselves bravely, and deliver themselves from the yoke of the tyrant for ever.

The English host was likewise divided into three bodies—the first under John of Gaunt, with Sir John Chandos and Sir Hugh Calverley to take care of him; the second under Edward himself and Pedro; the third under Don Jayme and the Captal de Buch. All were up by early dawn, and marched forwards, the sunshine glittering upon their weapons. The Prince, riding up a little hill, beheld the enemy advancing towards him, and ordered a halt; the Spaniards likewise halted, every man tightened his armour and prepared for instant battle.

First, however, a curious scene took place. It appears that hitherto Chandos had been a knight-bachelor—a term derived by some from *bas-chevalier*, by others from the word *bachelle*, the amount of land which a gentleman was required to possess to give him a claim to that dignity. Persons knighted in peaceful times, with all due ceremonies of the watch, the bath, and the spurs, became knight-bachelors, and bore a swallow-tailed pennon, unless they possessed such an amount of followers as entitled them to a square banner, whence they were called bannerets; but those who received the accolade in the heat of a battle, for their gallant deeds, beneath the royal banner displayed, were also bannerets, enjoyed a precedence over the bachelors, and were allowed supporters to their shields.

Sir John Chandos, riding up to the Prince with his pennon in his hand, said, "My lord, here is my pennon; I present it to you that I may display it in whatever manner may be most pleasing to you. Thank God, I have now lands enow to enable me to do so, and to maintain the rank which I ought to hold."

The Prince took the ensign in his hand, cut off the swallow-tail, and displayed the square banner, bearing a stake gules on an argent field, saying, as he gave it back to the sturdy knight, "Sir John, I return you your banner; God give you strength and honour to keep it:" and so Chandos rode back to his men, saying, "Sirs, behold my banner and yours! Guard it as becomes you!"

Then Edward, stretching out his hands, prayed aloud, "God of truth, Father of our Lord, who hast made and fashioned me, condescend, through Thy benign grace, that the success of this battle to-day may be

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for me and mine; for Thou knowest in truth that I have solely undertaken it in behalf of right and justice, to restore this king to his throne, who has been disinherited and driven from it, as well as from his country;" and stretching out his hand, he took that of Pedro, and said, "Sir King, you shall this day know whether you will have anything in Castile or not! Advance, banners, in the name of Heaven and St. George!"

Edward and Pedro spurred against the division of the brothers Tello and Sancho. The former, whose boasting had led to the engagement, seems to have been struck with horror and panic at the sight of the blood-stained wretch who had destroyed his mother and six brethren, and, turning his bridle, he fled, drawing with him in his flight so many of the Spaniards, that Sancho was left unsupported and made prisoner. So sudden and cowardly was the flight, that the Prince thought it a mere feint, and forbade all pursuit, except by 4,000 men under the Captal de Buch and Olivier de Clisson. He then fell upon the forces of Enrique of Trastamare, which behaved much better; but the real tug of war was between the Free Companies under Du Guesclin on the one side and the Duke of Lancaster's English on the other. Sir John Chandos watched over the young Duke, and solely attended to the direction of the battle, instead of pausing to gain profit by prisoners; and this conduct, the same which he had pursued at Poitiers and Auray, was considered as highly honourable. It was, in fact, one great cause of the English victories.

Du Guesclin, seeing the flight of the Spanish division, called out to the Bègue de Vilaines that his opinion had been justified. It does not seem certain whether he went in quest of Enrique on seeing their troops worsted, or whether Enrique came to join the French, who alone made any valid resistance; all that is recorded is that Bertrand urged him to avoid the certain death that it would be to fall into the hands of Pedro the Cruel, and undertook to protect his retreat. Enrique complied, swam his horse across the Zadorra, and fled to Valencia in Arragon.

Bertrand and the Stammerer, at the head of a small knot of Free Lances, fought desperately to cover his escape. Chandos tried to receive these brave men to quarter, but Pedro, mad for blood, shouted to butcher them all. Bertrand with his axe was selling his life dearly, when the Black Prince, with his men, rode up, and shouted to them to surrender, for they should have all the regard due to men who had borne themselves so gallantly. But Pedro's cry still was "Kill, kill!" whereupon Du Guesclin started forward, and would have cut the murderer down at once but for being seized from behind by a knight, who held him by the neck, telling him he might be content to yield, after having done so well. "I yield me, then, to the Prince of Wales!" cried Bertrand, and his companions did the same, while Pedro rode off in pursuit.

All resistance was over before noon, and, as usual, the English banner was set up in a bush, to collect the troops; and thither came Don

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Captivity of Du Guesclin.
1367.

Pedro, on his black charger. Dismounting, he threw himself on his knees to thank the Prince for having restored him to his throne; but Edward, raising him, told him that thanks were due to God, and not to him. Their dinner was spread at the foot of the banner, while heralds were sent out to examine the slain, when it proved that the English side had lost only four knights and 560 common men; but of the enemy 7,500 lay dead, and many more had been drowned in crossing the river. Edward gave Du Guesclin into the charge of the Captal de Buch, who observed that to-day it was his turn to pay him off for Cocherel. "Not quite," said Bertrand, laughing. "There you were my prisoner, now you are only my keeper."

Pedro longed to demolish the Breton, and offered to pay for him by his weight in silver if the Prince would only let him have his will of him. Edward put him off then; but the next morning he was at the Prince's tent, begging him, as a boon, only to let him have his brother Sancho and all the other Spanish gentlemen, that he might cut off their heads.

"Sir King," replied Edward, "I have a boon to ask of you. I desire you to pardon whatever has been done against you in your kingdom."

Pedro was forced to consent, and Edward saw the homage of the prisoners duly rendered to him, and then set them free. He was already somewhat sick of his *protégé*, and became still more so when he heard from the Archbishop of Burgos, to which place he marched after the battle, a full and circumstantial account of Pedro's misdeeds. However, Pedro took him to the Cathedral of Burgos, and there renewed his oaths of a subsidy to pay the expenses of the expedition; but, saying he must go to Andalusia to raise the sum, he persuaded the Prince to encamp at Valladolid, there to await the payment.

The Camp at Valladolid.
1367.

Unfortunate was the day that Edward yielded to his entreaty. Week after week passed on, bringing burning sunshine and hot winds, and grievous lack of water. The fiery wines and summer fruits bred severe sickness among the English; and though the Gascons suffered less from the climate, their plundering habits brought on them retribution from the villagers, and all stragglers were murdered. The Prince himself and the King of Majorca were both very ill, and late in June the Prince sent three knights to Seville to see Pedro, and ask whether the money were ever coming, or whether he meant the English army to waste away in the pestiferous spot where he had placed them. Pedro returned a petulant and ungrateful answer, which probably was not far from the truth, that his people would not raise the money as long as the Prince did not deliver them from the Free Lances.

Giving up all hope, and thirsting for freer air, Edward broke up his camp and marched nothwards, but with only the fifth part of the gallant host with which he had crossed the Pyrenees, and with his own health fatally impaired, so that he never again was the same man, and the remaining years of his life were but one lingering sickness.

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Return of the Black Prince. 1367.

Du Guesclin's price at Auray had been 40,000 crowns. Now it had been raised to a still more unattainable sum, the greatest and most inconvenient compliment to his reputation. Sir Hugh Calverley interceded for him, but Edward answered that he could not let loose that Breton mastiff; and while his more obscure companions bought their liberty, he was obliged to return to Bordeaux, where he was placed in prison.

In the meantime Enrique had been well received by the Pope at Avignon and by the King at Arragon, and began to meditate a fresh attack upon Castile, where Pedro was showing himself a worse oppressor than ever. His former friend, Bertrand, seemed to him, however, indispensable to his success, and in order to consult with him, he disguised himself as a pilgrim to Compostella, entered Bordeaux with two companions, and proceeded to a hostelry. A Breton prisoner, there at supper, was struck with their mean array, and said, "Pilgrims, you have come from a place where you have fared but ill."

"I never fared so well in my life as there," said Enrique.

The gentleman looked at him for some time, and then exclaimed that his face put him in mind of King Henri of Castile, and thereupon began zealously to narrate the story of the campaign, speaking so warmly of the fugitive Prince, that Enrique resolved to confide in him, and explaining who he was, begged to know how it was possible for him to see Du Guesclin.

The Breton knight, greatly interested, advised him to keep out of sight, lest any of Calverley's men should recognise him, and appointed a meeting with him for the next day in an obscure little church. The Breton went in the morning to Du Guesclin, and announced the visitors to him; whereupon Bertrand, calling his jailor, told him that some friends of his, returning from Compostella, were coming to dine with him, and, giving him his seal, sent him to ask 100 crowns from the Lombard merchant who acted as his banker, desired that he would use half in providing a feast and keep the rest himself.

The Breton then went to the church, but took care not to kneel near the three pilgrims, and only made them a sign to follow him at a distance, and thus led them to the prison and introduced them to Bertrand. The King and the captive discussed their plans, but Bertrand gave no hopes of being able to second them in person, for he believed that no entreaty would induce the Prince to release him. The dinner was served up, and, fearing the jailor's suspicions, Bertrand thought to secure him and his wife by inviting them to partake of it; but he did not entirely succeed, for the woman contrived to tell him that her husband was resolved not to let the guests pass the gates till he had given notice to the Prince. At that moment the jailor called to her that she had the keys, and must bring them; she pretended to have lost them; he scolded, and Du Guesclin, feigning to think he was beating her, ran up with a stick, knocked him on the head, took the keys, and let his friends out. He was far too honourable to escape himself, even though, as it appears, a

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Ransom of DuGuesclin. 1368.

prisoner under lock and key, instead of being at large like most of his colleagues.

He was not long in receiving his reward. One day, at the Prince's table, there was a talk of St. Louis and his ransom: upon which the Prince said, that when a man had yielded in battle, it was wrong to try to escape from captivity; there was nothing for it but to pay the ransom with a good grace; and so, on the other hand, the captor should not be too exacting, but should use his prisoner generously.

"My lord," said the Gascon Sieur d'Albret, "do you permit me to tell you what men say of you?"

"Certes," replied Edward, "I should not hold that man my friend who should not freely tell me aught that may be spoken against my honour and reputation."

"Then," said D'Albret, "you must know, my lord, that men say that it is out of fear or out of envy that you keep Sir Bertrand du Guesclin in captivity."

"I fear!" cried the Prince; "I fear no one! I thank you for your tidings, Sieur d'Albret."

And so saying he at once sent some squires with orders to bring the Breton knight to his presence, saying meantime, "Yes, I would give half Guyenne to win Bertrand for my father; but I envy him not, and fear him still less, though, if I could fear mortal man, it might be him!"

The messengers who summoned Bertrand to the Prince's presence told him that his friends were working in his behalf; but he answered that he had not a penny to pay for his ransom, and had even borrowed 10,000 livres at Bordeaux, which he knew not how he should repay. "How had he spent so much?" they asked.

"In eating, in drinking, in playing, on alms, and in largesses," he said.

Certainly not in apparel, for he presented himself before the Prince in a very old grey surcoat, which made Edward smile and whisper to his followers that the knight could hardly hope to find a lady-love; then turning to him, he asked him how he did.

"Not so well but that I might be better when you please, my lord," said Du Guesclin. "You see me all fusty (*tout enfusté*). I have heard the mouse squeak for some time, but I shall not hear the nightingale sing till you give me leave."

"You may hear it to-morrow," said Edward, "so you will give your word to bear arms no more against the English, nor for Henry of Castile."

Bertrand raised up his chin, and drawing himself up to his full height, looked at the Prince and said, "Rather than take such an oath, I would die in prison."

"Then," said the Prince, "you may fight as you will, only you must pay your ransom."

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CAMEO VII.

Ransom of DuGuesclin.
1368.

"I am a poor knight," said Bertrand, "and if I cannot raise the amount, I shall still have to go back to prison."

"Fix it yourself," said Edward, kindly.

"Very well," said Du Guesclin, "I cannot rate myself at less than 100,000 double crowns of gold!"

"A king's ransom!" cried the Prince; "the man is laughing at me! I'll let you off for the quarter thereof."

But Bertrand thought it for his honour to keep his price up, and finally it was fixed at 60,000. The Prince told him that he was free to go and collect it, though he doubted whether it were possible, and would have released him for 10,000.

"I'll find it," said Bertrand, "when I seat Henri of Trastamare on his throne again! Or," he added, "there is not a spinster in Brittany who will not spin double tides until my purchase-money be raised."

Chandos offered to advance him 10,000 florins, but he replied that he had rather first go and see what his friends could do for him. A messenger, however, came from the Princess of Wales, desiring him to wait till she should come to Bordeaux, since she longed to see this redoubtable champion.

On her arrival in the city, the burgesses made her presents of Gascon wines and bowls of comfits. She asked whether the same compliment had been paid to Du Guesclin, and hearing it had not, she sent them all to him, with an invitation to him to dine with her; she seated him at her own table, conversed with him graciously, and ended by presenting him with 10,000 florins towards his ransom.

"By my faith," cried Bertrand, as he knelt to thank the beautiful Princess, "I had believed myself the ugliest of knights! I shall change my mind since I find such fair ladies so gracious!"

The Bordelois trooped to behold him as he rode through the streets, but they were not complimentary; some murmured at such a foe being let loose, and others growled out, "Why do we waste our time in looking at such a figure—an ill-favoured knight of ugly mien?"

Sir Hugh Calverley chose to ride some way with him out of the town, trying to persuade him that they had never properly shared their booty, so that there was still a large sum owing to him; but Bertrand only embraced the sturdy freebooter and took leave. About a mile further on, a knight, who had served under Du Guesclin, came up on foot to congratulate him. It appeared that this poor man was returning to yield himself up again after having vainly gone in quest of his ransom of 100 livres. Instantly Bertrand ordered his attendant to pay him at once 200, one for the ransom, the other to procure a horse and armour, promising to let him know when he should take the field again. He then went to the Duke of Anjou, who gave him 20,000 livres; but just as he had started to return to Bordeaux with this first instalment, he encountered at an inn ten unfortunate ragged warriors. They were delighted to see him, for they told him that they had been very nearly turned supperless out of the inn on account of their dilapidated appear-

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CAMEO VII.

Ransom of DuGuesclin. 1368.

ance, but that they had chanced to mention his having been set at large; whereupon the host was so delighted that he gave them an excellent supper, and had just told them that he had ten horses in his stables, 500 sheep in his folds, nearly as many hogs in his sty, and thirty bushels of corn in his cellar, and that he would sell them gladly—ay, and the very linen cloth which his wife had brought for her dower—rather than not see the champion of France set free!

Bertrand, in very gratitude for such affection, not only insisted on the host's sitting at table with him and the gentlemen, but gave them 4,000 livres to pay their ransom, and 2,000 to recompense the generous landlord and equip themselves. They returned to Bordeaux with their ransom, and in so much better plight then that in which they had left it, that the citizens, fancying that they must have been marauding on the highways, brought them before the seneschal. They told the history of Du Guesclin's liberality, and the seneschal, full of wonder, carried it at once to the public dinner of the Prince and Princess. Joan remarked that she did not lament what she had bestowed on so open-handed a knight, and the Prince likewise declared that he had not his peer.

His Tiphaine was of the same mould, for when he at length reached home, and inquired for the revenues of his estates and the wealth he had sent home from Spain, she told him that neither this nor her own plate and jewels were forthcoming; she had spent all in succouring the men-at-arms who had served under him, in paying the ransoms of some, feeding others, and in re-equipping the rest, so as to have a stout troop ready for him on his return.

"You have done right," said Du Guesclin. "A good soldier is better than treasure."

His friends in Brittany contributed a large sum, and the King of France and Enrique of Trastamare gave the rest. One of his histories declares, that, when he carried the sum back to Bordeaux, the Prince restored the whole to him again, but that he only chose to accept enough to purchase the freedom of all the remaining captives of Navaretta.

Du Guesclin then went straight to the camp of Enrique, who was besieging Toledo, with the assistance of the Bègue de Vilaines. The greater part of the townspeople were in his favour, and indeed almost all Castile had risen against Pedro, who could only purchase aid by a miserable and base promise to Mahomet, King of Granada, that he would become a Mussulman and restore the Moorish dominion in Castile.

The Battle of Montiel. 1369.

With an army of Moors, Portuguese, Jews, and a few Castilians, Pedro marched to raise the siege. Enrique left a part of his army to continue it, while he went with the rest to meet his brother. The two armies came suddenly on each other near the Castle of Montiel, and had a sharp encounter. Pedro's forces were routed with a tremendous slaughter, for the other party, considering them as all infidels together, gave no quarter. Pedro fled, with only eleven men, into the Castle of Montiel, where he shut himself up, as if to stand a siege.

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The Death of Pedro. 1369.

The castle was, however, ill provisioned, and in the middle of the next night, March 23d, 1369, he, with a very few companions, came secretly creeping into the camp. The Bègue de Vilaines heard them, but had almost let them pass, deceived by the family likeness into taking Pedro for Enrique; but a suspicion crossing him just in time, he seized the bridle of his horse and insisted on knowing his business. Pedro, finding there was no help for it, made himself known, and promised to pay any amount of ransom, provided the Bègue would conceal him from his brother. The Bègue gave a half promise that Enrique should not hear of the capture from him; but the news spread in a moment, and Enrique hurried into the tent where Pedro had been placed. Violent and abusive words broke out between the brothers, and Pedro, flying like a tiger at Enrique, caught him in his arms, and threw him backwards upon a couch in a deadly grapple. Enrique would have been a lost man, had not a gentleman beside him seized Pedro's legs and turned him off, when Enrique drew a long dagger and plunged it into his heart.

If ever rebellion or fratricide could be justifiable, it was this, which avenged the death of six brothers, a mother, and many a guiltless victim besides, and delivered Castile from one of the worst tyrants who ever wore a crown. Enrique became an excellent monarch, and did much to heal the wounds which his brother had inflicted upon the kingdom; he highly rewarded Bertrand, or, as the Spaniards were pleased to call him, Beltran Claquin, and made him Constable of Castile. The single faithful knight who had never forsaken Pedro's side escaped to Guyenne, where he died, and his tomb was inscribed with "Here lies Don Fernando Perez de Castro, all the fidelity of Spain."

The Black Prince could not greatly regret his amiable ally, but his brothers, John and Edmund, were faithful to their engagements to the two daughters, Constance and Isabel. Though the legitimacy of these ladies was anything but established, there was a fair chance that some revolution in affairs would allow their claim to be put forward, and John of Gaunt never lost the hope of gaining some great advantage in the Peninsula.

Marriage of Lionel of Clarence. 1369.

He was becoming the most effective of the brotherhood. Lionel, never very bright in wits, though fair and of huge stature, had been sent to Milan to marry Violante of Milan, one of the Visconti family, who had lately made themselves lords of that once free city, and by their wealth purchased alliances with princes.

The Canon Froissart was in his suite on this occasion, and went with him through Savoy, where Count Amedée, commonly called the Green Count, entertained him splendidly, and a virelay of Froissart's composition was danced. Again, at Milan, the feasts were magnificent—one banquet consisting of thirty courses, interspersed with costly gifts, seventy horses richly caparisoned coming in at once; at others, falcons, armour, robes, jewels, whatever could delight a princely

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CAMEO VII. *Petrarch.*

bridegroom; and the feast was rendered the more illustrious by the presence of Francesco Petrarca, better known to us as Petrarch, the man who did more for the literature of Europe, for good or ill, than any other person—a canon of Avignon, and the reverential adorer of the fair matron Laura de Sade, with a love pure, poetical, and stronger than death, never addressing to her a word of unlawful passion, yet pouring forth the sonnets which have been models ever since, and all the time striving with heart and soul to bring back the papal court from the shameful bondage to the French crown which had begun in the time of Philippe le Bel. Froissart and Petrarch do not appear to have made acquaintance, but their meeting is curious, since the Flemish canon may be regarded as the culminating point of the Gothic school of chivalrous literature, Petrarch as the founder of the classic taste in learning. Lionel, good youth, little occupied with either branch, feasted to the utmost, until his "untimely banquetings," added to the heat of the climate, brought on a fever, of which this "Lion marmorike" died early in the year 1369, and his little daughter Philippa alone represented the House of Clarence.

The same year, too, good Queen Philippa sank under a lingering dropsical affection, which had lasted two years, begging her husband that they might be buried near one another in the cloisters at Westminster Abbey. Her chief legacy was the endowment of the Bedeswomen or Charitable Sisters of the Hospital of St. Katharine by the Tower, and she is also remembered in connexion with Queen's College, Oxford, the foundation of Robert Eglesfield, her chaplain, who gave it her name. It was always considered as the college especially appropriate for youths of royal birth, who from time to time have there studied.

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CAMEO VIII.

THE DECLINE OF THE ENGLISH POWER.

(1368—1374.)

King of England.	*Kings of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1327. Edward III.	1329. David II. 1371. Robert II.	1364. Charles V.	1366. Enrique II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1347. Karl IV.	1362. Urban V. 1370. Gregory XI.

CAMEO VIII.

The Hearth-tax in Aquitaine. 1368.

So closely chained together was the course of events, that the ill-advised expedition to Castile became the cause of the loss of the English conquests in France. Owing to the failure of the subsidies promised by Pedro the Cruel, the Prince of Wales found himself incapable of paying the arrears due to the Free Companions, and was thus unable to dismiss them, or to prevent them from marauding upon his subjects. In order to raise the requisite sum, he decided on levying a *fouage*, or hearth-tax, namely, a livre to be paid for every chimney in the dukedom of Aquitaine, a measure disapproved by his trusty counsellor, Sir John Chandos, but on which the Prince, grown hasty and opinionative from sickness, insisted so hotly, that the old baron retired in some displeasure to his estates at St. Sauveur, in Normandy.

The hearth-tax met with no opposition in the provinces adjacent to Poitou, but the noblesse of the skirts of the Pyrenees declared it an encroachment upon their privileges, announcing that they should lodge an appeal with Charles V. of France, and that they still considered him as their suzerain, in spite of the cession, made by his father Jean, of all supremacy over the duchy.

To receive such an appeal was equivalent to a renewal of the war, and the wary Charles hesitated long ere he accepted it; but after duly weighing the balances of success, he resolved on his line of policy, convoked his States General, heard the complaint of the aggrieved nobles, and sent a letter to cite Edward, Prince of Wales and Duke of Aquitaine, to appear at Paris to reply to their charge of oppression.

"We will attend," answered the Black Prince, "but with our basnet on our head, and 60,000 men at our back."

But, alas! at the time that he made this gallant reply, Edward was so much reduced by disease as to be unable to mount his horse. Moreover, his father, who was beginning to tire of wars, was displeased with his

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CAMEO VIII.

Renewal of the War. 1369.

conduct, attributing the dispute to a restless thirst for glory, of which he himself had set the first example. Negotiations were set on foot; but Charles merely wished to gain time, and taking as many Free Companions as possible into his pay, he insulted the King of England in sending his defiance by a mere scullion, and at the same time pounced upon the county of Ponthieu, while it was as yet unsuspicious of any attack, in the end of the January of 1369.

Indignant at this crafty dealing, the English Parliament readily granted supplies, and an army was despatched to the succour of the Prince, led by Prince Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, and his brother-in-law John Hastings, Earl of Pembroke. They sailed to St. Malo, where they were welcomed by their brother-in-law, Jean de Montfort, who still heartily loved his English friends, though his adherence cost him the allegiance of nearly all his duchy. The Bretons could not forgive the Saxons for having subdued them, and Olivier de Clisson, angry with the Prince for the failure of his pay, was further enraged by the refusal of the Duke of Brittany to grant him the seigneurie of Gavre, which lay near his own castle of Blein, but which had been already promised to Chandos. Swearing that he would never have an Englishman for his neighbour, Clisson set fire to Gavre, and carried the stones to fortify his own castle, and then vowed such implacable animosity to the English that he was called the Butcher, because he never admitted to ransom an Englishman born, but always put him to death. He transferred his allegiance to the Countess de Penthièvre, thus deserting Jean de Montfort, the friend of his boyhood, and offered his services to King Charles, who gladly accepted them.

Experience had taught the wily Charles to trust to partisan warfare and the siege of castles, rather than to pitched battles with the English foe; and he therefore forbade his brother Philippe, Duke of Burgundy, to attack John of Gaunt, who was besieging Tournehem, and withheld his fiery knights from molesting the Earl of Cambridge on his march to Gascony, where he found a petty warfare going on—frontier castles besieged on either side, expeditions to succour them, or forays into the adjacent country. The bishops in the dukedom being mostly appointed by Urban V. in the interest of France, stirred up their flocks to revolt, and several cities were lost in this manner, while Edward, detained by illness at Bordeaux, wasted away under grief and vexation. Stout old Chandos had not failed to be at his master's side in the hour of danger, and, coming to Bordeaux, was appointed Seneschal of Poitou, while the young Earl of Pembroke was put in charge of Mortagne.

Collecting a large body of adventurers, Chandos devised an expedition into Touraine and Anjou, and proposed to the Earl to join forces with him; but Pembroke, barely twenty-one years of age, and an Earl from babyhood, was surrounded by flatterers, who assured him that he was too high in rank to follow the leadership of Sir John Chandos, "a mere knight-bachelor in comparison with him," and that he had better set off on his own account, when the glory would be his own.

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CAMEO VIII.

He, therefore, made some excuse for remaining at home; and when, in course of the foray, Chandos sent intelligence to him, that a most favourable opportunity had offered for an attack on the French at La Haye, he again refused his co-operation. Chandos, whose troops were not sufficient for the attempt, simply said, "God's will be done," returned to Poitiers, and disbanded the men whom he had raised.

Puyrenom. 1369.

A few mornings after, as the old knight was at mass at nine in the morning, an esquire, dusty and wearied, having evidently ridden all night, rushed into the church, and dropping on his knees before Chandos, besought him to hasten to Puyrenom to save the Earl of Pembroke from death or captivity. That young gentleman, setting off in full confidence on the expedition, the glory of which was to redound to himself alone, had taken no heed to the body of French at La Haye, who had come down upon his troop when in full pillage of the domains of the Vicomte de Rochechouart, had killed and taken the greater number, and cooped up the Earl and a few others in a house once belonging to the Knights Templars, with no defence save a moat and a mere garden-wall. Here Pembroke, who, if foolhardy and conceited, was doggedly courageous, had held out till night, defending himself gallantly with his few English; but they were beleaguered by infinitely superior numbers, had no provisions and no arrows, and knew their wall could not resist an assault. The squire had been despatched soon after dusk to entreat succour from Chandos, but he had lost his way, and wandered about all night, ere he could reach Poitiers. And now Sir John, thinking perhaps that a little delay might do the young noble no harm, only made answer, "There will be time to get there if we hear out the mass," and quietly went on with his devotions—finished them, and went as usual to the Castle Hall, where dinner was prepared, and water brought to him to wash his hands.

Just then another squire hurried in, holding Pembroke's signet-ring by way of credentials, and with yet more urgent entreaties for the relief of his master. The assault had begun at early dawn; the French had brought scaling-ladders, and endeavoured in great force to mount the wall, but had always been forced back by the spirited little garrison, who rolled down stones, benches, and beams, and contrived to beat them off on all points till six o'olock, when the French had paused, but only to collect the peasantry with mattocks and spades to dig down the wall; and just then the Earl, mounting his squire on his fleetest horse and giving him the ring, had made a sally from the gate, to protect his exit, to call for aid from Poitiers.

Again did Chandos receive the tidings coolly, and saying there was no time to be of use, sat down and finished the first course in complete silence; then, looking up, said to his knights and squires, "Gentlemen, I am resolved to go to Puyrenom!" Trumpets sounded! two hundred horse came together at once! the band increased as it left the town, and by noonday the French in their assault were startled by tidings of the advance of a fresh enemy, whom they did not care to meet; so they

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CAMEO VIII.

drew off their forces in extreme haste, and instead of the foe, Sir John only met the young Earl and his little garrison, newly emerged from their tower of refuge, some on foot, some riding double. Would that Froissart had told us how Pembroke met his rescuer! At any rate he profited by his lesson, for he acquitted himself as a gallant warrior during his brief career.

Death of Chandos. 1370.

Chandos was to give no more such lessons. On the eve of the new year 1370 he set forth to retake the town of St. Salvin, but failed in his assault; and in the course of his return to Poitiers he came, at the bridge of Lussac, upon a band of French and Breton Free Lances, who had been plundering in the English territory. It was a very high bridge, and each party dismounted for the encounter, Chandos scoffing at his enemies, and telling them he had heard they wished to see him, and now they had that pleasure, and he would prove their deeds of arms! He was indeed of notable appearance, for he wore a long surcoat over his armour, embroidered on the breast and back with his device, a pile gules upon white sarsnet; and he was full of ardour as he stood beneath his banner displayed. The battle was hurried on by the danger of an English squire, on whom the Bretons set so furiously, that Chandos, shouting "Sirs, sirs, do ye suffer this man to be slain?" rushed in haste to his rescue and saved him. Unfortunately, Chandos's surcoat was too long—he trod on it and stumbled, and, before he could recover himself, was pierced through the face by a French squire whom he had not seen, having lost his left eye from an accident in the chase. He fell, rolling over in agony, and never spoke again. His friends were like madmen, and revenged his fall by a signal victory, after which they carried him to the fort of Mortémar upon their shields; but nothing could save him, and he died in the course of a few days, bewailed by all parties, even by the French, who thought him the most likely person to have brought about a peace.

The Sack of Limoges. 1370.

Everything was going against the English, and nothing so much incensed the Prince of Wales as the tidings that the citizens of Limoges had been incited by the Bishop, a man in whom he had placed entire trust, to deliver the city up to the French. So much infuriated was he, that he set out in person, accompanied by his brothers, John and Edmund, to direct the siege, although he could no longer ride, and was forced to be carried in a litter. Better had it been for his renown had he remained in his sick chamber! The place was taken by means of a mine, and the English troops committed a cruel and atrocious massacre on every age and sex. Even poor creatures who knelt before the Prince to implore his mercy were dragged away by his orders to be slain, and the last feat of arms in his life was mournfully contrasted with the gentleness of his earlier years. Exacerbated by disappointment, irritated by desertions, losing self-control in his weakened state, he had let loose his rage and passion, and confounded the innocent with the guilty in his merciless vengeance. "They were very martyrs," says Froissart; "pity upon them!" The Bishop had nearly been beheaded, but, relenting

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afterwards, Edward gave him up to the Pope; so that, after all, while the poor perished under the hands of the ruthless soldiery, the prime traitor escaped. He also pardoned three knights, who, with their backs against a wall, had fought gallantly against his two brothers and Pembroke.

Return of the Black Prince. 1371.

Edward retired to Bordeaux, to the death-bed of his eldest child and namesake, a boy seven years old. The loss struck him to the heart, and the physicians recommending instant change of air and scene, he at once embarked for England, leaving the charge of the child's funeral to the Duke of Lancaster, who succeeded to the government of Aquitaine.

Soon after the outbreak of the war, Charles V. had sent the Maréchal d'Endreghem to invite Sire Bertrand du Guesclin and his followers back from Spain.

"Ha!" laughed the Breton, "your master wants us now, does he? I thought a little while ago he had rather we had been all hanged."

However, deeds of arms on any terms in France delighted Du Guesclin more than all his honours in Castile, and taking his leave of Don Enrique he joined the French standard, his name serving as a rallying-point to many an adventurer. By no one was he so gladly welcomed as by his countryman Olivier de Clisson, who, while fighting for the adverse party, had always honoured him; and the first action of these two knights was to draw up a mutual contract of brotherhood-in-arms, which was signed and sealed by both at Pontorson, and further ratified by each tasting of a cup wherein the blood of both had been mingled.

Olivier appears to have been both the most savage and the most politic of the two Keltic brethren-in-arms, but Bertrand's chivalry and personal prowess always gave him the foremost place, and on the resignation of the aged Constable of France, Moreau de Fiennes, Charles V. decided to appoint him to that office, the highest in the kingdom, and trebly important, with the country full of invaders and a monarch precluded by ill health from acting as his own general.

Never was the policy of Charles more evident than in this choice. Bertrand was the most popular warrior in France, and yet, from want of hereditary rank or power, unlikely to be formidable—as a prince or great noble often became in such a situation; so simply loyal too, that there was no risk of his misusing the command by turning it against the King himself. No one, indeed, was more amazed than Du Guesclin himself.

Du Guesclin Constable. 1371.

"A poor knight-bachelor, without birth or fortune, was not fit," he said, "to lead the lords of France;" and he begged the King to choose, in his stead, one of the numerous royal princes who surrounded him; but Charles persisted, and solemnly presented him with the sword, the token of his office.

"I accept it, Sire," quoth Bertrand, "only on condition that if any traitor should malign me in my absence, you should not believe him,

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nor act against me, until I shall have answered him in your presence, face to face."

The King having made this promise, Bertrand took the sword, and drawing it from the scabbard, vowed never to return it thither until he should have driven the English from the realm; and holding it in his hand, he made his oath of allegiance between the King's hands; after which Charles kissed him on the mouth, and a banquet was held in a chamber hung with blue, embroidered with fleurs-de-lys.

But disappointment was in store for the new Constable. Well did Charles know that his vision was of a huge force of the chivalry of France, with which to rush to the battle against the English foe, have a tourney on a grand scale, and come honourably out after another Crecy, Poitiers, Auray, or Navaretta. Charles had had enough of this; and what were Du Guesclin's feelings when the whole force put under his command passed in review—five hundred men-at-arms, paid for four months?

"Those, Sire?" he cried; "they are but a breakfast! What am I to do with them? Let me find men, if you will pay them. You do not want money."

"Lord Constable," said Charles, "I know you understand war, and I understand peace. I will not risk a battle. I give you men to harass the English and wear them out."

"Ah, Sire," pleaded the Breton, "you have honoured me with the command of your armies; but would you have me, your Constable, let the English pass under my very beard without charging them, and if I should do so with yonder handful of men, it would be no miracle if we were all left on the field!"

This piteous pleading not succeeding, Bertrand started for Caen, where he kept open house with his Tiphaïne, and took every one into his service who offered, till he had made up 4,000; and when his brother remonstrated as to where the pay was to come from, answered, "You are right; but if a thousand times as many came, I would hire them all, as long as my wife had a ring or I a bit of plate to sell for them. Maybe the King will restore it one day."

Revolt of Brittany. 1371.

Charles did not interfere, probably thinking the Du Guesclin resources were not over formidable, and the Constable set out with Clisson in pursuit of Sir Robert Knollys, who, after marauding up to the very walls of Paris, was on the borders of Anjou. Knollys was a brave soldier, but rude, and of no influence, and his men were insubordinate; they called him an old bat; and, when he proposed to lead them to winter in Brittany, insisted on remaining in France, among the plunder. About two hundred lances even separated from the main army and travelled apart, and intelligence being sent to Du Guesclin by a traitor named John Mensterworth, he fell on this detached body and cut them all off, thus weakening Knollys so much that a battle was impossible; and as winter came on, that leader disbanded his forces and retired into Brittany.

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Poor Jean de Montfort was in a mournful plight, bound to England by all his affections and by every tie of gratitude, yet with almost every Breton devoted to the French, and all the superstition of the country stirred up against him by the canonization of Charles de Blois, which the cunning Charles V. had purchased from the obsequious Pope upon the attestation of some of the most ridiculous miracles ever ascribed to a Romish saint. Finally, a hearth-tax was again the means of bringing things to a crisis; some of the Bretons refused it, and appealed to the King; the Duke put them to death for so doing; the whole dukedom was in a state of revolt, and he was in danger of being betrayed by his servants themselves, until finally he fled in disguise to seek aid from his father-in-law, Edward III., and Du Guesclin, entering the duchy, took city after city.

"Hark within there!" he cried at Hennebonne; "I am Breton like you. Why are we foes? I come to give you rest. The English oppress you! Leave them to fight their own battles, and spare me the pain of shedding Breton blood!"

With such arguments he won over all the Breton burghers, save those of a few places containing strong English garrisons.

The other son-in-law of Edward III., Enguerrand de Couci, had avoided striking against either his wife's father or his own liege lord, by going to fight for the Pope in Italy, and sending his Countess to England; and so much was his honourable conduct respected that neither man, woman, child, nor building belonging to him was injured through the whole course of the war, and no exaction perpetrated. "I belong to the Sire de Couci," was an all-sufficient protection, even from the wildest Free Lances.

Not even the offer of becoming a Marshal, second only in dignity to the Constable, was enough to shake this brave man's attachment to the English, though he was equally loyal to his native Prince.

John of Gaunt had in the meantime welcomed Constance and Isabel, the daughters of Pedro the Cruel, who fled to Aquitaine on the death of their father. Already betrothed, he at once married the elder, and set off with the two ladies for England, where the younger married his brother Edmund. High feastings were held at Windsor in honour of the brides; but such pageants were not as of old, for they were saddened by the absence of the Black Prince, who dwelt apart in his own house at Berkhampstead, pining away under his disease. Another grief was the death of the gallant Sir Walter Manny, who was buried in his own foundation, the Charter House, where his funeral was attended by the King, the princes, barons, and prelates. His only child, the Lady Anne, was given in marriage to the young Earl of Pembroke, who seems unhappily to have been a licentious as well as a brave man, for his life was already stained by adultery and by sacrilegious plunder at Ely.

Nevertheless the Gascons sent a request, that if the Duke of Lancaster should not return, they might have the Earl of Pembroke for their governor, and he was accordingly despatched by sea at the head

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CAMEO VIII.

The Defeat at La Rochelle. 1372.

of considerable succours. He intended to have landed at La Rochelle, but, to his surprise, found himself forestalled by a considerable fleet from Castile, the hearty ally of France. Spain was then the foremost nation in maritime warfare, and the ships were both larger and more numerous than those of the English; they had besides cannon on board, and understood the use of fire-ships, blazing hulks covered with combustible substances, which were impelled against their adversaries, and burnt no less than thirteen. The Rochellois refused Pembroke any assistance, but, with the same dogged valour with which he held out at Rochechouart, he continued the unequal contest for two entire days, and yielded not till his vessel was boarded, and all hope was over. His defeat entailed the loss of Poitou, where Du Guesclin was taking the castles now left without relief, and was proceeding to besiege La Rochelle.

An adventurer, called Evan of Wales, was actually invading Guernsey on his own account. This person had presented himself at the French Court, claiming to be the heir of the dispossessed Princess of Wales; and as David ap Gruffyd had left several children, it is possible that he may have been one of these, more especially as one of the bards who lived somewhat later speaks in praise of a certain Evan of Dovy, whose coming was to be a time of glory for Wales. The exile was treated kindly, was made a page of honour to Philippe VI., and bore arms in the French cause at the battle of Poitiers. All the bold-spirited Welsh who could not rest under the rule of the Plantagenets flocked to the pennon of their Prince, and signalized themselves greatly under him and his kinsman John Wynne, who became known by the curious soubriquet of Le Poursuivant d'Amours. As a reward for his services, King Charles made him a present of 300,000 gold francs to recover his inheritance, or more truly to make him a thorn in the side of the English. Evan raised 4,000 men-at-arms, and, by way of a beginning, descended upon Guernsey, where the governor could only get together 800 men, and shut himself up with them in Cornet Castle. While Evan was besieging it, he received orders from Charles V. to proceed at once to Spain, to solicit further aid from Enrique of Trastamare. On his landing at the Port of St. Andero, the first persons he met were the English prisoners of La Rochelle, under a Spanish guard, and going fiercely up to the Earl of Pembroke, he demanded of him homage for the Welsh lands unjustly taken from his family. The English knights who were with Pembroke boldly stood up for their Earl's honour, and challenged Sir Evan; but the Spanish guards forbade the duel, and carried their captives off to Burgos, where the Earl was very severely treated, and refused permission to ransom himself.

Captivity of the Captal de Buch. 1372.

The Captal de Buch was left chief in command in Gascony, but was unable to oppose any effective resistance to the invaders. On a message from the lady of Soubise, that she was closely besieged by Evan of Wales, and entreating him to come to her rescue, he set forth, but fell into an ambush laid by the cunning Welshman and was taken prisoner.

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He was sent to the Temple at Paris, and there, like Pembroke, denied leave to purchase his liberty. Rochelle was taken by Evan and Du Guesclin, and almost all the towns in Poitou were under promise to surrender, unless relieved by a specified time. King Edward himself was roused to come to the rescue; and the Black Prince, taking advantage of a temporary amendment, accompanied him, with the Duke of Lancaster and Earl of Cambridge. They all set sail for Bordeaux, but the winds were contrary; for nine weeks they tossed about in the Bay of Biscay, and knowing the time was up, and that it would be too late to relieve the garrisons, they put back to England again.

Well might Edward III. say that King Charles, unable to wield a sword himself, had given him more trouble than all the kings who had borne arms. Knowing that honour to a general favourite was a great element in popularity, Charles, on the birth of his second son, chose the brave Du Guesclin for sponsor to the infant, who received the name of Louis. When the babe was lifted, naked and dripping, from the font, stout Bertrand drew his sword, and putting it between the little hands, said, "My lord, I give you this sword, and place it in your hand. I pray God to give you so good a heart, that you may be as *preux* and good a knight as ever bare sword."

The defence of Brittany was left to Sir Robert Knollys; but Du Guesclin besieging him at Derval, he promised to surrender unless he were succoured within two months, and likewise hastened to represent his case in England, quitting Brest upon the same terms, leaving hostages in pledge.

William Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, was fully ready with a fleet containing 1,000 men-at-arms and 2,000 archers, and came to Brest within the specified time, drawing up outside the city in order of battle. Challenges duly passed; but Du Guesclin made answer that the treaty with Knollys had been signed at Nantes, and the combat must take place nowhere else.

"My lord," was Salisbury's answer, "we would willingly fight with you at the appointed spot, but ours are seafaring men; we have no horses with us, neither are we accustomed to go a-foot. Therefore we pray you to send us some horses, for which we will pay honourably."

Du Guesclin had no notion of mounting his enemies; so Salisbury sent supplies and reinforcements under Sir R. Knollys to the town, without considering himself bound to fight, and the Constable most improperly threw the hostages into prison, and sent word to the garrison of Brest, now commanded by Knollys, that he would cut off their heads unless the city were at once surrendered.

The Siege of Brest. 1373.

Fierce Sir Robert only made answer, that if such an outrage were committed, he should retaliate on all his captives; and the hostages were kept in prison. The Duke d'Anjou, brother of Charles, had just joined the besieging army, when a knight, named Garcias du Chastel, representing to him the unjust treatment these innocent men were suffering, he gave permission that they should be at once liberated.

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Unfortunately, Garcias met on his way the butcherly Clisson, who, turning him back, hurried before the Duke, exclaiming, "What, my lord, you will not have these men die? Verily, die they shall, were it only to do spite to Knollys. If they do not die, I swear by St. Houardon of Landerneau and the devil of Guipava, that I will never put casque on my head to make war. They would have it too cheap. This siege has cost 60,000 francs already, and you would pardon faithless foes!"

"Sixty thousand francs!" weakly sighed the Duke; "well, be it as you will."

"They shall die!" cried Clisson; "that is all I will."

Two brave knights and a squire were accordingly put to death before the walls: but Knollys was not slow in his deadly retaliation; a scaffold was erected before the Town Hall, in sight of the camp, and four high-born prisoners there appeared, veiled in black, and were beheaded—men too whose ransom had been fixed, and whose day of release was specified. Afterwards the garrison made a vigorous sally, in repulsing which De Clisson was severely wounded, and the Constable found himself obliged to raise the siege. The same slaughter of hostages, and retaliation on the captives, took place at Knollys's own castle of Derval, so much more savage had warfare lately become.

Expedition of John of Gaunt. 1373.

The English Parliament of 1373 had, as usual, made a grant to the King, which enabled him to fit out an army, which was placed under the command of the Dukes of Lancaster and Brittany, and, landing at Calais, marched from thence to Gascony without a battle. Such was the policy of Charles; but seeing their 30,000 men wasting away under famine, sickness, and fatigue, and all the distresses of marching through an enemy's country, John of Gaunt, never generous, became indignant, and told his brother-in-law, that, as they were fighting in his cause, he ought to be answerable for half the expense. Montfort could only say that he was but an exile without a farthing in the world.

"Then, since you are so poor," sneered Lancaster, "why do you command an army? Why are you not contented with your own soldiers?"

Upon this taunt, Jean de Montfort actually withdrew from all share in the command, and only kept with him sixty men attached to his person, with whom he once actually dispersed three hundred French; but his condition was so unpleasant, that he soon retired to the earldom of Richmond, in Yorkshire, which had always belonged to the Dukes of Brittany ever since William the Conqueror had granted it to his ally, Alain Fergéant.

Death of Pembroke. 1374.

All this time the Earl of Pembroke had languished in captivity, until he bethought him of addressing his entreaty to the generous Du Guesclin, who so well knew the sorrows of long imprisonment. Bertrand, in the noblest manner, gave up his own rights to the sums still owing to him from Castile, as well as a castle presented to him by Enrique, obtained that Pembroke should have permission to ransom himself for 6,000

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florins, which the burghers of Bruges undertook to raise as soon as Pembroke should be safe at Calais. He set off from Burgos, but at Paris fell sick, and was carried in a litter to Arras, where he died; so the Castilians lost their ransom. He was only in his twenty-seventh year, and his little son, Robert Hastings, had been born since he left England, another instance of an heir of Pembroke who had never seen his father, according to the popular idea of the doom that had rested on the House ever since Aymer de Valence had consented to the death of Thomas of Lancaster.

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CAMEO IX.

SPARKS OF NEW LIGHT.

(1370—1376.)

King of England. 1327. Edward III. *King of Scotland.* 1371. Robert II. *King of France.* 1364. Charles V. *King of Spain.* 1366. Enrique II.
Emperor of Germany. 1347. Karl IV. *Pope.* 1378. Urban VI.

CAMEO IX.

The Papacy at Avignon.

So far had civilization advanced in the fourteenth century, that men of peace were no less important and influential than men of war.

The Church, however, which should have guided the march of intellect, was at this period crippled by the thraldom in which the Popes had been held by the French monarchs ever since the removal of Clement IV. to Avignon. Here, in a species of captivity, the papal court lost all that it had once possessed of grandeur, and became paltry in aims and loose in habits. Instead of ruling the great Capital, regarded as the centre of religion and civilization, and thence launching forth decrees, which, if often arbitrary and unwarrantable, were at least all directed to one mighty object, the exaltation of the spiritual dominion above the temporal, the Popes spent their lives in the shifty intrigues of a petty provincial city, governing a court framed on too large a scale for their altered condition, truckling to the monarch whose dependents they had become, and, in the absence of the lawful revenues which did not follow them from forsaken Italy, endeavouring to supply their wants by the exaction of huge fees for canonizations, for the palls presented to primates, by the sale of pardons and indulgences, and using the power acquired by their great predecessors in levying money upon the countries that had acknowledged their temporal power.

In all these objects the mendicant orders of Franciscan and Dominican friars were their chief agents. When Innocent III. beheld the two founders in a vision upholding the Church of Rome, he little thought that their corruption would be the great means of bringing about a reaction against her; nor did Francis and Dominic dream of the abuse that would be made of the rules they had devised. Even at the best, men with unlimited powers of preaching and hearing confessions, owning allegiance only to their General and to the Pope, and totally unconnected with the regular clergy, could not fail to produce much

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CAMEO IX.

The Mendicant Orders.

heart-burning and much confusion among parishes, though this might be in some measure compensated by the new life, vigour, and awakening that they brought, supplying in effect that craving which in the present day leads to the frequenting of field-preaching. But when the first impulse had passed away, the inherent evils of the system told with unmitigated force. The friars were mostly men of low birth, and often little educated; they appealed to the superstitious side of men's minds, and partly in ignorance, partly in fraud, vulgarized devotion more and more, carried about relics, true or false, and sold a sight, a touch, or a kiss of them, enhancing their price by marvellous fables of the most vulgar order; trading in pardons signed by the Pope, and leading people to such superstition that it was absolutely believed that to die engirdled by the cord of St. Francis was the sure means of safety from any worse lot than purgatory, and that Ave Marias daily said would secure the not dying in irremediable sin. Though no friar could possess the slightest personal property, this did not hinder rapacity for their order, and many a death-bed was surrounded by crowds of friars and of regular monks contending with one another for the spoils with which they admonished the sufferer to purchase atonement for his sins. Even lower and more degrading sins were laid to the charge of the mendicant orders, and it was but too true that the barefooted friar was in many cases a most disreputable person, making a shameful use of his clerical immunities from the secular law.

These brotherhoods had always been at enmity between themselves, and the regular orders, Benedictine and Augustine, with the many subdivided branches, had transferred to these much of the hostility they had once shown to the secular clergy It was among these secular priests that the best and most notable men of the age were to be sought, tinctured as they were with the habits of thought and learning promoted by the Universities, and in general more bound to the welfare of their national Church than to the papal aggrandizement.

This was especially the case in England during the French wars, which tended in every way to lessen continental influence. In 1343 an Act of Parliament was passed forbidding any person to bring letters into the realm derogatory to the rights of the King, and ten years after it was rendered penal to carry any appeal beyond seas to a foreign tribunal, thus preventing the Pope from judging between King and ecclesiastic.

Nor had the Court of Avignon done much to render a visit there agreeable to an English prelate. Thomas Bradwardine, the Confessor of King Edward, a man of great learning and piety, and the author of an excellent book of divinity, was elected canonically and unanimously by the chapter of St. Augustine's, and by the King himself, to the primacy; but, on going to Avignon to receive his pall, was wantonly insulted by the Pope's nephew, who brought into the hall a peasant mounted on an ass as a candidate for the Archbishopric of Canterbury.

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CAMEO IX.
Archbishop Islip.

The Pope, Clement VI., resented the insult, and sent the Archbishop home with honour. Bradwardine died only a few months after his return, and was succeeded by Simon Islip, a frugal man, who hoarded his revenues for the foundation of a college, the sort of pious endowment which the good men of the day regarded as the most efficient means of dedicating their substance to the service of God and man. Of convents there were enough and to spare, but these wise men regarded the Universities as likely to foster more available and less exclusive religious education.

Simon Islip's college was named by him Canterbury Hall, but it became afterwards absorbed in that of Christchurch, to which it was from the first a satellite. It was to maintain a warden and eleven fellows, of whom eight were to be secular; the other three, as well as the head, were to be monks of Christchurch. The first warden, Woodhall, was a turbulent man, and the Archbishop, displeased with him, removed him and his monks, and placed in his room one John de Wycliffe, a Yorkshireman, at first educated at Queen's, but at present at Merton, and noted for his uncompromising doctrine. The Archbishop died soon after this was completed, and Simon Langham, his successor, who had been Abbot of Westminster, took the part of the monk instead of the scholar, and reinstated Woodhall, while Wycliffe in vain appealed to Rome, and, receiving no redress, became confirmed in his doubts of the propriety of the deference paid to any visible head of the Church. Urban V., was actually bold enough to summon Edward to Avignon, to pay homage after the pattern of John's; but all his answer was, that King John had done what he had no right to do, and it was in violation of his coronation oath.

Simon Langham was a prosperous man, who was chancellor as well as primate, and received a cardinal's hat from the Pope. He even had hopes of the papacy, and went to Avignon to push his fortunes, but died there, in 1368. The primacy was offered to William Edyngton, Bishop of Winchester, who is said to have given as a reason for his refusal, that, "though Canterbury had the highest rack, Winchester had the richer manger;" and the new Archbishop was William Wittlesea.

The chancellorship, which Langham resigned, was bestowed upon William of Wykeham. This great man was born in the first year of Edward's reign, at Wykeham, in Hampshire, of parents of such humble birth that their surname is uncertain. He is thought to have been first noticed by the monks of the convent in his own parish, and then by the lord of the manor and governor of Winchester, Nicholas de Uvedale, who, perceiving his great abilities, took him to Winchester, and gave him the advantages of such education as could there be obtained.

Every day the young scholar paid his devotions at the cathedral, especially attending a mass daily sung by a monk named Pekis, in a chapel in the nave dedicated to the Blessed Virgin. When he grew up, he became Uvedale's secretary, and was by him presented to King Edward as a man of admirable talents in architecture, well able to assist in his intended repairs at Windsor Castle.

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CAMBD IX.

Windsor Castle 1368.

Here Wykeham, on the pay of a shilling per day for himself, and three per week for his clerk, raised the noble fabric so well befitting the Majesty of England. There is a story that he inscribed on the Round Tower the words "*Hoc fecit Wicam*," which might be read either way, "This was the making of Wykeham," or "Wykeham made this;" but there is no sufficient authority for the anecdote, and it is not in accordance with his general character. It was true that Windsor Castle was the making of him, for the King was so delighted with him, in the intercourse into which they were thrown, that, according to the evil habit of the time, he heaped on him ecclesiastical preferments in great numbers, all of which he held, although as yet only tonsured, and not even in deacon's orders. On the death of Bishop Edyngton, the King and the Chapter of Winchester unanimously chose him as Bishop of his native see. And as Urban V. made difficulties in confirming the election, the Duc de Bourbon, one of the hostages for the King of France, was sent to negotiate his acceptance, and was permitted to ransom himself on easy terms as a reward. In 1367 Wykeham received the Great Seal, which he kept till the year 1371, when John of Gaunt, coming home from Aquitaine, began to meddle with home affairs, and a parliament assembled, which seems to have been led by his influence to petition against any ecclesiastic for the future being Chancellor or any other great officer of state. The King yielded, and Wykeham retired to his see, there to rectify many abuses, and to make purchases of land in preparation for his great design.

John of Gaunt in power. 1371.

The employment of churchmen in such offices had begun from the days when they alone possessed the requisite amount of instruction, and it had always had a tendency to secularize the holders. Now, when letters were more general, and the law had trained up numerous laymen equally skilled in affairs, the public cried out for officers of state who should be amenable to the civil tribunal, and the general feeling of the incompatibility of the Seal with the Keys was increased by the doctrines that were gradually finding their way from the tongue and pen of the deposed warden of Canterbury Hall into the mind of the English nation.

Simon Theobald of Sudbury, Bishop of London, a good and wise man, was one of those who could not bear to see the poor deceived and fed on ashes instead of bread. Meeting crowds of pilgrims on their way to secure, as they hoped, a plenary indulgence by a visit to Becket's shrine at Canterbury, he spoke to them of the vanity of such hopes. Some listened, others jeered and pelted him for contempt of their saint, and a knight, riding up to him, told him he would die an ill death.

Chaucer had translated and considerably altered the Romaunt of the Rose, an old French allegorical poem, containing most stinging satire on the vices of the begging friars, of which he spared them none. Piers Ploughman's Vision, by Robert Longland, a Fellow of Oriel College, was equally figurative, and equally strong against the mendicants; and,

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CAMEO IX. — *Wycliffe.*

in fact, almost all the men who thought at all were dissatisfied with the present system. The Duke of Lancaster patronized all such, and obtained for Wycliffe the Crown living of Lutterworth, putting him forward in a dispute pending with Pope Urban on the papal habit of appointing to certain English benefices. Moreover, he sent Chaucer on an embassy to the republic of Genoa, touching matters of commerce. It was a memorable journey to Geoffrey, for not only did he become acquainted with the scenery of Italy, but at Padua he met that "learned clerk, Frauncis Petrark," as he calls him; and first from him learnt the old tale of the "patience of Griselda," which Petrarch had just versified from the Decamerone of his friend Boccaccio. Petrarch was then seventy years old, and in his very last letter to Boccaccio mentions his having received a visit from a minister of the King of England; and likewise tells how a citizen of Padua broke down while striving to read aloud the story of Grisel, while a Veronese remained unaffected because he believed not a word of such constancy in woman. Chaucer, who in his turn reproduced the story for England, must have been of the Paduan's mind, and perhaps was wrought upon to a better opinion of women than he had hitherto entertained.

It may be feared that the household of John of Gaunt had not of late been a region to elevate the poet's idea of womanhood. His political marriage with Constance, in right of whom he called himself King of Castile and Leon, had turned out unhappy, and he solaced himself by an unlawful affection for the sister of Chaucer's wife, Katherine Picard de Roet, now the widow of Sir John Swynford; and at the same time connived at the grievous scandals of his father's old age.

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CAMEO X.

THE GOOD PARLIAMENT.

(1376—1377.)

King of England. 1327. Edward III.
King of Scotland. 1371. Robert II.
King of France. 1364. Charles V.
King of Spain. 1369. Enrique II.
Emperor of Germany. 1347. Karl IV.
Popes. 1370. Gregory XI. 1378. Urban VI.

KINGS are seldom a long-lived race. A royal jubilee is a marvel in the annals of a nation; the monarchs who have reigned their half-century have usually shown that the ordinary lot of sovereigns is a boon to themselves and to their people. For those whose sole resting-place is the grave, it is a more merciful dispensation to be taken in their full strength than to linger on when that strength is but labour and sorrow, and when the effects of their infirmities are felt by thousands.

Over early called to the affairs of active life, the old age of Edward III. came prematurely, and, infirm both in mind and body, he had sunk under the entire dominion of Alice Perrers, formerly a lady of the Queen, and whom he treated with a favour that incensed the whole nation, and rendered her defiant of public opinion. In the year 1374 a tournament was given at Cheapside, at which she figured as Lady of the Sun, mounted on a white palfrey, and attired in robes covered with gold. She influenced all appointments, eagerly took bribes, and was even seen seated on the bench with the judges, directing their decisions in favour of those who had bought her protection.

There would be more satisfaction in recording the royal grant of a pitcher of wine every day to Geoffrey Chaucer, and his appointment to be Comptroller of the Customs of the port of London, had it taken place at a more creditable period.

Negotiations were at this time, 1,376 proceeding with France, and a series of conferences were held at Bruges, whither Pope Gregory XI. despatched envoys to endeavour to adjust the differences between the two nations. Charles V. was represented by his brothers, the Dukes of Anjou and Burgundy; Edward III. by John of Gaunt, by the Earl of Salisbury, and by Simon of Sudbury, Bishop of London; and Wycliffe

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CAMEO X.
The Good Parliament.
1376.

was also present on the part of the University of Oxford, to set forth to the papal emissaries the many matters at issue between their master and the Church of England. What he there saw by no means inclined him to increased veneration for the centre of the Romish Church.

Meantime, the absence of the Duke of Lancaster appeared to the other party the only opportunity of freeing the King and country from their unworthy bondage. The Prince of Wales roused himself to concert measures with Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, and husband to his niece Philippa of Clarence, whose children stood next in succession to his own son Richard. Ill as he was, Edward was carried to Westminster, and took his place in Parliament on his bed, when it assembled on the 28th of April, 1376.

This was called the Good Parliament for the wholesome reforms that were there decreed, and is notable as the first occasion on which the House of Commons became a political engine wielded by persons of higher rank. Peter Delamare, an officer of the Earl of March, exposed the grievances and scandals then existing; and though no mention was made of Lancaster, Alice Perrers was severely censured, and severe penalties attached to such interference as hers in the courts of justice. She was exiled, and an oath exacted from her and from the King never again to come into one another's presence. Acts were passed against the peculation of persons in office, and two nobles, the Lords Latimer and Neville, were punished for their dishonest execution of their employments.

But by the first week in June, ere the session was over, Lancaster had come back from signing the truce of Bruges, and Edward of Wales was dying. The flash against the unworthy favourites who abused his father's dotage had been the last flicker of the flame within the socket, and it was quickly ebbing away. On the 7th of June he signed his will, giving directions that he should be buried in his favourite cathedral of Canterbury, with minute directions for his funeral and his tomb, and, specifying jewels and tapestry hangings, left some to religious houses, some to his wife and son. Many large gifts he bestowed at once on his friends and attendants, and calling to him his son, then ten years old, commanded him, under pain of his curse, never to take them away. "Sirs," he said to his friends, "pardon me, for, by the faith that I owe you, you have served me loyally; though I cannot render to each his guerdon, yet God will reward you." He then solemnly commended his boy to his father and brother, and received the oaths of all present that they would faithfully support the rights of little Richard and befriend him. He lay with the doors thrown open, and all were permitted to pass in and out to take a last look at their gallant master; but when one of the opposite faction, Sir Richard Strong, came in, the dying man broke out into fierce language, and bade him depart and see his face no more. Exhausted by his violence, he swooned away; and, on his recovery, the Bishop of Bangor exhorting him to forgive his enemies, he replied, "I will:" but the

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CAMEO X.
—
Death of the Black Prince.
1376.

Bishop saw it was not real forgiveness, and told him he ought to declare his pardon in words, and ask it for himself; but "I will" was all he could bend his temper to utter, so hard and vindictive was it even in extremity. Then the Bishop sprinkled holy water over the four corners of the room, and commanded the evil spirit to depart, lest "this man should die in his sins." The action subdued the stubborn heart, the set face changed, the hands were clasped, the eyes raised to heaven, and the Prince cried aloud, "I give Thee thanks, O God, for all Thy benefits, and with all the pains of my soul I humbly beseech Thy mercy to give me remission of those sins I have wickedly committed against Thee; and of all mortal men whom willingly or ignorantly I have offended I ask forgiveness with all my heart."

With these words on his lips died Edward, Prince of Wales, one month ere the completion of his forty-sixth year, on the 8th of June, 1376. He was a man neither before nor behind his time in virtue, in evil, nor in talent; but with the balance of the lion and the lamb, with the dashing valour, unblemished honour, sweet disposition, and chivalrous courtesy that are some of the happiest endowments of princes, and which endeared him greatly to all who came in contact with him, as well as to the nation at large. The mourning was universal, and even his enemies shared it, for Charles V. caused his obsequies to be celebrated in the beauteous Sainte Chapelle, even before, at the end of four months' lying in state, the corpse was interred between two columns in Canterbury Cathedral, where his tomb still bears his effigy in gilded armour, and above it his veritable helmet, his gauntlets, and his tattered velvet surcoat. The scabbard of his sword is there too, mutely crying shame on the selfish sacrilege of Oliver Cromwell, who bore away the weapon.

The tidings of the Prince's death rang like a knell on the ears of the captive in the Temple at Paris—his brother-in-arms, the Captal de Buch—already well-nigh the last survivor of the brave chivalry who had won Aquitaine from King Jean. Broken-hearted, the imprisoned knight no sooner heard that the Prince was no more, than he turned from light and food, and in a few days followed him to the grave.

The aged King ceased not lamenting for the hope and the glory of his early years. Lancaster restored to him Alice Perrers, probably in the hope of consoling him, and all the scandals recommenced; while John of Gaunt pursued his vengeance unimpeded; for his next brother, Edmund of Langley, Earl of Cambridge, was of a timid, frivolous character, and the youngest, Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham, was only twenty, and though afterwards very turbulent, had not yet come forward in affairs of state. In order to rid himself of the presence of the Earl of March, John of Gaunt ordered him to go as Earl Marshal of England to inspect the defences of Calais; but perceiving the intention of this command, he resigned his office rather than leave England. Next, Lancaster threw Delamare into prison on false pretences, and applying the statute passed against Latimer and Neville to William of Wykeham,

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CAMEO X.
—
Wykeham's fall.
1376.

caused him, without a trial, to be banished to a distance of twenty miles from the King's person, and deprived of his temporalities.

What can we think of the son who could banish the righteous bishop unconvicted, and recall the insolent and convicted woman to the death-bed of his imbecile father?

With the little Richard of Bordeaux he meddled not, and the child was sent to open Parliament in the spring of 1377. Convocation met at the same time, and the first step of Simon of Sudbury, now Primate, and of William Courtenay, Bishop of London, was to declare that they would grant nothing till the Bishop of Winchester had had justice done to him; whereupon he was permitted to come to London, and was received by them with every token of honour: but his property was not restored for some months; and then it is said that he stooped to obtain by gifts the intercession of Alice Perrers;—but this is improbable, since the poor old King was too completely lost in mind for such means to be effective.

This Parliament was notable for a synod held at St. Paul's Church by Simon of Sudbury, to inquire into the opinions held by John Wycliffe, who had of late put forth various writings in the English tongue, disputing many of the tenets then taught as doctrines. Wycliffe made his appearance, escorted by the Duke of Lancaster and Henry, Lord Percy, both openly bidding him fear not for all the company of prelates, for, they said, "they are all unlearned in respect of you."

The church was crowded by a huge concourse of people, among whom Percy made way so rudely, that the Bishop of London, a proud, high-spirited son of the Earl of Devon, called out, "Lord Percy, if I had known what masteries you would have kept in the church, I would have stopped you out from coming thither!"

"He shall keep such masteries here, though you say Nay!" was the improper rejoinder of John of Gaunt; and Percy added, "Wycliffe, sit down; you have many things to answer to, and you need to repose yourself on a soft seat." This being a mere insult to the synod, the Bishop of London declared that it was not fit that a man thus cited should be seated; and again the Duke of Lancaster supported his favourite, and threatened to pull down the pride of all the prelacy of England.

"Do your worst, Sir," said Courtenay.

"Thou braggest of thy parents," returned the Duke; "they shall not help thee, they shall have enough to do to help themselves."

"I trust not in my parents," said the Bishop, "but only in God, by whose aid I will be bold to speak the truth."

"Rather than take such words," muttered John, "I would pluck the Bishop by the hair out of the church."

These words so much inflamed the Londoners present, that shouts of execration arose against the Prince, who dared thus to beard their bishop in his own cathedral, and they showed signs of such violence, that the Duke and Earl were fain to save themselves by flight; and thus ended the synod, wherein neither the president nor the accused had uttered a

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CAMEO X.

Synod of St. Paul's. 1377.

syllable. Simon of Sudbury was a man of piety too true and thought too deep not to perceive that much of what Wycliffe advanced was just; but he wisely held his peace during the brawl with the lords, since Courtenay was on his own ground, and had far more taste for such dissensions than himself: and Wycliffe was probably much concerned at the unseemly way in which his part had been taken.

The uproar did not end here, for the populace hearing exaggerated reports of the insult to their bishop, and being also exasperated by a proposal in Parliament to take away the municipal privileges of the City, rushed off to the Savoy Palace, where the Duke had just sat down to dinner, but was forced to rise in haste with Percy, and flee to Kennington to seek the protection of his little nephew Richard and his mother. There was need, for the palace was completely pillaged, and a person slain whom the mob mistook for Percy, before Bishop Courtenay could appease them by reminding them that it was the season of Lent.

The poor old King knew nothing of these riots. Alice Perrers was with him at Eltham, where he was fast declining. Thence she removed him to Shene, preventing him from attending to the affairs of his soul by talking to him of hawks and hounds. Anxious to secure the succession of the young Prince of Wales, who was beloved for his father's sake, the Londoners sent a deputation to beg that the boy would take up his residence in the Tower; and when he and his mother left the King, not a relative remained to watch over his dying grandfather. On the 26th of June the rapacious Alice perceived that death was at hand. She snatched the rings from the old man's fingers as he lay, seized the property she had heaped together, and left him to his fate; the servants followed her example, and rifled the palace, hurrying away to secure their plunder; and the place was left empty.

By and by came a wandering friar in search of alms. Doors were open, halls deserted, tables and benches cast aside, rich hangings rent from the walls, and the friar went from chamber to chamber, marvelling what foe had wrought such ruin in the heart of merrie England, even in the royal palace. Anon he came to a chamber where, amid the evidences of pillage, lay an aged long-bearded man, breathing forth his last gasps, alone and unaided. In very pity the friar came near, and in the pinched features and glazing eyes he knew his sovereign—the once passionately loved ruler of a mighty realm—conqueror of more than half another—the father of five goodly sons, of whom three still survived. There he lay, more untended and unfriended than the meanest serf, and even deprived of the last offices of the Church, for he was too far gone to receive them from the friar; he could only clasp the crucifix in his arms, kiss the image of the Redeemer, raise his eyes to heaven, and resign his life.

Companion of his greatness, William of Wykeham was winning for himself a happier old age and a more beloved name. He had perceived how many of the present scandals of the Church arose from ignorance, and his design was to erect a College at Oxford for poor

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CAMEO X. — *Foundation of New College.* 1376.

scholars, all of whose expenses might be there defrayed, so as to prepare them for the priesthood. In the year 1376, the very period of his disgrace, he had first established his society, consisting of a Warden with twenty pounds per annum, and seventy Fellows each with one-and-sixpence per week for their commons, and their lodging provided in different halls at Oxford. Two years later he obtained permission from the King and the Pope to found what was then called "Saint Mary's College of Winchester in Oxenford," and on the 5th of March, 1380, he laid the first stone of the buildings. Probably, like Exeter College, and many others founded by bishops for their dioceses, it would have been known as Winchester College had it not been for the College at Winchester, which he commenced shortly after to serve as a feeder to that at Oxford, so that New College remained the distinctive title of the foundation at the University. Seventy scholars in early boyhood were to be fed and taught, and in part clothed, at the expense of the founder, instructed by a master, and superintended by a Warden and Fellows, until such time as they should be fitted for transplantation to study at the University, there living as Scholars, and afterwards as Fellows of New College. Wykeham's foundation was intended to be almost exclusively clerical, with a very few exceptions for other learned professions; and his endowment of estates was calculated to maintain the boys according to the habits of the class whence the poorer clergy were taken, and to which he had himself belonged—the small yeomen or tradesmen. The value of land keeping pace with the higher standard of attainments required from the clergy, his foundation has ever since continued to serve as a preparation for Holy Orders.

There is a tradition that Wykeham endowed his College so largely with land, that there was no provision for his numerous sisters and their children; but coming on the verse of Scripture which declares that he who provideth not for his own household is worse than an infidel, he resolved on giving his nephews some special advantages, and therefore decreed that the scholars who could prove themselves to be of the founder's kin should be allowed, if needful, a longer time to remain at Winchester to prepare themselves for New College, instead of necessarily leaving the first College at eighteen, like ordinary scholars. This arrangement subsisted till the days of the University Commission, when it, as well as many others of Wykeham's statutes, was abrogated, while numerous others have necessarily been modified by time; but the spirit of Wykeham's institution has never yet passed away.

Such an architect could not fail to make the buildings of his two foundations noble and beautiful. The taste of his age had somewhat degenerated, and the fashion of his day preferred the flattened arch, and window divided by mullions and transoms, to the more pointed outline and floriated tracery of the past century. Probably this change was owing to the progress of the art of painting on glass, which made it desirable to cut the window up into small divisions fit for figures. The two chapels of Wykeham at Winchester and New College are thus

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CAMEO X.

Wykeham's foundation.

fair specimens of the perpendicular style, and the beauty of both lies rather in the grave ecclesiastical calmness and appropriateness of the entire structure, quadrangles, gateways, halls, and chapels, than in the individual details.

So, too, when he carried out Bishop Edyngton's work of renovating his cathedral, he made it more majestic than notable for architectural beauty. The Early English work of Bishop Lucy is more graceful, but there is scarcely anything in England to compare with the solemn length of the nave, with the perspective of massive columns, where Wykeham encased the old Saxon with perpendicular piers. He was happy in being able in his middle age to embellish the sacred haunts of his youth; and, mindful of all that the cathedral had been to him, he commanded that his scholars' Sunday devotions should there be paid, instead of exclusively in their own chapel, that thus they may feel themselves a part of the whole Church, instead of merely members of a College.

At the end of eighteen years Wykeham was once more Chancellor for two years; but otherwise he seldom mingled in state affairs during the remainder of his life. Within his cathedral he built a small chapel in the place where, as a boy, he had been wont to attend "Pekis' mass," and there paid his daily orisons in age as in youth; and he watched affectionately over his colleges, in their vigorous commencement, until, on the 27th of September, 1404, he sank quietly to his rest at South Waltham, in the eightieth year of his age, having governed the diocese of Winchester for more than thirty years. He was buried in his own oratory, his effigy in white marble, the robes coloured from the reality, lying on the tomb, the feet supported against the small figures of his three favourite monks, with thoroughly portrait countenances. He left an endowment for daily services in this oratory; and though these, of course, ceased at the Reformation, and the images of the saints were swept from their niches, his shrine is still venerated, as well becomes the tomb of a "prince and father in Israel," and his scholars, young and elderly, still love the name of Wykeham with enthusiastic veneration; and though

> "Nations and kings and reverend laws have melted like a dream,
> Yet Wykeham's works are green and fresh beside the crystal stream."

"A name better than of sons and daughters" has been left to this righteous man, the benefactor of generation after generation, not merely in the foundation he established, but in the example which he set of means of doing good. Other boys, at the expense of their parents, obtained the advantages of education provided for his seventy scholars; other endowments took pattern more or less by his statutes; and thus arose the public school system, which has more than anything else served to form the distinctive character of the English gentleman. Not an ancient University of the old type remains on the Continent—Paris, Padua, and all the noted names of old, have fallen in one fell swoop; the German Universities are modern infants set up by Government; but Oxford and Cambridge still exist, as much beloved and frequented as

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CAMEO X.

Public Schools.

ever, their clerical training gladly accepted now as ever by aspirants to almost every liberal calling, and both they and their nurseries, the public schools, serving as the first training in manhood, the origin of many a life-long friendship, enthusiastically beloved with a species of home loyalty, diffusing far and wide a sense of brotherhood, and at each mention of their name renewing the brightness of youth to many who have long wearily trod the paths of the world. The external framework of their statutes had a stability which has kept them alive through many a rude shock, and the old undying associations have there again and again renewed the soundness of principle well-nigh dying out around and in them. Steadfast nursing mothers of the Church, may they long stand as witnesses of truth, ancient, yet ever young and new!

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CAMEO XI.

DEATH OF DU GUESCLIN.

(1377—1380.)

King of England. 1377. Richard II.
King of Scotland. 1371. Robert II.
King of France. 1364. Charles V.
Kings of Spain. 1369. Enrique II. 1379. Juan I.
Emperor of Germany. 1378. Wenceslas.
Pope. 1370. Gregory XI. 1378. UrbanVI.

CAMEO XI.
—
French descent on Rye. 1377.

UNDER sinister auspices did the reign of young Richard of Bordeaux begin. Not only was nothing left to him beyond-seas save Calais, Bordeaux, Bayonne, and a few places on the Dordogne, but at the very hour when—on the afternoon following his grandfather's demise—he was riding into London, through tapestried streets, beneath showers of gold leaf, beside rivers of wine, the French and Spanish fleets were collecting for an invasion of England; and on the fifth day of his reign, the 28th of June, 1377, they actually made a descent upon Rye, and burnt and slaughtered with great ferocity.

Thence they sailed to the Isle of Wight, and did much damage along the coast. At Lewes, the country people assembled under the Abbot of Lewes and made a stout resistance, but were beaten, and the Abbot made prisoner. This was the first time the French learnt that King Edward was dead, and they at once returned home with the tidings. It did not seem to be the moment for the pageantry of a coronation when the national enemy was marauding on the coast; but a king was not firm on his throne ere he had received consecration, and allegiance had been sworn to him. Nor was his mother, the Princess Joan, likely to give up any occasion of showing off her beautiful son, who, at ten years and a half old, was the flower of English boyhood, and, Plantagenet by both descents, had the straight regular features, delicate complexion, and fair hair in their fullest perfection, added to a refined air and graceful mien that made his appearance only too feminine in elegance. The fame of his father made every hope rest upon him; and his popularity was so great, that John of Gaunt could not hope to contend against it, and only claimed the various offices at the coronation that devolved on him in right of his late wife, Blanche of Lancaster—the bearing of the sword,

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CAMEO XI.

Coronation of Richard II.

1377.

Curtana, and the carving before the King. The young King repaired to Westminster Abbey under a canopy of blue silk, borne by the barons of the Cinque Ports upon spears of silver. He lay prostrate before the altar while the Litany was chanted, and then was led by the Dukes of Lancaster and Brittany to a throne erected on a platform, where, after loud acclamations had declared the assent of the people, he was crowned by Archbishop Simon of Sudbury, and received the homage of his three uncles, of the Duke of Brittany, who had married his half-sister Jane Holland, and of the other nobles. He created his youngest uncle, Thomas of Woodstock, then just twenty-one, Earl of Buckingham; Henry Percy, the favourite of Lancaster, was made Earl of Northumberland; and his father's stout friend, Sir Guiscard d'Angle, was made Earl of Huntingdon, and charged with the special care of the young King's person.

Immediately after the coronation, the two princes, Edmund and Thomas, were sent off to defend the coast, exactly where the enemy was gone; and John of Gaunt, finding himself very unpopular, obtained a reconciliation with the corporation of London by the mediation of his sister-in-law, the King's mother, the citizens undertaking constantly to keep a great wax-taper, marked with the Duke's arms, burning before the picture of Our Lady in St. Paul's, as an expiation for the death of the priest. He then retired to his own castle of Kenilworth, leaving the young King chiefly to the care of the Earls of March and Huntingdon, his mother, and his half-brother Sir John Holland.

A few weeks after, an express mandate from Pope Gregory XI. to the Archbishop compelled him to summon Wycliffe before a synod at Lambeth, to answer the charges that he denied the doctrine of papal infallibility, that he disapproved of the wealth of ecclesiastics, and especially disputed what the Roman Catholic Church taught of transubstantiation. He delivered in a paper explaining his views; but ere the interrogation could proceed, Sir Lewis Clifford, a knight of the household of the Princess of Wales, arrived, and, on behalf of the King, bade them go no farther. Simon gladly stopped the inquiry, and the death of Gregory XI. put an end to the prosecution.

In the Parliament of 1378 the Duke of Lancaster, on being called on for his aid and counsel, refused to afford any until his character should have been cleared and his innocence proclaimed, offering to do battle like the poorest knight with any one who should dare to challenge him of disloyalty. An apology was thereupon made and accepted; a full pardon of William of Wykeham passed the Great Seal; and no victim remained but Alice Perrers, who was banished, with the confiscation of all her property. Strangely enough, she was by this time married to a nobleman, Sir William Windsor; whence there are some who argue that she must have been an innocent and much-slandered woman. Supplies were then voted for a renewal of the weary war with France.

The death of Edward III. had freed many honourable men from their personal oaths of allegiance to him; and among these was Enguerrand

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de Couci, who formally renounced all connexion with England, gave his county of Bedford to his youngest daughter, Philippa, who was betrothed to the young Robert de Vere, Earl of Oxford, and even sent home his English wife, giving himself up to the service of his natural lord, Charles V. Poor Isabel was fondly attached to her husband, and pined away under the separation, dying early in the year 1379, after a romantic but melancholy life, and a true love-match, which, though each party had acted most nobly, had produced little but grief.

Charles V., disappointed that Jean de Montfort had acknowledged Richard II. and remained firm to the English interest, made the false step of citing him as a rebel before the Parliament of Paris, and, on his own appearance, declaring his dukedom forfeit to the crown. This was the first time the crown of France had owned Montfort to be duke, and it was a shameful disregard of the rights of Jeanne de Penthièvre, and her two sons, Jean and Guy de Blois, still captives in England; but Charles, having extorted a promise from Du Guesclin and Clisson that they would not object, imagined that he was secure of the acquiescence of all the other Bretons. There was nothing, however, of which the brave Keltic race were so tenacious as of the independence of their duchy; and the sole effect of his measure was, that Beaumanoir and the other patriotic Bretons resolved to give up their hopeless adherence to Blois, and invite back the unfortunate Montfort. He came, therefore, still leaving his duchess, Jane Holland, in England for security, and was welcomed with transport by his people, who were heartily weary of their state of anarchy.

Sir Robert Knollys came with him, and Charles proposed to send the Constable to expel him: but Du Guesclin, who had been unhappy ever since he had surrendered the independence of his province, flatly refused to serve against his countrymen. This reply was represented to the King as treasonable, and Bertrand indignantly returned his sword of office. He was now past sixty, his conscience was sore at the deeds of blood he had committed in his younger days, and at the one inconsistent act into which he had been betrayed in his age. His Tiphaïne was dead, and had left him childless; and though he had married again, he still had no heir: moreover, his beloved Bretons had, all but Clisson, left the service of France. He would well-nigh have rejoiced had his resignation been accepted; but the King knew his value too well, soothed his indignation, and persuaded him to make war in Guyenne, where the English had retaken a few towns. But his heart was well-nigh broken by what he felt to be the rightful defection of his beloved fellow-soldiers; he ruefully told Charles, "My eagle cannot soar: you have clipped his wings. Think you that I owe to my prowess the little I have done? No, it was my men—my old Breton captains—who, when rising with me, lifted me up! I enjoyed their glory; I trusted them like myself; I knew their worth. They are gone, and so is my power!" He then proceeded with further entreaties that the King would make peace with

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CAMEO XI.

Death of Du Guesclin. 1380.

Brittany, and finally received a promise that for his sake the first opportunity of so doing should be taken.

It was the last time the King and the Constable met. Bertrand never had gone to the wars with so sad a heart, but he proceeded to do his work manfully at Guyenne, and had besieged the Castle of Châteauneuf-Randon, which had promised to surrender if not relieved within a certain time, when he fell sick of a malignant fever. Finding that he should not recover, he sent for his captains, and thanked them for their good service, regretting that he had not been able to recommend them all to the King for reward. Then he bade them always to spare women, children, and priests, since the disputes of princes ought only to be visited upon men who bore axe and sword, saying he repented of not having been more merciful in his youth. He then called for his brother-in-arms, De Clisson. "Sir Olivier," he said, "death is near, and I cannot say much. You and I have long been brothers-in-arms; the King knows you for a great and valiant man, and you need not my good word with him; but tell him I am grieved not to have done him service longer. I could not have been more faithful, but if time had been granted me, my hope was to have emptied his realm of his foes—the English; but he has good servants who will do the work, and you, Sir Olivier, the first. Take the sword with which he gave me the post of Constable, and carry it back to him, that he may give it into worthy hands; and commend to him my wife and my brother."

He then took the sword into his own hands, and after looking at it tenderly for some space, while, as he said, he considered how he had used his trust, he resigned it for the crucifix, and lay for several hours longer ere he expired, on the 13th of July, 1380, in the sixty-second year of his age. It was during his prolonged agony that the morning dawned on which the castle was to surrender, and the Marshal de Sacerre went out to summon the commander. "It was to the Constable that I promised to yield," answered the Englishman over the wall; "I give up to none but him." The Marshal went away in silence, but at three o'clock again came beneath the walls, to tell the Castellane that the great Du Guesclin had passed away.

The English garrison mourned like brave men. "But," said the Governor, "it was to my Lord Constable, not to you, that my word was plighted; and I will keep it, and open my gates to none other. I will give my keys to none of you, and only on his bier will I lay them down."

The French in their grief were well pleased at such honour to their lamented leader, and the next day the army was drawn up in full array, banners and pennons flying as the English marched out, with their drums beating and in full order, until they came to Du Guesclin's tent, where the corpse lay on his camp-bed, and beside it, on a table covered with blue velvet worked with French lilies, his sword of office. The English commander knelt in prayer, then rising said, "Not to the senseless body that I see lying there, but to yourself, Lord Constable, do I

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yield my fortress. Your immortal soul forced me to surrender to the French that which I had sworn to defend to the last drop of my blood;" and with these words he laid down the keys at the feet of the corpse, and retired in tears.

The body was carried to St. Denis, bewailed at every city by the inhabitants, who regarded Du Guesclin as their champion and deliverer. The King, his brothers and children, came to do honour to the Breton knight, whom they laid among the tombs of royalty, beneath a monument of white marble, on which lay his lifelike effigy, with a lamp for ever burning above it. For ever? Day and night it burnt until the evil days, when the wild fury of the mob, heeding as little the relics of their country's defenders as of her princes, destroyed the abbey, and hurled the bones of their champions from their tombs.

Another favourite of the French perished at the same time—Evan of Wales, who was killed by his treacherous squire, John Lambe, as he was combing his hair before the walls of the Castle of Mortagne. Froissart calls the weapon a short Spanish dagger; his illuminator has depicted it like a very long javelin: at any rate, here, before an obscure foreign fortress, died the last of the long line of ancient British, who held out their mountains so gallantly against the Saxon.

Prince Thomas of Woodstock, Earl of Buckingham, was the leader of the campaign of 1380, and during his absence his brother John took the opportunity of playing him a trick. The last of the great Bohuns, Earls of Hereford, had just died under age, leaving his whole great feudal property between his two sisters, Eleanor and Mary. Eleanor was the wife of Prince Thomas, who hoped to secure the whole of the inheritance by keeping her sister Mary safe in a convent among the nuns of St. Clare; but it struck John of Gaunt that the co-heiress of Hereford would be an excellent match for his son, Henry of Lancaster, now an exceedingly handsome youth of sixteen, called Earl of Bolingbroke. So he persuaded the young lady's uncle, the Earl of Arundel, to invite both Mary and Henry to visit him in Arundel Castle, and after a few days' acquaintance they became man and wife, to the great indignation of Buckingham, who never forgave his brother the trick, and hated his nephew for the rest of his days.

Thomas's expedition to France was not successful. As usual, he was allowed to traverse the country from Bordeaux to Brittany without any fighting; and just as he had reached the borders of Brittany he learnt that Charles V. was dead. Never strong, it had always been believed that Charles had been rendered sickly by the poison administered by Charles the Bad of Navarre; his reign had been little more than one long illness, and he had never looked to seeing his children grow up. He had hoped to leave their guardianship to their mother, but she preceded him to the grave, and he could only leave his young son Charles, then but seven years old, much in the condition of Richard II., under the care of three turbulent, quarrelsome uncles. He bade that the Constable's sword should be given to Olivier de Clisson, advised that no

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CAMEO XI.

Death of Charles V. 1380.

trust should be put in Jean de Montfort, and hoped it would be possible to relieve the poor from taxation. He died on the 16th of September, 1380.

His death conduced to make a change in the welcome of the English in Brittany. Montfort was quite worn out with opposing both his subjects and the Government. He had little reason to love the present English regency, and some hope of a reconciliation with the new French one; and whether he could have done better or not, he gave such feeble aid, that high words passed between him and his young brother-in-law. Next, he sent an embassy to offer his submission at the court of France; it was accepted, and, to his great surprise and vexation, Thomas found himself in an enemy's country, and had to sail home as best he could. In his anger, John of Gaunt offered to release the long-imprisoned princes of Blois, give his daughter in marriage to the elder, and espouse their cause; but Jean de Blois had wisdom and generosity enough to refuse the offer, and all that could be done to punish the Duke was to detain his wife in England, where she shortly after died. He then married Jeanne, daughter of Charles the Bad of Navarre, and became thoroughly French, though he and his early comrade, Olivier de Clisson, never laid aside their mutual hatred.

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CAMEO XII.

KING RICHARD AND THE COMMONS.

(1380—1384.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1371. Robert II.	1380. Charles VI.	1379. Juan I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1378. Urban VI.

The Poll Tax. 1380.

THE wars had, of course, entailed heavy taxes; and though these had been cheerfully paid in Edward III.'s time, when so much honour was obtained, they were the cause of heavy complaints when nothing came of them. The Parliament of 1380 made great difficulties, but ended by granting a poll-tax of a groat to be paid by every subject above fifteen years of age. The old laws of serfage and villeinage were weighing heavily upon the lowest class of the people; their compulsory attachment to the soil interfered with the profit of their labour; the expenses of their warrior-lords pinched them; and moreover, the kindness of many barons who emancipated their serfs *en masse* filled those who still remained in bondage with jealousy and bitterness, while in the cities there was a spiteful dislike of the Dutch and Flemish mechanics imported by Queen Philippa. John Ball, a crazy priest who had been thrice in confinement in the Archbishop's prisons, added to the excitement by wandering about from place to place preaching against the gentry, and putting these lines into the mouths of the peasantry:—

"When Adam delved and Eve span,
Where was then the gentleman?"

In this state of affairs, the collection of the tax was most unwelcome, and it was found that so little came in, that the treasury would not be replenished. Orders were sent out to collect it with greater rigour, and thus the spark was set to the flame. At Brookwood, in Essex, the peasantry, when collected for inquiry whether they had paid, refused to answer; and on an attempt to punish them killed the jurors and clerks, cut off their heads, and carried them on poles to excite a rising of the rest of the East Saxons, of whom another profligate priest took the command, calling himself Jack Straw.

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CAMEO XII.
Wat Tyler.
1381.

At Dartford one of the collectors had insulted a young girl, daughter of a tyler called Wat, who revenged the treatment by knocking out the man's brains with his hammer, and as his neighbours came round him, became their leader, profiting by the superior acuteness which he had acquired in the service of a merchant with whom he had been abroad, and soon was joined by all the villagers in the west of Kent. At Gravesend Sir Simon Burley had occasioned another insurrection by claiming a burgher as his bondsman; and the various bodies of insurgents uniting, took Rochester Castle, and pillaged the Archbishop's palace at Canterbury.

Wat Tyler became their general; John Ball preached to them, and so delighted them, that they vowed he should be Archbishop: and under these leaders they marched straight towards London, pillaging every gentleman's house, slaying every officer of the law they encountered, and swearing all other persons to be true to King Richard and the Commons.

On Blackheath they fell in with the Princess of Wales on her way from a pilgrimage to Canterbury. Her deference for their saint, her ready address, and her beauty saved her; she actually kissed a few of the leaders, and was allowed to depart, leaving them the more in love with their young King, and perhaps the more in hatred for the Duke of Lancaster, whom they regarded as the author of the tax. The King was in the Tower, with his two half-brothers, the Hollands; his cousin, Henry of Lancaster; the Archbishop, Simon of Sudbury, who was also chancellor; the Master of the Hospitallers in England; and about a hundred and twenty knights. On the arrival of the Princess, he sent out to ask the rebels what they wanted, and, on their desiring to speak with him, promised to come out in his barge and hear them from the river.

Accordingly, he did so on the following day; but their horrible shouts and yells alarmed his attendants for his safety, and they rowed hastily back again, thus infuriating the people still more. They entered London, destroyed the Savoy Palace, burnt the houses of the Hospitallers, and slew every one who did not answer instantly that he held with King Richard and the Commons: but they did not pillage; they beat the jewels to powder with hammers, cut the plate into small pieces, and drowned a man whom they caught with a silver cup in his bosom. The Flemings were the special object of their fury; they beheaded no less than sixty-two of these unhappy men; and as a test of the English extraction of each person they seized, they required him to pronounce the words "bread and cheese," when any foreign accent was visited with instant death. With some, reading and writing were fatal; indeed, one of their proposals to the King was to destroy all lawyers, that no one might be left to make laws; and there was no person who found favour with them save the Franciscans, which led to the impression that these friars had been concerned in the insurrection. Wat Tyler murdered a citizen whose servant he had once been in France, and caused his head to be carried on a pike. It was a renewal of the horrors of the French

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Jacquerie, which perhaps served Wat for an example. At night they made a species of bivouac in an open place called St. Catherine's, adjacent to the Tower, where they lay about in rude revelry, eating and drinking such fare as had seldom fallen to their lot, hooting and shouting for the Chancellor to account for the sums that had been drawn from them.

Their savage shouts resounded through the fortress, where the small council gathered round the young King, who was only fifteen years old. There were his cousin Henry, a boy of the same age; his mother, his two half-brothers; the Archbishop, the special object of the fury of these men of Kent, both on account of his holding the Seals and of the much-exaggerated story that he had held cheap the sanctity of his predecessor, their pride, trust, and profit, St. Thomas à Becket. The three princes, Richard's uncles, were absent—John of Gaunt on the borders of Scotland, Edmund of Langley in Portugal, and Thomas of Woodstock in Wales; nay, among the preposterous rumours of this time of terror, it was even said that he was among the insurgents. Stout Sir Robert Knollys, with sixscore comrades, was in his own house defending himself; and Sir Perduccas d'Albret, one of the Gascon Free Companions, was also known to be in the city with some of his band.

William Walworth, the Lord Mayor, wished to sally out by night with the few troops at hand, and to slaughter the wretches like flies in their sleep, when the two captains, accustomed to the savage foreign wars, would doubtless have joined them and done horrible execution; but the others of the council feared that the commonalty of London might take part with the peasants, and Lord Salisbury's advice prevailed, that the King should go forth the next day and speak them fair.

The morning of the 14th of June, 1381, arose amid the savage hurrahs of the insurgents, preventing all provisions from being carried into the Tower, and declaring that they would storm it, and slay all within, unless the King came out to them. A herald was upon this sent to desire them to return to Mile-end Meadow, where the King would meet them; and the men of Essex and Hertford, 60,000 in number, set off to the appointed spot. In the little chapel of St. Peter of the Fetters Richard heard mass celebrated by Archbishop Simon, whose last Communion it was, and then set forth on horseback with his brothers and the other nobles; but, before the gates could be closed behind his retinue, Wat Tyler, with Jack Straw, John Ball, and four hundred of the more savage and desperate of the rioters, rushed into the Tower headlong, and fell upon the Archbishop, whom they dragged out to Tower Hill. He addressed them with great calmness and dignity; but, unheeding, they struck him on the neck with an axe. He cried out "It is the hand of the Lord!" and holding up his hand, all his fingers were cut off by the next stroke; but eight blows passed ere his head was severed from his body. It was carried about in triumph, and set up on London Bridge, with his own cap upon it; but afterwards, when popular feeling had turned, the murdered prelate was revered as a saint, and his skull is still shown at

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CAMEO XII.
Wat Tyler's Rebellion.

his native place, Sudbury. He suffered in part for the sake of his temporal office, which directed the popular wrath against him; but it should also be recollected that he was hated for his testimony against the gross superstitions practised at Canterbury and fostered by Rome, and he therefore fully deserves to be counted among our five martyred primates. Sir Robert Hales, the Prior of St. John, and two persons in the service of the Duke of Lancaster, were killed at the same time; and the brutal wretches even rushed into the apartment of the Princess of Wales and pierced her bed with their pikes, while her attendants carried her fainting to the river, and putting her into a covered boat, conveyed her to a house in Carter-street, called the Royal Wardrobe.

In the meantime, the King, on leaving the Tower, advised his two brothers, the Earl of Kent and Sir John Holland, to quit his company and hide themselves; then riding on, asked the rebels at Mile-end what they wanted. Some called out that they would be no longer serfs; others that land must be rented at fourpence an acre; others for liberty to sell at fairs and markets. To all this Richard hastily agreed, and told them they might leave two men from each village to carry home the charters he promised them, but that the rest must follow his banners. To each county he allotted a banner, and the men, collecting round it, walked off quietly to their several homes, while thirty clerks sat up all night to copy out the charters. Thus a large proportion were got rid of, and the young King, well pleased with the effect of his personal interference, would have returned to the Tower, but learning what a horrible tragedy had there been enacted, repaired to the Wardrobe, and comforted his mother, whom he found half dead with fright and anxiety. His conduct was really most gallant and considerate. No one seems to have been at hand to direct him, or even if there were, it was no small credit to a boy of fifteen so bravely to confront a raging multitude, and to meet them with such frankness and address. The next morning, instead of cowering within shelter of the Wardrobe, he went out boldly to hear mass at Westminster Abbey. But he had only dispersed the more well-meaning of the rioters; Tyler and his crew had gathered a fresh multitude at Smithfield; many of those whom Richard had sent off yesterday had joined them again with his banners, and the cry was now, that the King's promises could not be trusted, and that they would pillage the city at once, ere the men who had risen in other places could come to share in the spoil,—so quickly had the taste of plunder disposed of their honesty.

Upon this ill-intentioned host Richard rode with his sixty attendants. As soon as Tyler saw them, he turned round to his men and bade them stand still while he should speak with the King, not stirring till he should give a sign, when they should rush forward and kill every one but the King. Riding up to Richard, he insolently began, "King, see'st those men there? They have all sworn to do whatsoever I shall command."

"Very well," said Richard, "I do not gainsay it."

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CAMEO XII.
Death of Tyler.

"Thinkest thou, King," said Tyler, who only wanted a plea for an outbreak, "that all these ought to depart without thy letters?"

The King explained that the letters were in course of preparation; but at that moment Tyler espied, bearing the King's sword, a squire against whom he had some cause of complaint. "Art thou there?" he said. "Give me thy dagger!" The squire refused, but the King desired it to be given; and he then demanded the King's sword, when the squire made a fierce retort, and Wat returned by saying he would not eat that day until he had the squire's head, and even laid his hands on the King's bridle. Thereupon the Mayor dashed forward with twelve citizens and rebuked him for using such words towards the King. "Lay hands on him," said Richard, as the man waxed more insolent; whereupon Walworth struck the first blow, and one of the King's squires despatched the rebel.

The populace meanwhile howled aloud, "They have slain our captain, let us slay the whole!" but while they were yet bending their bows, Richard, promptly commanding that none of his suite should follow him, rode in among the mob, crying, "Sirs, what would you? This was but a traitor. It is I who am your leader; follow me!" and thus he actually drew them off after him into the fields at Islington, where he was joined by Sir Robert Knollys and about a thousand men. Knollys wanted to fall on them and destroy them at once, but to this the King would not consent. He knighted William Walworth and two other citizens, and sent them to demand his banners from the insurgents. Unnerved and wavering, they no sooner had yielded the banners without resistance than they all took to their heels and sheltered themselves in London and the precincts, while the King went back to his mother. The next day a proclamation was sent forth, that any person found in London without any proper business there should be beheaded as a traitor. This made a thorough clearance, and John Ball and Jack Straw being caught in an old ruin, were beheaded, and their heads set on London Bridge.

From Winchester to Scarborough these insurrections of the peasantry took place. The gentry in general sheltered themselves in their castles, and no one made any effort to stem the tide except Henry Spenser, the young Bishop of Norwich, who buckled on his armour to meet them in the field, then presided as a judge at their trial, and finally confessed those whom he sentenced to die. John of Gaunt, who was known to be one of the chief objects of the dislike of the peasantry, since they had taken an oath to obey no king whose name was John, thought it prudent to remain in the north; but the Governor of Berwick refused to open his gates to him, showing him an order under the King's own hand that no person should be admitted. He then entered Scotland, and continued at Holyrood till Richard sent letters to him to assure him that all was quiet, and desired the Earl of Northumberland to escort him home. Lancaster, thinking that Percy had caused the affront at Berwick, refused the escort, and remained much offended with his old

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CAMEO XII.
Serfage.

friend. They both came to attend Parliament the next November with such a formidable company of armed men, that, apprehensive of further mischief, the King publicly took on himself the blame of the Governor's discourtesy, and forced them to be reconciled.

Then came the difficult question of settling matters after the late rebellion. The villeins were really in a state of bondage, although infinitely preferable to the serfage on the Continent; they were bound to certain services to their master, to pay various charges, and not to leave the estate. On the other hand, their lord was bound to maintain them when aged or sick, and it was a very mitigated form of slavery, not pressing severely on the mere rustic in ordinary times of plenty, and when his lord was not rapacious or distressed. When the master was needy or extravagant, of course the villein suffered; or again, if the villein were of a character to rise, he felt himself galled by the chain. Even if a master permitted him to leave the property, and raise himself by some profitable employment in a city, his serfage hindered him from acquiring municipal rights, and he was liable to be forcibly carried back to rude rural labour at the will of his master. These grievances were perfectly evident to young Richard II., and he would willingly have removed them, but there was all the difficulty respecting interference with property. In truth, he would have acted more honestly and bravely had he not granted the charters in the height of the insurrection, since they could not be valid without the consent of his Parliament, and were a mere delusion to pacify the people.

Still he did the best he could, telling the barons that though these grants were null, it would be far more advisable to abolish the state of bondage. But neither Lords nor Commons would listen to the proposal for a moment; the villeins were their own, and no man could deprive them of their own goods: so the whole fell to the ground, and only a pardon was granted to all who had acted illegally, either in attack or defence, during the late disturbance. Seven years later, another Act of Parliament forbade villeins to travel beyond their parishes without permission under the Great Seal, and those who had been bred to husbandry to follow any other calling. A little later, in 1391, the illiberal Parliament petitioned that no villein should be allowed to have his son taught to read, lest the clergy should be degraded by receiving ministers from that class; but Richard decidedly negatived the demand, as well as that made by the gentry to be allowed to seize the villeins who had been living in the cities. This is well-nigh the last sign of the existence of villeinage; it seems quietly to have fallen into desuetude as time went on; and though the statutes respecting it have never been repealed, there gradually came to be no one on whom to execute them.

The pardon to the rebels was granted on occasion of the King's marriage with Anne de Luxemburg of Bohemia, the daughter of Charles of Luxemburg, Emperor of Germany, and granddaughter of the blind King John of Bohemia. She was a good and amiable woman, not remarkable in any way, but tenderly beloved both by her husband and the

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nation, and called by common consent the good Queen Anne. She first introduced the feminine habit of sitting sideways on horseback, but not with the saddle at present used.

Her arrival was the occasion of some of Chaucer's most graceful poems, the "Legend of Gode Women," where the praise of all the noted dames of classic times is sung, and the more beautiful "Floure and Leafe," where the flower is the noble Alcestis, who died to save her husband's life, now transformed into the daisy, and the burden of the whole lay is "*Si douce est la marguerite.*"

In Flanders such another insurrection, only much better conducted, took place against that Count Louis who had run away from an enforced marriage with Isabel Plantagenet. His subjects never loved him, for his attachment to the French interfered with their trade in wool with England. They highly disapproved of the betrothal of his only daughter and heiress to the Duke of Burgundy; and the burghers of the great free towns with which Flanders was covered were so much further advanced in arts and learning than the noblesse, so capable of self-government and so sturdy in resistance, that they were very formidable. The Count did not understand how to deal with them, and despising their insolence, as he called it, tried to tread them down like feudal peasantry. The consequence was a general insurrection. The men of Ghent elected as their head Queen Philippa's godson, Philip von Artevelde, whose father had been their leader in their first outbreak. He was a grave, calm, studious man, of considerable address and ability, and full of those sentiments of liberty which could not fail to be nurtured by the revival of classical learning during the days when feudal oppression was most severely felt. He governed wisely during a siege in which the Ghentese were reduced to the worst extremities of famine, and at last sallied out to fight for their lives with the Count's army before Bruges. Their last provisions were consumed, their last masses were sung, and with the courage of desperate men they fought, and gained a great victory, driving their enemies back into Bruges, and entering at the gates with the fugitives. Night was coming on, as the Count and his men were hunted from street to street; the commonalty of Bruges hated him, and he was in the utmost peril. At last he threw off his armour, and crept into a hovel inhabited by a poor widow and her children. He had sometimes given alms to the woman, and her gratitude saved his life. She took him up to a wretched loft, and made him creep under a bed where her children were sleeping, and there he lay while the Ghentese, who had tracked him to the very street, mounted the ladder and looked in vain into the loft. In the morning he contrived to leave the city in disguise, and, riding a wretched horse without saddle or bridle, arrived at Lille, whence he implored the aid of the King of France. To assist his father-in-law, and recover his wife's inheritance, was a personal matter with the Duke of Burgundy, and in his fourteenth year young Charles VI. of France was conducted to make his first campaign against the insurgents of Flanders, in the autumn of

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CAMEO XII.
—
Battle of Rosbecque.
1382.

1382, in company with his three uncles and the Constable de Clisson, to whom the boy was much attached.

The power which Philip von Artevelde had exercised for nearly a year had not been favourable to his character—he showed signs of becoming a tyrant in his turn; and the state he affected, and the extravagance and luxury of his habits, seem to prove that, had his cause prevailed, the Ghentese would only have fallen under a citizen tyrant, as had been the case with the many republics of Lombardy. He prepared to meet the royal army with considerable valour, and the Flemings collected in great numbers, each guild marshalled under an appropriate banner, expressive of its calling; and very stoutly did they fight at the Bridge of Rosbecque, on the 20th of November, 1382; but the militia of the cities had little chance against the men-at-arms trained in long wars against the English, and all their valour could effect was, that 26,000 corpses were found dead on the plain, the entire Ghentese contingent among them, and Philip von Artevelde, their leader, unwounded, but stifled and trodden to death in his armour. Terrible execution was done by the French soldiery on the whole country, till it came to the Count of Flanders entreating the King to interfere; but the King "felly answered that he would do nothing." So differently had the two boys, Richard and Charles, been bred up—the English King could pity the villeins, make them promises of relief, hasty perhaps, but which he endeavoured to fulfil, and actually, in circumstances of the utmost peril, stand between them and the fury of his fierce old captains; the French King saw not the grievances of the insurgents, but viewed them as wild beasts, and would not uplift a finger to rescue them in their misery, even at the entreaty of their natural lord.

The unfortunate Flemings met with an ally little to be expected in the very man who had been foremost in the war with the English Commons—Henry Spenser, Bishop of Norwich. The Pope, Urban VI., had cast his eyes on him as the most warlike prelate to be found to command the crusade against the Antipope of Avignon, and he had raised a force with money granted him by the King, and had Sir Hugh Calverley to help him to lead it. But when he found the French forces in full swing in Flanders, his love of fighting was so strongly excited, that he could not wait for an attack on Avignon, as had been intended, but chose to go straight to Calais and there espouse the cause of the Flemings. Sir Hugh Calverley representing to him that this was by no means the crusade for which the Pope wanted him, he only flew into a rage, saying, "Sir Hugh, Sir Hugh, you wish so much to fight in France that you will fight nowhere else;" and further declaring that the French were fair game anywhere as adherents of the Antipope and enemies of the King, he took his own course, and seized Gravelines by assault. Possibly, the cruelties of the French revolted a man who in a like case had dealt with his captives by judicial process, for he did his best for the Flemings; but their cause had been lost before he came to their aid, the country was a scene of wretched desolation, and the

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CAMEO XII

Death of the Count of Flanders 1384.

French army by far the strongest. First the English had to yield up Gravelines; then they retired to Bruckburg, and there would have been all taken and slain had not the Duke of Brittany interfered in their behalf, and obtained honourable terms for them. They would consent to no terms in which those Ghentese who formed part of the garrison were not included, and finally both were allowed to depart in safety.

Ghent still held out, and the Count of Flanders longed for revenge upon it; but the truce was at this time renewed between France and England, and John of Gaunt, out of a friendly feeling towards his birthplace, declared he would not consent unless Ghent might share in the temporary peace. The Count of Flanders would not give up his vengeance, and a dispute arose between him and the King's uncle, the Duke de Berri, which ended by the Duke stabbing him to the heart, on the 6th of January, 1384. Flanders passed to the Dukes of Burgundy, and Ghent was included in the truce; but the Bishop of Norwich on going home was called to account for his bad management, accused of having received a bribe, and sentenced to lose his temporalities.

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CAMEO XIII.

THE SCHISM OF THE WEST.

(1378—1392.)

King of England.	*Kings of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1371. Robert II.	1380. Charles VI.	1379. Juan I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1378. Urban VI.
	1389. Boniface IX.

CAMEO XIII.

The Papacy.

REMOTE events had often a strong influence on the destinies of the English Church and the opinions of the people, and none more so than those which affected the papacy, which since the eleventh century had been regarded as the main stem of the Western Church, of which all national churches were but the branches.

The dominion won by Gregory VII., and upheld by the fierce struggles of Alexander VI. and the two Innocents, had been grand and universal, obtaining the willing homage of all the Western nations save the Lombards and Aragonese, and compelling the obedience of all princes save the House of Hohenstaufen. But no sooner had this mighty line been extinguished on the scaffold of Conradin, and their protest only carried on by the petty Aragonese monarchs and the disunited Ghibeline cities of Italy—while the Patriarch of the Roman Church stood the undisputed head of the Western Hierarchy, and the monarch of kings—than the cunning *coup d'état* of Philippe le Bel converted him into the mere tool of France by transplanting him to Avignon, which, though technically an imperial city as belonging to Provence, at present the appanage of the Angevin Kings of Naples, was in verity French soil. This measure, all the time of the long wars with France, made an English appeal to Rome a mere expedition into a hostile country; and the Court of Avignon, being for the most part of French birth, treated English ecclesiastics with absolute contumely, and thus did their best to make the chains accepted by King John fall off by over-tightening, and the State shake itself free from the Pope's assumption of authority.

There had been a grandeur in the idea of the Patriarch ruling the West from the Seven Hills of Rome, the representative of St. Peter carrying on his reputed precedence from the very spot of St. Peter's pastorate and

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CAMEO XIII. — *Avignon.*

martyrdom, and reigning, in the old mistress of the world, in right of the imaginary gift of Constantine to Pope Sylvester, and the more real installation of Zaccaria by Charlemagne. How ruined was all this when universal obedience was claimed by an absentee, who had never, during his pontificate, set foot in his diocese, and, leaving it to something little better than anarchy, kept a tributary court in a petty provincial city, among a troop of cardinals, bearing indeed the titles of the parish churches and suffragan bishoprics of Rome, but as little concerned with their flocks as was their master.

There were however advantages in the comparative privacy of Avignon. It had few inhabitants, and those were peaceable; whereas the Romans were dangerous and turbulent: moreover, the North of Italy was full of free cities and of tyrannical usurpers, who were mostly such foes to the Pope that he could hardly stand save by the support of the French monarch, and this aid could not be expected should he give offence by removing.

These considerations had there detained six successive Popes for a space of fifty-seven years, till their Court had taken root there; splendid palaces had been built, the sovereignty had been purchased from Queen Giovanna of Naples, and Avignon was regarded as the home of the papacy. It had, however, become an absolute sink of corruption, the resort of the scum of France and Italy, and the mart of simony for every nation. Modern Babylon was its name in the writings even of the wisest and most moderate men, and there was no one, desirous either of the exaltation or the purity of his religion, who did not wish the shepherd to return to his flock, imagining perhaps that this would be the first step towards remedying other crying evils.

The poet Petrarch, a far-sighted political ecclesiastic as well as an ardent example of minstrel love, spent his life in earnest endeavours to bring about the restoration of the Pope to Rome; and an influence perhaps still more powerful on the minds of the superstitious was that of Catarina of Siena. This maiden, when a mere child, had, in imitation of the legend of her patroness, St. Katharine of Alexandria, vowed herself to virginity, and devoted herself with the most rigid austerity, neglecting her person, and regarding the early death of an elder sister as a judgment for having endeavoured to persuade her to cease from her extravagant singularity. She was vehemently enthusiastic and full of devotion, and lived continually in a strange, visionary state, such as is now thought to be in great part, if not entirely, physical, but was then attributed to inspiration, and cultivated in every way by mental excitement and bodily exhaustion. Very early in life she was regarded as a prophetess and a saint; letters were written to popes and kings at her dictation; she was sent for from city to city, and priests and monks, princes and nobles, listened to the words of the ascetic Nun as to the oracles of Heaven.

In 1362 was elected to the papacy Urban V., William Grimoard, the son of an English physician, who, though probably brought up in France,

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CAMEO XIII.

Return of Urban V. 1363.

was more open to general influences than had been the thorough Frenchmen, his predecessors. He had some respect for the former dignity of his office, and it was he who claimed the homage of Edward III., thus only leading to its being entirely disclaimed, and for ever. Charles IV., Emperor of Germany, used his French connexions to enable him to come and visit Urban at Avignon, and measures were taken between them for the return to Rome. Urban published a bull commanding every ecclesiastic to return to his proper diocese, and set the example himself, declaring that he would carry back the Holy See to Rome were he to perish the next day.

Lombardy was in too disturbed a state for him to return by land, but the republic of Genoa lent him ships, in which he safely arrived there in 1363; and after some stay at Viterbo, while the Roman citizens were being tamed into receiving him, he solemnly entered Rome, and there crowned the Emperor of Germany, and received the Emperor Michael Palæologos, whom distress had forced into seeking communion with the Latin Church, in order to obtain the aid of the Franks. The English Condottiere, Sir John Hawkwood, was in his service, and was his chief reliance against the terrible profligate, Bernabos Visconti, Tyrant of Milan, his worst enemy.

The disturbances of Italy and the unquiet state of Rome made the French cardinals pine for the tranquillity of Avignon; they beset the Pope with entreaties to return, and he, imagining that his presence might reconcile the Kings of France and England, consented to pay a brief visit to Provence, after seven years spent at Rome; but he had only just arrived at Avignon when he fell sick, and died on the 19th of December, 1370, the best and most lamented Pontiff who had reigned for many years. Petrarch died about the same time, much disappointed at his departure from Italy.

His successor was Gregory XI., who, though French, was inclined to follow in the steps of Urban. A sharp war with the Florentines had broken out, and as Hawkwood was threatening their territory, they made the extraordinary choice of the Nun of Siena as their mediatrix with the Pope, and sent her to Avignon, where she had the opportunity of exhorting Gregory not to delay his return. He promised soon to come to Rome, and sent her back to Florence, engaging to abide by whatever terms she might make; but the citizens were not satisfied with her arbitration, took Hawkwood into their service, as the time of his engagement with the Pope was up, and began a war. This hurried Gregory's return in the hopes of a pacification, and Catarina attended on him in the procession when he made his public entry into Rome. He made peace both with the Florentines and Visconti, and sent orders to England to examine into and condemn the heresy which he understood to be taught by John Wycliffe, thus leading to the synod when the interference of the Princess of Wales put an end to the proceedings. Further measures were hindered by the death of Gregory on the 27th of March, 1378.

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CAMEO XIII.

Disputed election.

There were present at Rome sixteen cardinals, of whom one, Pedro de Luna, was Spanish, four were Italian, and the other eleven French, and well known to hate their abode in Italy, and to long to return to Avignon, where six more still remained. The Roman populace, who both wished to keep their Pontiff and detested foreigners, were frantic with alarm lest the French should prevail; and on the day when the conclave was to take place a clamorous multitude rushed into the Vatican with the cardinals, shouting, "A Roman! a Roman! we will have a Roman!" After an hour of uproar and alarm, the Bishop of Marseilles persuaded them to retire, all but forty, who searched the palace all over, those outside still crying out for a Roman, or at least an Italian.

Only two of the four Italian cardinals were Roman, and the first cardinal who spoke gave his vote for the elder of these, the Cardinal of St. Peter's; but one of the French party declaring that this would be visibly yielding to the mob, it was decided under protest that they were under intimidation to elect the Archbishop of Bari, a Neapolitan by birth. The shouts for a Roman sounding all around, the other Roman cardinal, Orsini, put his head out of the window and told the people that the choice was made. "Who is it?" they cried. "Go to St. Peter's, and you shall hear," he said. They thought he said that it was the Cardinal of St. Peter's, and were perfectly mad with joy,—so much so, that they rushed to his house, and pillaged all the contents. The conclave, dreadfully alarmed lest the disappointment should turn into rage, all fled in different directions, and left their new Pope, afterwards called Urban VI., to inform the people as best he might. He remained all night shut up in a secret chamber in the Vatican, but in the morning, when the people were more tranquil, they made no objection to him, and he was quietly installed by the eleven cardinals who had not fled too far to be recalled.

He was an honest and upright man, who made rules against epicurism, and set the example by permitting only one kind of food to be served up to him at one meal; he endeavoured to prevent simony, and threatened to excommunicate any cardinal who should be detected in receiving a bribe. Moreover, he was rough of speech. Once he called the Cardinal Orsini fool; he told another rudely to be silent, he did not know what he was talking about; and he accused a third of having stolen church property, when he was answered with equal violence, "You lie like a Calabrian!" Worse than all, in the eyes of the French he declared his intention of nominating so many Italian cardinals as to swamp the Ultramontanes. His last offence was making his country residence at Tivoli, while the cardinals had been at great expense in building residences at Agnani.

Thither all the disaffected ones retired, and were shortly joined there by the Pope's treasurer, who brought them the tiara and crown jewels. Cardinal Robert, of Geneva, a dissipated priest who had been intimately connected with some bands of mercenary troops, secured their support; and the goodwill of the courts of France and Naples

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CAMEO XIII.
The Anti-pope.

having been ascertained, these selfish French cardinals proceeded to strike a blow at the unity of the Church by protesting that the choice of Urban VI. had been illegal, and electing in his stead Robert of Geneva, or, as they called him, Clement VII., who immediately conducted them back to Avignon, to greater degradation than ever.

Urban, with twenty-nine new cardinals, remained at Rome, and was regarded as legitimate Pope by Germany, England, Lombardy, Hungary, Aragon, and Portugal, while Robert of Geneva could only obtain the adhesion of France and her two allies, Naples and Castile. Urban proposed to Catarina of Siena to endeavour to bring over his native Queen Giovanna, perhaps in the hope that the fervent exhortations of the pious recluse would bring about the conversion of the Queen, the most dissolute woman of her time; but the plan fell short, and Catarina soon after died, in her thirty-third year, exhausted by the severity of her penances. It is very remarkable that as she lay expiring, treated as a beatified saint by those who surrounded her, she was heard murmuring, as though in reply to some inward accuser, "No, no, no, not vainglory, not vainglory, but the glory of God," as though the ample honour she had received of men were in that hour weighing down her soul with a dread of the singleness of her motives.

The schism that began with the election of Robert of Geneva lasted for forty years, with the utmost violence of one party towards the other, to the destruction of much of the veneration hitherto paid to the papal authority. Kings could in fact do nearly as they chose; they had only to extort sanction from their Pope by threatening to withdraw to his rival; and the impoverishment of the maimed revenue made each papal court desperate to obtain money, if not by open exactions, by the sale of indulgences. The English Church especially gained in liberty by the disruption of Rome and Avignon, but it was not at first in purity of doctrine so much as in the recovery of independence and nationality.

On the murder of Simon of Sudbury, William Courtenay was promoted to the primacy—one of the high-born Courtenays descended from the royal blood of France, and one of whose line had once occupied the throne of Constantinople. He was one of those younger sons of noble families who took Holy Orders solely as a provision, in the certainty of at once becoming high and wealthy dignitaries, and who retained far more of the baron than the bishop.

He was a man of action, using the strong hand rather than the peaceful argument, and with the sword far more congenial to him than the book. He was a very different primate from the grave and thoughtful Simon of Sudbury, and his first measure was to convene an assembly at the house of the Grey Friars in London to inquire into the means of suppressing the doctrines then abroad in England.

Wycliffe had by this time translated the entire Vulgate into English, a work never carried out since King Alfred's time, and manuscripts of his translation were eagerly read by many persons of all ranks, in especial by the young Queen and the Princess of Wales. The teaching it

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disclosed was far from favourable to the friars and his opinions were diffused more widely by certain clergy who had been convinced by him, and who went about preaching, under the title of Poor Priests, the doctrines of Wycliffe. These poor priests appear to have been in part sound, in part fantastic, and certainly needing inquiry; but it is to be observed that he never attempted to create a schism, nor detached himself from the communion of the Church. He refused to appear before the meeting of the Grey Friars, as not being subject to its jurisdiction, owing to his office in the University; but in his absence the bishops agreed on certain propositions in his writings—then called his Oxford Tracts—to be condemned as heretical. These were, his teachings on the Holy Eucharist, his declaration that private confession and absolution were not universally needed; that deadly sin deprived bishops and priests of their spiritual power; that endowments to the clergy were unlawful; and that the Pope's power was not derived from the Gospel. Here it may be seen that his teaching, though for the most part sound, was tinctured with error; and there were other articles condemned as erroneous in which an equal intermixture may be observed.

The meeting was at first startled by the shock of an earthquake, which some of the clergy regarded as an intimation of the wrath of Heaven against their proceedings; but Archbishop Courtenay adroitly declared that the earth was clearing herself of noxious vapours, betokening that the Church should shake herself free from false doctrine.

The condemnation was therefore signed, and on the ensuing Whitsuntide of 1382 a solemn procession marched through the streets of London to St. Paul's, where, from the stone pulpit in the open air, a Carmelite Friar preached against the doctrines of Wycliffe. Letters were sent to Wycliffe's diocesan, the Bishop of Lincoln, to announce the sentence of the council, and to the Chancellor of the University of Oxford, Robert Rugge, requiring him to suspend John Wycliffe, and sundry followers of his, from all teaching in public. Wycliffe appeared before a convocation at Oxford, and delivered his confession of faith in Latin and English; but the doctors argued strenuously against him, and a proclamation was put forth banishing him from the University. He entreated the protection of the Duke of Lancaster; but John of Gaunt had found public patronage of the Reformers perilous work, and was nursing up his popularity; so he would have no dealings with them. However, no measures were taken against their lives or liberties, and Wycliffe remained unmolested at his living at Lutterworth in the exercise of his pastoral duties until the winter of 1384, when, as he was celebrating mass on the feast of St. Sylvester, an attack of paralysis came on, and he died shortly after, aged a few years above sixty.

He had lighted a spark which never died out, and the country was scattered with persons awake to the errors of Rome. The attendants of Queen Anne carried his books to their native country of Bohemia, where the seed sprang up to bear a crop of fruit that amazed the Church of Rome before half a century had elapsed. The Wycliffites, both in

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CAMEO XIII.

The Statute of Præmunire.

1392.

England and abroad, came to be known by the nickname of Lollards, some say from the verb to lull, meaning a droning song, whence its present use as to soothe, and in lullaby; others from the lolly or cockle, because they were deemed tares among the wheat.

In the dismembered state of the papal power, bold strokes were made against it, in especial the passing an act disabling aliens from holding Church preferment, and rendering it penal to accept a benefice through foreign presentation. In 1392 was passed the famous statute called *Præmunire*, attaching the penalty of confiscation of property to all obtaining of presentations of benefices, excommunications, or bulls whatsoever, by any English subject from the Court of Rome. As Fuller observes, "Some former laws had pared the Pope's nails to the quick; but this cut off his fingers in effect, so that hereafter his hands could not grasp and hold such vast sums of money as before." In fact, all through the reign of Richard II. there was a strong bias towards reformation, and very little tendency to persecution save on the part of Thomas Arundel, Archbishop of York, an arbitrary and turbulent man. John de Trevysa, a Cornishman of good family, parish priest of Berkeley, and a great opponent of the Mendicant Friars, translated the whole of the Scriptures into English at the desire of his patron, Lord Berkeley, who caused the entire Apocalypse to be inscribed in Latin and English on the roof and walls of his private chapel in Berkeley; and there down to Fuller's time, in 1622, the writing still remained but little defaced.

Anne of Bohemia was likewise thought to be a favourer of the new opinions, and to have gladly read an English Bible; but it was a gay and thoughtless Court, with little earnestness of any kind.

The reign of Richard II. is one which it is not easy to trace or understand, for the views of historians are much affected by their predilections for the Houses of York or of Lancaster, and his cotemporary, Froissart, loved the clash of arms better than the councils of courts.

However, thus far it is clear, that in Richard was repeated the gentle unambitious Plantagenet, of elegant taste, feeble will, and strong affections. The story of such princes was always much alike—as Henry III. offended his subjects for the sake of his half-brothers De Lusignan, so Richard promoted the Hollands; as Edward II. favoured Gaveston, so Richard loved Robert de Vere. Perhaps Richard, as living in a more advanced period of civilization, had more public spirit and sympathy with the masses, as he certainly had stronger passions and greater firmness than his predecessors. He was far more friendly to the commonalty than they had ever been; and whereas their troubles arose from the baronage, his were chiefly caused by the turbulence of the princes of the blood. The Earl of March had died early, and Roger Mortimer, his son, who stood nearest to the throne, was still very young. John of Gaunt was a thorough politician, busied by turns in his schemes upon the Peninsula and in making a party for himself at home; and his son Henry, equally ambitious, went on his way, not always on good terms

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CAMBO XIII.

The Uncles of Richard II.

with him, and the object of undefined apprehension to the King. Edmund of Langley was gentle and indolent, a mere nonentity, who contented himself with marking his perception of his want of influence by adopting a fetterlock as his badge, because the towering House of Lancaster kept him down. Thomas of Woodstock, very little the elder of his nephews, Richard and Henry, had all the ambition and turbulence of the elder Plantagenets, but without sufficient talent or steadiness of purpose to be more than an element of confusion; and moreover, whether deservedly or not, there were imputations on the personal courage of both these princes, though this may have been only the result of the uniform want of success attendant of late on the English arms.

Distrustful of these kinsmen, Richard, as he grew to manhood, found far more support in his personal friends, Sir Guiscard d'Angle, Earl of Huntingdon, Sir Simon Burley, the brother-in-arms of his father, and Michael de la Pole, the son of a London merchant who had been nearly ruined by his liberalities to Edward III., and the founder of one of the proudest and most unfortunate families of the English nobility. He had served Edward III. both in peace and war, and was a man of much talent and good sense; but offence was taken at his appointment as chancellor, since he was not prepared either by a legal or a clerical education.

Richard and his Queen, in the first flush of youth and gaiety, had little thought beyond the pleasures of the day, in which Robert de Vere, the young Earl of Oxford, and husband of Philippa de Couci, the King's first cousin, took the most prominent part. The expenditure of the Court was lavish, the King loved to deck his beautiful person to the greatest advantage, and spared no cost on himself, wearing sometimes a robe embroidered with pearls and precious stones to the value of 30,000 marks. John Hardyng, the chronicler, gives the following account of his household, on good authority, as he avers:—

"Trewly I herde Robert Ivelesse saie,
Clerke of the grenecloth, that to the householde
Come every day for most partie alwaie
Ten thousande folk be his messes told,
That followed the household are as they wolde,
And in the kechen three hundreth servytours,
And in ech office many occupiers.

"And ladies faire with their gentlewomen,
Chamberers also and lavenders,
Three hundreth were accounted of theym then;
There was grete pride among the officers,
And over all men for passing their compeers,
Of riche arraie and much more costiouse
Than was before or sith and more preciouse.

"Yomen and gromys in cloth of silk arraied,
Sateyn and damaske in doublettes and in gownes,
In cloth of grayne and skarlett for unpaied;
Cutt werk was grete both in courte and townes,
Both in men's hoddes and also in their gownes,
Broidoure and furres goldesmyth werk aye newe
In many wise ech did they renewe."

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CAMEO XIII.

Dissensions under Richard.

On this gay Court there came, as a sudden shock, a paper which an Irish Carmelite friar, named Latymer, thrust into the King's hand at Salisbury, purporting to come from the Lord Zouch, and containing an account of a conspiracy of the Duke of Lancaster against the King's life.

Richard laid the paper at once before his uncle, who swore that it was utterly false, and offered to avouch his innocence with his sword, desiring that the friar might be kept in safe custody till further examination, for which purpose he was entrusted to the King's half-brother, Sir John Holland; but, to the general horror, in the morning the friar was dead, and Sir John not only allowed that he had strangled him with his own hands in the night, but caused the corpse to be dragged about the streets of Salisbury as that of a traitor. Richard, alarmed lest this atrocity should have been committed in order to hush up the matter, ordered his brother to be arrested; and though Lord Zouch disavowed the paper, and Thomas of Woodstock burst into the council-chamber fiercely swearing that he would slay whosoever dared to malign his brother, John of Gaunt thought it safe to retreat to his strong castle of Pontefract until the Princess of Wales had made his peace, and obtained the pardon of her son. He soon after set off for Portugal, but the star of his party was not in the ascendant, and Chaucer was about the same time obliged to go into exile for his share in resisting the illegal attempt of the Court to force upon the citizens of London a nominee of their own as Lord Mayor.

Parliament of 1385.

In the Parliament of 1385 Richard hoped to please every one by creating his uncles Edmund and Thomas Dukes of York and Gloucester, giving his cousin Henry the title of Earl of Derby, endeared by the fame of his gallant namesake and grandfather, and to Edward, eldest son of Edmund of Langley, that of Earl of Rutland; while he gratified himself by inventing the title of Marquis of Ireland for his friend Oxford, and making De la Pole Earl of Suffolk. But a terrible tragedy soon ensued. Ralph Stafford, eldest son of the Earl of Stafford, a graceful and gallant gentleman, called by Queen Anne her knight, had once, while defending some Bohemian gentlemen of hers from the insolence of Sir John Holland, slain a favourite squire of the latter, and the violent and unscrupulous Holland in return suddenly fell upon him while riding in the King's army, slew him on the spot, and then rode off to take sanctuary at Beverley. Richard swore that his nearness in blood should not save him after such a crime, and that he should undergo signal punishment if he ever left the shrine. Their mother wept, and entreated in vain for four days; and, broken-hearted at the guilt of one son and the justice of the other, she died at her castle of Wallingford. Relenting upon her death, Richard permitted his brother to commute his punishment by a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, which Holland made into a journey to Spain with John of Gaunt's army.

Although the King had remitted voluntarily to the people two grants

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CAMEO XIII.

Dissipation of the Court.

of a tenth and a fifteenth, the people fancied they were taxed for pageants instead of wars, and the nobility and princes were grievously offended by the neglect which De Vere showed to his noble Lady Philippa de Couci, and finally by his endeavour to set her aside in order to marry a German lady of the Queen's train named Lancerona, whom the English considered to be a washerwoman, but who seems to have been a Landgraffin by birth. Be that as it might, Anne most improperly wrote with her own hand to the Pope, to entreat him to sanction the divorce and re-marriage; and all the relations of the royal family were highly offended, and considered the cause of Philippa as their own.

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CAMEO XIV.

THE PLANTAGENETS IN SPAIN.

(1379—1404.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1371. Robert II.	1380. Charles VI.	1379. Juan I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1378. Urban VI.
	1389. Boniface IX.

CAMEO XIV.

Marriages of John of Gaunt and Edmund of Langley.

IN espousing the daughters of Pedro the Cruel, John of Gaunt and Edmund of Langley had laid up a fund of occupation for themselves and their soldiers, whenever the affairs of England or France should cease to afford sufficient scope for their restless ambition. Leisure for disturbing Castile did not, however, occur during the lifetime of Enrique of Trastamare, an able and popular monarch, who reigned till 1379, when he died of a lingering illness, supposed, by his subjects, to have been occasioned by a treacherous present from the Moorish King of Granada of a pair of poisoned buskins. He was succeeded by his son Juan, likewise an adherent to the French alliance.

The only legitimate heirs of Castile were the royal line of Portugal, grandchildren to Beatriz of Castile, the daughter of Alfonso VIII., whose claims were superior to those of the base-born sons of Alfonso IX., or of the daughters of Pedro the Cruel. They, however, had never interfered with the House of Trastamare, finding full occupation at home. Pedro, the son of Beatriz and of Alfonso IV., was an impetuous and brave prince, but of licentious habits; and his whole nature was changed and soured by the terrible tragedy of which he was the hero. He was married to Doña Constanza Manuel; but his father, apprehending an attachment between him and the beautiful Ines de Castro, insisted on her standing godmother to one of his children, thus creating a spiritual affinity which the Church then considered to be so close as to preclude all other connexion between the parties concerned. The princess soon after died, and Pedro year after year refusing to marry again, the King's suspicions were excited, and he discovered that Pedro constantly repaired to the nunnery of St. Clara, at Coimbra, where lived Ines, already the mother of three children.

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CAMEO XIV.

Ines de Castro.

Burning with indignation, and persuaded by some of his courtiers that Pedro's elder children would be in danger from Ines, the King hurried to Coimbra. The Prince was absent on a hunting-party, and Ines, finding no one at hand to protect her, came out to meet the danger with her little ones; and her prayers and entreaties were so moving, that Alfonso listened and relented: but three of his knights reproaching him for his weakness, he yielded to them; they dragged the unhappy lady from his presence, and presently returned with their daggers reeking with her blood.

Pedro never recovered from the shock of learning this horrible murder. At first he took up arms, and ravaged the province Entre Douro e Minho; but his mother and the Archbishop of Braga contrived to pacify his first transports; and his father showed himself so remorseful for the act of violence, that Pedro consented to be reconciled with him; and either for the sake of dissembling, or in the hope of stunning his grief, was unfaithful for a time to Ines' memory, and showed himself attached to another lady, Teresa Lorenzo, the mother of a son named Joao, like Ines' eldest. Two years afterwards Alfonso died, partly from grief for his own cruelty, and for the ruin of his son's happiness. Pedro's first measure was to seize on the murderers. One escaped; but when the others were brought before him, he struck the foremost several blows on the face with the handle of his whip, and caused both to be put to death with the most barbarous tortures. Next, convening the States of the realm, he made oath before them on the Gospels that he had obtained a dispensation from Rome, and lawfully married Doña Ines in the presence of two witnesses, who confirmed his oath. Then followed the most awful of coronations. The slaughtered Ines was raised from her hasty grave at Coimbra, the skeleton was arrayed in royal robes of state, and seated on the throne, the crown set upon the skull, one fleshless hand was made to seem to grasp the sceptre, the other every vassal of the crown of Portugal was made to kiss, as he knelt to pay homage to his sovereign's murdered wife. Afterwards, the corpse was carried to the monastery of Alcobaça, the royal burying-place, where, in the darkest recess of the massive romanesque church, Pedro erected for her and for himself a sepulchral chapel, and a tomb rich in fretwork and imagery, and bearing her effigy in the queenly raiment that she had only worn in death.

Well might this mournful pageant leave a profound impression. It was commemorated by the great Portuguese poet Camoens in his Lusiad, and has left a name to two fountains—one at Mondego, where Pedro and Ines were said to have frequently met, and which was called the Fountain of Loves, and one at Coimbra, where she met her fate, and which was therefore called the Fount of Tears.

Pedro, a stern and embittered man, made his power felt and dreaded through the seven years of his reign; but half crazed as he was by his trouble, he had not the heart to attend to schemes of aggrandisement, and refused to have any dealings with his namesake of Castile, who, on

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CAMEO XIV.

Death of Pedro the Stern. 1367.

being expelled, came to Lisbon, and tried to bring about a marriage between their children. He died in 1367, leaving four sons, Fernando, the son of his first wife, Joao and Diniz, children of Ines de Castro, and Joao, son of Teresa Lorenzo, whom he had created, at ten years old, Grand Master of Avis, a military order like that of the Temple. The two eldest were not much more fortunate in their matrimonial arrangements than he had been.

Fernando, the only son of his first wife, was weak and dissipated, and so changeable, that he contrived to be espoused to three Leonors at once—Leonor of Aragon, for whom he sent a galley gilded down to the water's edge; Leonor of Trastamare, whose hand was to cement an alliance with Castile; and, lastly, Leonor Tellez, who was actually the wife of Don Joao d'Acuñha. Meeting her while the other negotiations were pending, he fell desperately in love with her, and consulted her maiden sister Maria on the means of obtaining her. Maria in vain expostulated with both the King and her sister: she only brought on herself the vindictive hatred of Leonor; and Fernando, inventing some plea of relationship which he declared cancelled the former marriage, carried off Leonor, and wedded her in secret, while her husband fled over the border to Castile, not thinking her worth contending for. The populace of Lisbon, outraged by this scandal, rose in tumult, and called the King to account, when he, in base terror, disavowed any purpose of taking the lady to wife. "We shall not be satisfied," shouted a bold tailor, "unless your Majesty will renew your oath to-morrow in the Church of St. Domingo." Fernando promised that he would do so, and the mob dispersed; but the same night he fled with Leonor to Santarem, where he proclaimed his marriage, and found means to have the tailor and the other chief rioters put to death.

The Castilians took up arms to revenge the affront put on *their* Leonor; and Fernando, anxious to annoy them, made advances to the Duke of Lancaster, offering to intermarry their children, and unite their claims to the Castilian crown. However, as the English were as yet too busy to entertain his proposal, and Castile was a present foe, he soon changed his intentions, and offered his infant daughter Brites to one of the younger sons of Enrique of Trastamare.

Brites continued his only child; and as, by the Portuguese law, a princess married to a foreigner lost her right to the crown, the eldest son of Ines de Castro, the Infante Don Joao, was regarded as heir to the throne. To the great rage of the hateful Leonor, she discovered that her sister Maria had become the wife of the Infante, and, like his mother, was living in secret at Coimbra. Vowing within herself that she would never see Maria reign, Leonor sought Joao, and told him that she was grieved at his imprudent haste, which had disconcerted her scheme of marrying him to her little girl Brites (his own niece), so as to secure the crown for both, and that he had thrown away his best prospects for the sake of a faithless woman. Therewith she alleged such falsehoods against poor Maria, that Joao, never guessing that a sister

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could be capable of such malignity, believed her, and rushing maddened to Coimbra, stabbed his innocent wife to the heart, without giving her a moment for explanation.

More wretched than his father, he then fled to Castile, where his brother Diniz shortly after joined him. Meantime, a son and heir having been born to King Juan of Castile, Brites was at once transferred to him instead of to her uncle; but this was scarcely arranged before one of the few Castilian nobles who had held with Pedro the Cruel, Don Juan Hernandez de Andeyro, came from England to inform Fernando that the Duke of Lancaster was considering how to vindicate his right to the throne of Castile, and would gladly accept his alliance.

The wretched Leonor set her affections upon Andeyro, and therefore wrought on her weak husband to accept his proposals, and break off the Castilian treaty. Accordingly Edmund, Earl of Cambridge, with a fleet, and army of between three and four thousand men, entered the Tagus, and was most joyfully received at Lisbon, where the King and Queen feasted him with every splendour, and offered their poor little Brites to his son, Edward Plantagenet, whom he had brought with him. The two children were publicly married, although neither was above ten years old; and great festivals were held, in which the Queen's preference for Andeyro shocked every one but her husband.

The alliance did not long prosper: Fernando did not give the English troops sufficient supplies, and when they helped themselves his subjects of course complained. The united army at length advanced into Castile; but the war was unpopular, and two of the nobles persuaded the King to let them go by night into the hostile camp, and endeavour to come to terms. They returned, promising peace, provided Brites were given to the second son of Don Juan, and the English allies dismissed. Fernando stipulated that they should be sent home in Castilian ships; and this was agreed to. The Earl of Cambridge was exceedingly indignant; but remonstrance was of no avail, and he was shipped off for England in the spring of 1382.

Brites had been plighted to four husbands before she was twelve years old, and a fifth came forward. The Queen of Castile died, and after a very short interval King Juan represented that he was of fitter age for the Infanta than his three-year-old son, and that all difficulties would be settled by his marrying her at once, with the engagement that their child should inherit Portugal, and that if Fernando should die before it should come to age, Queen Leonor should be Regent.

The proposal was accepted, and Fernando being too much out of health to leave home, Leonor conducted her daughter to meet her bridegroom at Yelves, and delivered her over to him. In the absence of his tyrant, Fernando's eyes were opened to her guilt, and, sending for his brother, the Master of Avis, he desired that her lover, Andeyro, might be put to death, and the aid of the English princes again entreated. However, the Queen, coming home, discovered what was going on, and the plot fell to the ground, the Grand Master being obliged

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CAMEO XIV.

Death of Fernando of Portugal. 1383.

to take every precaution against being assassinated through her machinations. The King died on the 23d of October, 1383, long before the arrival of the intended heir. The Master of Avis sent to the King of Castile, advising him to come and assume the government at once, and then to put it into his (the Master's) hands instead of those of the Queen, who was so much hated and despised that no one would submit to her. Juan mistrusted this advice, and only caused himself and his wife to be proclaimed in all the chief cities of the kingdom; but in each of these the cry broke forth, "Viva our lawful King, Don Juan, the son of Don Pedro and Doña Ines de Castro!" This led to the instant imprisonment of the two brothers, who were unfortunately in Castile, while Juan collected troops in support of his claim.

The Portuguese have always had a strong dislike to their Castilian neighbours, who have just enough in common with them to cause constant rivalry. The Castilians deem themselves the leading race, and their monarchy the oldest in Spain; the Portuguese consider their own blood as far purer, and despise the Spanish gutturals as Moorish abominations; so that in the old comedies of either people the clown is always introduced as speaking the language of the other country. To fall into the hands of a Castilian prince was, in the eyes of the high-spirited and independent citizens of Lisbon and the other chief towns, the mere receiving a yoke from the hands of the oppressor of their only true princes, whose birth they regarded as far superior to that of Doña Brites, who was sprung of an adulterous marriage, and, besides, had forfeited her claim by her marriage with a foreigner.

The nobility, however, were willing to accept the young Queen; and her mother, with her favourite Andeyro, occupied the palace, and tried to keep the wary and able Master of Avis at a distance by offering him the province of Alentejo. He appeared to set off, but returned the same day at dinner-time with another knight, and, calling the favourite Andeyro out of the Queen's presence, fulfilled the late King's charge by stabbing him to the heart. Leonor wept helplessly; but the people, imagining their favourite, the Grand Master, to be in danger, rose in tumult, killed their excellent bishop, merely on account of his Spanish origin, and led Joao from the palace in triumph. He was now in effect master of Lisbon; but he allowed Leonor to retire safely to Alanquer, and himself talked of seeking shelter in England. The chancellor, Alvar Paez, a wise old man, advised him to make the cause of Portugal his own; and assured him that if he would be haughty to his foes and humble to his friends, he would gain all hearts. Regarding him as the favourite of the burghers, and the Queen as that of the grandees, it was proposed to unite their interests by absolving him from his vow of celibacy, that he might marry the amiable widow; but she disdainfully rejected this proposal, and with her chief adherents went to meet the King and Queen of Castile, who were advancing into Portugal.

They brought so many troops, that the national spirit arose as at a foreign invasion; and the Master of Avis was formally entreated to

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CAMEO XIV.

Disputed succession of Portugal.

assume the title of Regent, and defend the realm. He complied, and set up his standard, representing the unfortunate Joao in captivity in Castile, heavily fettered, and lying on a bed of straw, thus strongly inflaming the minds of his countrymen; and he sent ambassadors to ask the aid of England, as the natural enemy of Castile. Lisbon was, however, closely besieged by a Castilian fleet and army, and must surely have succumbed but for the dissensions of the enemy.

Queen Leonor found herself much less regarded than she expected at her son-in-law's head-quarters, and her nobles took offence at his manners. Her brother, Don Gonzalo Tellez, refused to surrender Coimbra to Juan, and, on her going to expostulate, said he should yield to none but the King of Portugal. Thereupon she allowed a plot to be hatched among her attendants and the Count of Trastamare, Juan's cousin, for the murder of Juan, and her own marriage with the Count, who should then be proclaimed King of Portugal. A Jew who was to have been employed in the murder betrayed the scheme; the King taxed Leonor with it before her daughter, and sent her away into captivity; but he hinted to his cousin Trastamare that he might purchase pardon by employing his talents for assassination on the Master of Avis. Again the wretched Trastamare took into his confidence far too many agents for success: Gonzalo Tellez, to whom he told his plan, laid the whole before the Regent, and one of the conspirators was burnt alive. By way of reprisal, the Castilians cut off the hands and noses of six Portuguese prisoners; and the Master had actually ordered the like retaliation on six Spaniards when he recollected himself, and said, "I have yielded enough to wrath in giving the order: to execute it would be infamous. Let them suffer no hurt." Sad times, when this was exemplary humanity!

Meantime, the little Portuguese fleet had gallantly broken through the blockading Castilians, and brought succour to Lisbon; and hunger and sickness had obliged Juan to raise the siege, and go home for the winter. The Master marched out of Lisbon, and obtained the surrender of many places; but the Castilians were making such preparations for the ensuing spring that the Portuguese felt they could not be withstood without the support of a king. A meeting of the States was convened at Coimbra, and the temper of the people was shown by all the little boys of the place coming racing out on sticks and wooden horses to meet the Regent, shouting, "Viva Don Joao, Rey de Portugal! Don Joao comes in a happy hour!"

In the Assembly, after reviewing the claims of the candidates, it was agreed that Brites had no real right; and the Infantes Joao and Diniz being out of reach in the present emergency, the States had a right to elect, and their choice fell upon Joao, Master of Avis. He spoke modestly and with moderation, offering only to hold the crown till the true King, his brother, should be at liberty; but no one had any expectation of this event, and Don Joao I. was therefore proclaimed King at Easter, 1385.

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CAMEO XIV.

Interference of John of Gaunt. 1385.

In the meantime, the Earl of Oxford, Sir Simon Burley, and Sir Michael de la Pole, the especial party of Richard II., strongly advised him against extending the war to the Peninsula, thus gaining much ill-will from the royal uncles, who found England far too narrow for the ambition of so many. However, 4,000 archers and 700 men-at-arms were granted to the Duke of Lancaster for his expedition; and the French on their side promised troops to support Juan in Castile.

Bodies of adventurers, snuffing the battle from afar, outran the regular armies: the French and Bearnese, under Sir Reginald de Limousin, crossing the Pyrenees, contrary to the advice of the shrewd Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix, who assured them nothing was to be found in Spain but poverty and vermin; whilst three large ships, containing 500 adventurers, led by three English squires, named Northberry, Norbury, and Hugh Hartsel, appeared in Lisbon harbour, greatly to the delight of the King, who asked if the Duke of Lancaster had sent them. "By my faith, Sir," said Northberry, "it is long since he hath known of us, or we of him: we are men from divers lands, come to seek the fortune of arms and adventures, some of us even from the town of Calais."

The King gladly welcomed these new-comers, and shortly after marched out of Lisbon to meet his competitor, who lay at Santarem with his host, numbering 34,000, while that of Joao was but 10,000. The two armies soon came in sight of one another, and a battle became imminent. By the advice of the English squires, the Portuguese army was strongly posted around the monastery of Aljubarota, making entrenchments in all the enclosures. The preliminaries of the battle are related very differently by different historians. Froissart makes Joao gallantly eager for the fight; while Peninsular historians state that his constable, Muño Pereyra, did not easily persuade him to risk his fortune with such unequal forces. On the other hand, the Castilian chroniclers make Jean de Rie, the French ambassador, an old man of seventy, who had been at Crecy and Poitiers, exhort Juan to act with caution, and defer the battle till morning, when his men would be rested, and ascribe the rejection of this good advice to the vehemence of the younger Spaniards. Froissart relates that it was the Castilians who were prudent, and only stung by the reproaches of the French into hazarding the attack at the untimely hour of vespers. The King of Castile himself was recovering from illness, and so weak that he could only stand at the council by leaning on a knight; and there was much jealousy between his subjects and allies, so that there was little chance that there could be any efficient leadership.

The two first cannons ever fired in the Peninsula began the conflict by killing two Portuguese brothers; and the army would have been disconcerted but for the readiness of a soldier, who cried out, "Now we are safe! These were the only two villains in the army!" The Constable Pereyra at first gave way under the impetuous charge of the French; but the Castilians were slow to support them; and Joao, standing firm,

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CAMEO XIV.

Battle of Aljubarota. 1385.

rallied his troops, took prisoners, or slew all the gallant vanguard. Under an alarm of the advance of King Juan, the cruel order was given to kill the captives, which was very unfortunate, as Froissart observes, not only to themselves, but to the victors, who lost as many good prisoners as would have been worth 400,000 francs! Yet it was well that mercy should be the best speculation!

Juan's advance was bravely made; but the Portuguese were so advantageously posted that they could be attacked only at one opening; and here stood the Portuguese prince with a battle-axe cutting down all who approached. The Castilians had no steadiness; they gave way; the King was taken from his litter and mounted on a mule, on which he rode thirty miles without resting. Joao would not peril his host by a pursuit, in spite of Hartsel's protest against allowing "these calves without wings to escape still." Juan's standard, sceptre, and gilded helmet were taken, and 10,000 men slain. Castile lost more nobles than in the battle of Navaretta, and the whole kingdom went into mourning.

Joao, full of hope, sent fresh ambassadors to England. They came to the Duke of Lancaster at Westminster, and, according to Froissart, gave him a minute account of the battle, ending with a list of the slain, concluding thus: "Daminondesque, Radigo, Radiges de Valeronceaus," and "Mendignes de Valconsiaux!" Here John of Gaunt fairly burst out laughing at the oddity of the names; but he was impressed with the history; and deciding that the King of Portugal would be an able ally, he collected his forces, and sailed from Bristol with 1,000 lances and 2,000 archers, leaving his affairs in charge of his son Henry, Earl of Derby, and taking with him his wife, the Duchess Constance, and his three daughters, Philippa, Isabel, and Catharine, the two first of whom were the children of Blanche of Lancaster, the other of Constance. Isabel was the wife of Sir John Holland; the other two were unmarried, and were intended as means of conciliation, according as matters might turn out. Sir John Holland had commuted his sentence of going on pilgrimage into accompanying his father-in-law to Spain, as constable of his army.

With a spirit of bravado, Lancaster considered it more honourable to land in a hostile than a friendly country, and accordingly disembarked at Coruña in Galicia, where he desired the crews to be well paid, and to take the ships for their pains, that all might know that he would never recross the sea till he should be master of Castile. Without much difficulty he seized the city of Compostella, with the shrine of St. James, and there fixed his residence, while the various forts and towns in the environs were besieged and taken by parties of his troops. Messages went between him and his ally, the King of Portugal, and presents were exchanged—twelve white mules from Joao, and two falcons and six greyhounds from John of Gaunt, who now called himself King of Castile in earnest, and arranged a conference on the boundary stream between Galicia and Portugal, as if the distrust of rival neighbours had already begun.

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CAMEO XIV.

John of Gaunt in Portugal.

A green bower was erected the first day on the Portuguese side, where the King, in the white dress and green cross of the Order of Avis, entertained the Duke with feasting and minstrelsy. The next day another entertainment took place in a temporary edifice hung with tapestry, and as stately and convenient as the palaces at home. Here they agreed that, as soon as the spring should come, they would march upon Castile with united forces; and this settled, the Portuguese councillors brought forward their desire that the King should be absolved from his vows of celibacy, and marry. They said that they could hope for no alliance more agreeable to them than with the House of Lancaster.

"Sir King," said the Duke, smiling, "I have two girls here, and will give you the choice of which of them shall please you best."

"Many thanks," returned Joao: "you offer me more than I ask. I will leave my cousin, Catharine of Castile: but I demand your daughter Philippa, whom I will take and make my queen."

It was a wise choice, both personally and politically: for Philippa was of the more suitable age, she being twenty-nine, and Joao thirty years old, while Catharine was still a child; and Joao had far too much on his hands to encumber himself with such a fruitful source of dissension as her disputed rights to Castile.

The marriage took place at Oporto in the winter; and in the April of 1387 the invasion of Leon took place, and the two armies advanced without meeting an enemy. Juan and his constable, Olivier du Guesclin, thought it vain to attempt encountering the English without a far stronger body of French than had yet joined them, and continued to wait for the promised army which the Duke de Bourbon was to bring. Probably Olivier du Guesclin had the wise maxims of Charles V. in his mind, for he had thus adopted the surest means of exhausting the English army. Such was the heat of the summer, that no one could stir out of his quarters after eight o'clock in the morning; and at Orense, where the troops were encamped, forage and water were so scarce, that the nights had to be consumed in going sometimes twenty leagues in quest of them. The fiery Spanish wines had their effect, and the English camp was one scene of deadly sickness; John of Gaunt fell dangerously ill, and returned to Compostella, surely with ominous recollections of the effects of his brother's Navaretta expedition. He permitted his son-in-law, Sir John Holland, to endeavour to make terms with the King of Castile, demanding a safe-conduct for his soldiers to return to their homes. It was granted, and the troops were then paid off and dismissed, so weary of the bare mountainous Galicia, that, instead of going to Coruña to embark, they preferred crossing the Pyrenees to Bordeaux.

Juan of Castile, who found his French allies no pleasant guests, dismissed the Duke de Bourbon's array at once, and sent only 300 lances with Olivier du Guesclin to reconquer Galicia. John of Gaunt retreated first to Oporto, and then sailed for Bayonne.

Shortly after he received from his nephew in England, who was very

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CAMEO XIV.

John of Gaunt's return.

glad to keep him at a distance, the government of Aquitaine, and while negotiating a truce with France received from the Duke de Berri a proposal for his daughter Catharine, and a promise that if this were granted, the French would abandon the House of Trastamare, and make her Queen of Castile. Lancaster had no great hopes of success in this line, and only appeared to entertain the proposal in order to lead to an offer from King Juan to marry her to his own eldest son, Enrique, and thus unite the two conflicting claims. The offer was made and gladly accepted; and thus ended the first English intervention in a Peninsular war of succession.

Although Lancaster thus deserted Joao of Portugal, the alliance had been a happy one for the latter prince, for it had given him one of the best of wives. Philippa of Lancaster was a queen who was an honour to the country that gave her birth, and a blessing to her new home. Tokens of her influence and the affection of her people may be seen to this day in the Plantagenet arms in some of the windows of the churches, and perhaps especially in the grand foundation set on foot by her husband as soon as—in 1404—he had finally made peace with Castile on the death of Enrique II., when Catharine of Lancaster, becoming Regent, gladly acknowledged her sister and brother-in-law, and concluded the tedious warfare.

On the decisive field of Aljubarota arose another Battle Abbey—Batalha, as the Portuguese called it—the thankoffering of Joao of good memory. The description, as Beckford saw it in 1794, ere the troubles of Portugal had broken up the ecclesiastical establishments, is too beautiful not to be given in full. Perhaps it is the more striking as showing the impression made on a mind not prepared for such influences.

"We advanced in procession through courts and cloisters and porches, all constructed, with admirable skill, of a beautiful grey stone, approaching in fineness of texture and apparent durability to marble. Young boys of dusky complexions, in long white tunics and with shaven heads, were busily employed dispelling every particle of dust. A stork and a flamingo seemed to keep most amicable company with them, following them wherever they went, and reminding me strongly of Egypt and the rites of Isis.

"We passed the refectory, a plain, solid building, with a pierced parapet of the purest Gothic design and most precise execution, and traversing a garden-court divided into compartments, where grew the orange-trees whose fragrance we had enjoyed, shading the fountain by whose murmurs we had been lulled, passed through a sculptured gateway into an irregular open space before the grand western façade of the great church—grand, indeed!—the portal full fifty feet in height, surmounted by a window of perforated marble of nearly the same lofty dimensions, deep as a cavern, and enriched with canopies and imagery in a style that would have done honour to William of Wykeham, some of whose disciples, or co-disciples, in the train of the founder's consort, Philippa of Lancaster, had probably designed it.

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CAMEO XIV.

Batalha.

"As soon as we drew near, the valves of a huge oaken door were thrown open, and we entered the nave, which reminded me of Winchester in form of arches and mouldings, and Amiens in loftiness. There is a greater plainness in the walls, less panelling, and fewer intersections in the vaulted roof; but the utmost richness of hue, at this time of day at least, was not wanting. No tapestry, however rich, no painting, however vivid, could equal the gorgeousness of tint, the splendour of the golden and ruby light which streamed forth from the long series of stained windows: it played flickering about in all directions on pavement and on roof, casting over every object myriads of glowing mellow shadows ever in undulating motion, like the reflection of branches swayed to and fro by the breeze. We all partook of these gorgeous tints—the white monastic garments of my conductors seemed as it were embroidered with the brightest flowers of paradise; and our whole procession kept advancing, invested with celestial colours.

"Mass began as soon as the high prelatic powers had taken their stations. It was celebrated with no particular pomp, no glittering splendour; but the countenance and gestures of the officiating priests were characterised by a profound religious awe. The voices of the monks, clear but deep-toned, rose pealing through vast and echoing spaces. The chant was grave and simple, its austerity mitigated in some parts by the treble of very young choristers. These sweet and innocent sounds found their way to my heart; they recalled to my memory our own beautiful Cathedral Service, and—I wept!

"It was in this tone of mind, so well calculated to nourish solemn and melancholy impressions, that we visited the mausoleum where lie extended on their cold sepulchres the effigies of John the First and the generous-hearted noble-minded Philippa, linked hand in hand in death, as fondly as they were in life. This tomb is placed in the centre of the chapel. Under a row of arches on the right, fretted, and pinnacled, and crocketed in the best style of Gothic at its best period, lie, sleeping the last sleep, their justly-renowned progeny,—the Regent Pedro, Duke of Coimbra, whose wise administration of government, during the minority of his nephew and son-in-law Alfonso V., rendered Portugal so prosperous, and whose death, by the vilest treachery, on the field of Alfarubeira, was the fatal consequence of bitter feud and civil jealousies; the Infante Don John, a man of pure and blameless life; Fernando, whose protracted captivity in Africa was a long agony, endured with the resigned and pious fortitude of a Christian martyr; and Henry, to whom his country is beholden for those triumphant maritime discoveries, the result of his scientific researches unwearyingly pursued in calm and studious retirement.

"All these princes, in whom the high bearing of their intrepid father, and the exemplary virtues and strong sense of their mother, the granddaughter of our Edward III., were united, repose, after their toils and sufferings, in this secluded chapel, which looks indeed a place of rest and holy quietude; the light, equally diffused, forms, as it were, a

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CAMEO XIV.

Batalha.

tranquil atmosphere, such as might be imagined worthy to surround the predestined to happiness in a future world.

"I withdrew from the contemplation of these tombs with reluctance; every object in the chapel which contains them being so pure in taste, so harmonious in colour; every armorial device, every mottoed lamel, so tersely and correctly sculptured, associated also so closely with historical and English recollections—the garter, the leopard, the fleur-de-lys, 'from haughty Gallia torn'—the Plantagenet cast of the whole chamber, conveyed home to my bosom a feeling so interesting, so congenial, that I could hardly persuade myself to move away, though my reverend conductors began to show evident signs of impatience. We were hurried unmercifully through the royal cloisters, a glorious square of nearly two hundred feet, surrounded by most beautifully-proportioned arches, filled up with a tracery as quaint as any of the ornaments of Roslin Chapel, but infinitely more elegant; it is impossible to praise too warmly their tasteful and delicate ramifications.

"I could not fail observing the admirable order in which every—the minutest—nook and corner of this truly regal monastery is preserved: not a weed in any crevice; not a lichen on any stone; not a stain on the warm-coloured apparently marble walls; not a floating cress on the unsullied waters of the numerous fountains. The ventilation of all these spaces was most admirable: it was a luxury to breathe the temperate delicious air, blowing over the fresh herbs and flowers, which filled the compartments of a parterre in the centre of the cloister, from which you ascend by a few expansive steps to the chapter-house, a square of seventy feet, and the most strikingly beautiful apartment I ever beheld. The graceful arching of the roof, unsupported by console or column, is unequalled: it seems suspended by magic; indeed, human means failed twice in constructing this bold unembarrassed space. Perseverance, and the animating encouragement of the sovereign founder, at length conquered every difficulty, and the work remains to this hour secure and perfect."

The House of Avis was indeed a glorious line of royalty, scarcely owning one feeble or unworthy member; and with Philippa's own five sons, like a constellation of heroes at the beginning, not one dishonouring the sword and the counsel she gave them on her deathbed—ever to fight in the cause of God and His Church, and to defend the widow and orphan. Duarte (Edward), the gallant King; Pedro, the wise statesman; Joao, the brave knight; Enrique, the keen far-sighted sailor and discoverer; and, above all, Fernando, "*il Principe Constante*," whose glory was to pine and die in Moorish captivity, rather than permit a Christian city to be his ransom: all these were among the most noble who ever owned a drop of the blood of the Plantagenet. Nor did this gallant dynasty close in weakness and disgrace. Avis was extinguished in the blood of Dom Sebastiao on the direful field of Alcaçar; and with him died the hope and the glory of Portugal, after nearly three centuries of a most brilliant and most Christian career.

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CAMEO XIV.

Gaston de Foix.

It must not here be omitted, that Froissart collected his materials for his history of this Spanish war by going to visit Gaston Phœbus, Count de Foix, at his town of Orthès, in Bearn, where he arrived just as Lancaster was making his campaign in 1388. The Count de Foix was the handsomest man Froissart ever saw, quite able by his wit and caution to keep himself friendly with both England and France; and he kept a princely court, where the gay chronicler was well received, and entertained the Count every evening with reading to him a collection of poems composed by Wenceslas of Luxemburg, Duke of Bohemia, which they used to discuss together, as proficients in the "gaye science."

Many a wonderful story did Froissart pick up there; in especial the whole history of the Portuguese war, and how the battle of Aljubarota was known at Orthès the very day that it took place, through the Sire de Corasse, who was favoured by a spirit named Orthon, that came every morning to his bedside, and told him all that befell in Bearn or anywhere else. Orthon remained his best friend, till a fit of curiosity seized him, and he insisted on a sight of his newsmonger. Orthon reluctantly promised to become visible to him as he quitted his bed, but the knight saw nothing, and was told next day that two straws twisting were the fulfilment of Orthon's promise. He begged further, and the spirit assured him that the first thing he should see on leaving his chamber would be Orthon. Looking out of his window as soon as he was dressed, he beheld a huge, hideous, lean sow in the court, and calling to his servants, bade them set the dogs on her. With one loud cry the creature looked up at the knight and vanished, nor did Orthon ever again whisper tidings at his bedside!

With such an intelligencer, can it be wondered at that Froissart's account of Aljubarota is not in full conformity with those of other writers?

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CAMEO XV.

THE WONDERFUL PARLIAMENT AND THE MERCILESS PARLIAMENT.

(1368—1387.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1371. Robert II.	1380. Charles VI.	1379. Juan I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1378. Urban VI.
	1389. Boniface IX.

CAMEO XV.

French attack on England.

1368.

THE absence of John of Gaunt with the flower of the English troops inspired the French with the idea that it was a favourable moment for invading England. Charles VI. was eager for martial exploits, and his nobles to revenge all that they had suffered in the recent wars.

Twelve hundred and eighty-two vessels were collected at Sluys in the spring of 1386, and the French nobles vied with one another in adorning them. Some had their sides covered with sheets of gold emblazoned with the owner's arms, the masts of all were painted, the sails were of costly dyes, and the banners and the pennons were like gorgeous blossoms on a dazzling forest. Every kind of provision was stored in them; and preparations went on so merrily, that Froissart considers that a fever or a toothache might have been cured by the mere sight of them. The Constable de Clisson was constructing in the forests of Brittany a moveable wooden town, measuring three thousand paces each way, which could be quickly taken to pieces and set up, for the security of the King. It formed the burthen of seventy-two vessels.

As to the English, there was in some places much alarm, but at least 100,000 held this language: "Let them come! Not a soul shall return to tell the tale!" and those in debt promised their creditors to pay them in French florins. The Earl of Arundel put to sea with forty vessels; and the King, who was then in Wales, was peremptorily summoned by his uncles, Edmund and Thomas, to return, and take his part in providing for the defences. It was a moment of pressing distress, and Gloucester took advantage of it to bring about his own ends. He organized an opposition: and when the King demanded supplies for the defence of the country, the Commons replied that they could grant no money that would

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CAMEO XV.

The Wonderful Parliament.

be put under the charge of the chancellor, Michael de la Pole, Earl of Suffolk, whom the King was accordingly required to remove from office.

"At such bidding," cried Richard, "I would not displace the meanest scullion in my kitchen!"

He went away to his palace at Eltham, and issued commands to Parliament to proceed to business, and grant the supply; but they only sent to inform him that if the King absented himself for forty days from his Parliament, they had a right to disperse without making any grant. With the enemy on the other side of the Channel, and a fleet sufficient to bridge the Straits, and be walked over dryshod, so that Sir Simon Burley actually advised the Abbot of Canterbury to remove the treasures of Becket's shrine to a place of safety, it was no time for the kingdom to be divided against itself. Richard was forced to take the seals from his chancellor, hoping thus to pacify the factions; but the Earl was at once impeached upon various charges of malversation, and, though all were disproved by his brother-in-law, Sir Richard Scrope, large fines were imposed on him, and he was imprisoned in Windsor Castle. Like the Mad Parliament of Montfort, this, which was called the Wonderful Parliament, insisted on forcing upon the King such a council of government as had been thrust upon John, Henry III., and Edward II., to take the royal functions out of the hands of the monarch. It was an insult unmerited by a youth of twenty, who, so far from having acted oppressively, had returned the taxes granted to him, and who had never committed any act of violence; but his foppery and extravagance had brought him into contempt, and his proud nation preferred tyranny to despicableness. They murmured that he did not rush to break up the armament at Sluys as his grandfather would have done long ago, forgetting that without the ships and money, that they would not grant, a man of ordinary resources could not act; though, had Richard possessed the fire of the warlike scions of his race, or had he known what was for his true welfare, he would have launched himself into the midst of that hostile fleet, with merely Arundel's forty ships, were it but to perish and be mourned by the nation.

Long did he hold out against these unworthy stipulations, declaring that his consent should never be obtained; but his uncle of Gloucester, and Thomas Arundel, brother to the Earl, and Bishop of Ely, assured him that he imperilled his life by his resistance, and the kingdom by his delay; and he finally gave way, and accepted the commission, premising that he would only submit to it for twelve months, and publicly protesting against any measure that the present Parliament might take which should be prejudicial to the rights of the Crown. Accordingly, fourteen persons were nominated, including the two royal dukes, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Bishops of Winchester and Exeter, and the Parliament proceeded to business; but no fresh measures were decided on, only every port was put into a state of defence, and well provided with men-at-arms and archers; and orders were given, that if the French should land, the country should be laid waste before them, so as to starve them out.

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CAMEO XV.

The Armament at Sluys.

It was well for England, however, that the young King of France was as much hampered with uncles, and as far removed from greatness, as was Richard. All that summer he remained at Sluys, spending his money and devouring his provisions, while waiting for Olivier de Clisson and his moveable city, which at last sailed from Tréguier; but a storm arising, several of the seventy-two ships were driven on the English coast, and Richard II. had the pleasure of having their contents erected in full order at Winchelsea for the amusement of his subjects.

Clisson safely arrived at Sluys, and was gladly greeted by the King, who had tried his new ship, and was keen upon the expedition; but his uncle, the Duke de Berri, was still to be waited for, to the great discontent of the Flemings, who were devoured and oppressed by the huge inactive army, and actually rose in an insurrection against them. When the Duke de Berri did come, he joined with his brother of Burgundy in saying it was too late in the year, being now St. Andrew's tide, to commence so perilous an invasion, and obliged the King to give it up till April or May; and Philippe of Burgundy insisted, for the relief of his subjects the Flemings, upon sending the nobles to their homes, and laying up the ships and stores. Charles, in his fiery petulance, declared that he *would* go, if no one followed him; but he was only laughed at by his uncles, and was forced to yield, and to disperse his army. The nobles, who had been at such an immense outlay for their equipment, were exceedingly discontented, and sold off all they could, not receiving the tenth part of what they had paid.

There were great feasts in England at these tidings; but Charles had by no means given up the hope of signalizing himself in England, and his ardour was kept up by his favourite and model, Clisson, who burnt to retaliate all that France and Brittany had suffered. In the general confusion he hoped to make an arrangement for the profit of his only daughter, Marguerite. The two sons of the unfortunate Charles de Blois had been, in 1348, given up as hostages for their father, and had ever since been in captivity in England. One was dead, but it occurred to Olivier that if he could ransom Jean, the other, on condition of marrying him to his daughter, it would be a ready means of seating her on the ducal throne of Brittany, whence he doubted not he could readily overthrow Jean de Montfort. He contrived to communicate secretly with Jean de Blois, and obtained from him a promise to espouse Marguerite. Then entering into negotiation with Robert de Vere, he gave him to understand that 120,000 francs were ready for the ransom. The rapacious De Vere set himself to obtain this tempting prize by soliciting the King to make him a present of the captive. Richard easily granted the request, as he did whatever his favourite chose to request; and the prisoner was freed, after forty years' captivity; when, repairing at once to France, he married Marguerite de Clisson.

The two reckless young men had apparently only let loose another foe, but they had unconsciously done that which saved their country from another attempt at invasion.

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CAMEO XV.
—
Montfort and Clisson.

The spring came round, and orders were sent in every direction to the vassals of France to muster at Sluys as before, while Clisson went into Brittany to collect those redoubted warriors whom Du Guesclin had called his Eagle's Wings. Jean de Montfort had, as before said, made his peace with France, and received the homage of the Bretons, but he had been excessively alarmed and offended by the release of his rival of Blois, and had sworn a bitter oath that Clisson should hear of it when it should surprise him. Driven by difficulties to use the arms of dissimulation, he paid little regard to his family motto, "*Malo mori quam fœdari*," (Better die than betray,) although the castle he was building near Vannes bore the name of the Ermine, the symbol of purity and fidelity.

He summoned his States General to meet at Vannes, and treated Clisson with much distinction. After the assembly, a banquet took place, and Clisson followed it up by inviting the Duke to partake of a feast at his "hotel" next day. Montfort excused himself from the lengthy dinner on account of his rheumatism, but promised to come in at the dessert. He accordingly appeared, and seating himself in a chair beside the host, ate some sweetmeats, and drank success to the expedition beyond seas which most of his barons had promised to undertake. He then requested the party to come and inspect his new Castle de l'Hermine, referring to the Constable as one thoroughly at home in fortification. All rode to the spot, and dispersing began to examine the buildings; but when they came to the keep the Duke complained of fatigue, and said he would wait and talk to the Sire de Laval, while he begged the Constable to mount the stairs and give his opinion of the strength of the tower.

No sooner had Clisson arrived at the top of the first flight than a party of soldiers in ambush rushed upon him, closed the doors, threw him down, and heavily ironed his hands and feet. So entirely was the veteran taken by surprise, and shocked at this treachery, that he turned so deadly pale that his captors thought him dying; but he recovered himself, and grimly submitted to be dragged into the vaults, the men asking his pardon for acting on their master's order, and one giving him a cloak to protect him from the damp.

Meanwhile, the wild and guilty air of the Duke alarmed the Sire de Laval, and hearing the bang of the heavy door, he insisted on knowing what was the matter. The Duke told him to depart quietly, but he answered that he would never depart without the Constable. Here the brave Sire de Beaumanoir came hurrying up and demanding what had become of the Constable.

"Beaumanoir," said the Duke, "do you wish to be as your master is?"

"Sir, I rely on your grace that it is well with my master."

"Do you wish to be as he is?" repeated the Duke furiously.

"Yes, my lord."

"Then," cried the Duke, making at him with his dagger, "you must lose an eye!" For Clisson had lost his left eye in Montfort's own cause at the battle of Auray.

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CAMEO XV.

Clisson imprisoned.

Beaumanoir threw himself on his knees, saying, "My lord, I trust so much to your honour, the worth of your person, and the nobleness of your heart, that I cannot suppose that you will not treat me with honour. We came here on your word, and you would be dishonoured for ever if you committed anything contrary to your safe-conduct."

"Away with you!" said the Duke. "You shall fare neither better nor worse than he!" And he caused Beaumanoir to be dragged away to the same dungeon, and ironed like Clisson.

Laval and the other barons retired in burning indignation, and the Duke shut himself up in his own apartment, where he presently sent for a confidential knight, named Bazvalen, and bade him that very night tie Clisson up in a sack and throw him into the river. Bazvalen remonstrated to the utmost; but the Duke impatiently cried that his life should be the penalty of disobedience, and dismissed him with orders to execute the sentence as soon as it should be dark enough.

Just as Bazvalen went sadly away, the Sire de Laval came into the castle, the bearer of a message from the barons, offering a high ransom for Clisson's release, and representing the fatal effects of such an outrage on the King's favourite. The Duke made no decisive answer, only saying it was late, and sent away Laval with the words, "Night brings counsel." The counsel it brought the Duke was the perception that the murder was a capital error; that he could not cut off the King's beloved warrior, the pride of Brittany, without bringing on himself worse calamities than he had ever yet endured. His servants heard him sobbing and weeping all through the early morning, and he called for Bazvalen as soon as the castle was astir. With a shadow of hope, he asked if his orders had been fulfilled.

"Yes, my lord," said Bazvalen. "As soon as the first stroke of twelve my men put the Lord Constable in a sack, held him down in the water, and then, lest the body should be found, I had it buried in the little garden of the castle."

Montfort broke out into loud lamentations. "Why did I not listen to you?" he cried. "Oh! were I but the poorest gentleman of my duchy, and in safety!"

Laval besieged his doors, but the Duke kept them closed the whole day, which he spent in weeping and praying, while strange reports were abroad in the town, but no one knew anything for certain. In the evening, when Bazvalen thought his master had undergone a sufficient lesson, he desired to be re-admitted to his presence, and informed him that his affliction was excessive, but there was a remedy.

"No remedy for death," sighed the unhappy murderer.

"My lord," said Bazvalen, "the man whose death you mourn is alive and well, eating and drinking heartily, and in great haste to be elsewhere."

The Duke fell into transports of joy, rewarded Bazvalen for his wise disobedience with 10,000 golden crowns, and at once called for the Sire de Laval. Still he had not the honesty to liberate the captives at once,

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CAMEO XV.

Release of Clisson

but required the previous surrender of six important castles belonging to the Constable, or to Jean de Blois, and the payment of 100,000 francs. He permitted Laval to carry this proposal to Clisson, who, on compulsion, accepted it, and desired him to go and collect the sum. Laval answered that he would never leave the castle without the Constable; and Beaumanoir was therefore sent on his parole, while Clisson was released from his fetters and dungeon, and brought into an upper chamber, where he was treated like a prisoner of war until Beaumanoir returned with the ransom and the Duke set him free, petulantly exclaiming, "Off with him; let me never see his face again!"

This delay had entirely prevented the English expedition, of which Clisson was the prime mover, as well as the only efficient general. Probably the two Dukes, of Berri and Burgundy, were not sorry that he was removed, and might only have desired that his duke might keep him fast a little longer. No sooner was he at liberty, than he galloped to Paris, and, hastening to the King's presence, ungirt his sword of office, and delivered it up, as having been insulted in his person. The young King restored it at once, and seemed affected at the indignities received by his favourite old warrior; but the two royal dukes, who stood by, sneered at him: "It was all his fault for going near the States at Vannes!"

"And pray how should I have avoided them?"

"What, when *your* fleet was ready at Tréguier! *your* knights and squires awaiting you!" said Philippe of Burgundy, who hated the English scheme. "And then, when the meeting was over, how could you run into the Château de l'Hermine?"

"By my faith, Sir, after the attentions that he showed me!"

"Constable, I thought you more cunning."

However, after thus deriding the old knight, the royal uncles consented that an embassy should be sent to Montfort, which made him disgorge the castles that he had forced from De Clisson; and nothing remained of the insult save an increase of hatred between the Duke and the Constable.

Meanwhile the Earl of Arundel and the stout Bishop of Norwich had made an attack on the Flemish fleet coming to join that at Sluys; had pursued it into the harbour; burnt a great number of the vessels intended for the invasion, and carried off such a number of casks of excellent wine, that they were made exceedingly welcome when they sailed into the Thames on their return.

Every means were resorted to by Richard to free himself of his thraldom to the commission. He made two journeys, to Chester and to York, to conciliate the country gentlemen, and won all hearts by his gracious demeanour. Then releasing the Earl of Suffolk, he held council with him, and with the judges at Shrewsbury, enjoining them on their allegiance to declare whether the acts of the late Parliament were valid, or if he were bound by what had been extorted from him under open protest and by coercion. There was a great change since Henry of Winchester had gone to the Pope to be absolved from his oath.

CAMEO XV.

Plots of Richard. 1387

whereas Richard of Bordeaux considered his own as inviolable, unless the judges should declare that it was not fit to be observed.

The judges, with Chief Justice Tressilian at their head, agreed that the commission was absolutely illegal; that those who had enforced it were guilty of high treason; and that the sentence against the Earl of Suffolk was good for nothing. They set their hands and seals to their reply, and promised to keep it secret; but one of their number, Sir Roger Fulthorpe, betrayed these proceedings to the elder Holland, who in his turn told the Duke of Gloucester.

The King, not aware of the counter-plot, blithely took measures for re-establishing his authority at the end of the year for which he had held himself bound. His measures were assuredly unconstitutional, if judged by our present ideas; but sovereign power and freedom of election were very differently viewed then. He sent for the sheriffs, and consulted them on the means of filling the House of Commons with members favourable to him: but they considered their counties to be likely to prefer the interests of the barons, and refused to use any influence or coercion. Sir Nicholas Bramber, who had been thrice Lord Mayor, assured him of the support of the Londoners, and swore the different companies to defend him; but Bramber himself had been a man of violence, against whom the various guilds had petitioned in the last Parliament, for having obtained his election with the strong hand, and having made divers armings day and night, and destroyed the King's true lieges. It is even said that Bramber was the author of a plot for the murder of the Duke of Gloucester at a banquet, but that Exton, the reigning Lord Mayor, prevented it.

The King was at that juncture popular in the city; and when on the 10th of November, 1387, nine days before the anniversary of the commission, he made a public entry into London, he was received with acclamation by the chief personages, who all wore his livery of white and crimson.

He went tranquilly to rest at Westminster, but in the morning heard that 40,000 men, under the Duke of Gloucester, were in the suburbs. Henry of Lancaster presently came up with other forces, and London was completely intimidated. Then, coming before the commission, these two princes, with the Earl Marshal and the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, impeached Pole, De Vere, Bramber, and Tressilian of high treason.

Richard undertook to hear their cause on the Sunday, but the accusers kept him waiting two hours on his throne before they chose to appear; and when they came, they threw their gauntlets on the floor, and offered to prove their words by wager of battle. The King promised to assemble a Parliament to see justice done, but perceiving that there was no safety for his friends save in flight, he dismissed Suffolk to France, and De Vere to Wales, there to raise the royal banner, and turn back with an armed force to deliver his master. Hereupon Gloucester consulted certain clerks and lawyers, whether he might not renounce his allegiance,

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CAMEO XV.

The Merciless Parliament.

and take the crown into his own custody; but Henry of Lancaster had no desire to see it in the hands of his uncle Thomas, and insisted that the traitor was not Richard, but De Vere, whom they went to meet at Radcot on the Thames.

De Vere was hemmed in on all sides by hostile troops, and, throwing off his armour, plunged into the river, and swam for his life to the opposite bank, whence he escaped in disguise to Ireland, of which island he was called the duke.

The King had retired into the Tower; but his enemies had full mastery over him, and removed every friend he possessed, even to his confessor and the Queen's ladies. Then, in the January of 1388, began what was called the Merciless Parliament—an assembly entirely in the interest of Gloucester, who, finding himself paramount, directed a bloody revenge to be taken on his opponents.

Of the four whom the Lords had impeached, only Bramber and Tressilian were within reach. They were both put to death, and the property of the others was confiscated; Suffolk died of grief in France, and De Vere escaped to Lorraine, where he was killed by an accident in hunting. All the judges who had declared the commission illegal were condemned to die, but afterwards banished, as well as the King's confessor. Then followed the impeachment of four knights, of whom the chief was Sir Simon Burley, the companion-in-arms of the Black Prince, and regarded almost as a father by the King. The King refused to consent to his condemnation; the Queen personally pleaded for him with Gloucester; and Henry of Lancaster, making common cause with them, argued the matter so fiercely, that an irreconcilable quarrel arose between the uncle and nephew. Gloucester was implacable, and bade the King choose between his crown and his friend; but Richard still held out, and the point remained for three weeks in debate, until, on the 5th of May, in the absence both of Richard and Henry and all the more moderate nobles, Gloucester seized the occasion of bringing in Sir Simon, declared him to have endeavoured to compass the death of one of the members of the commission, and sent him off to execution before there was time for interference. The other three knights suffered shortly after; and well did this bloody meeting deserve its name of the Merciless.

Never did Richard forgive the judicial murder of his father's friend; but he was stunned for the time, and remained as though paralysed for a year, while Gloucester had the entire dominion, taking to himself the whole authority of the commission, many of whom were reluctant and loyal the whole time.

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CAMEO XVI.

CHEVY CHACE.

(1371—1388.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1371. Robert II.	1380. Charles VI.	1379. Juan I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1378. Urban VI.
	1389. Boniface IX.

ON the death of David Bruce, in 1371, the crown of Scotland had passed to the son of his sister Marjorie, and of Walter, the High Steward of Scotland. These were the descendants of Fleance, seen by Banquo in the glass held up to him by the witches; these were the royal Stuarts, the most unfortunate of dynasties, of whom scarcely one lived out half his days, save in exile or disgrace.

The first of the line, Robert II., came to the crown at fifty-five years of age, enfeebled and set aside from business by an inflammation in the eyes which rendered them as red as blood; but he had, as Froissart says, "twelve sons who loved arms," of whom eight, however, were illegitimate; and he had also seven daughters married to the nobles of the land, whose interest it thus became to support his claim. He was of gentle, easy manners, and had become indolent with age, so that his sons and sons-in-law had their own way in the country. Peace with England there was not, but the war was not a national affair, only consisting in raids and skirmishes upon the Borders, rendering all that region frightfully lawless and perilous, but not affecting the interior of either country. In 1385, however, when the French invasion of England was under discussion, the French Admiral, Jean de Vienne, with 1,000 knights, and crossbowmen in proportion, was sent to Scotland to incite the Scots to an inroad on their own side. He took with him 50,000 francs as a subsidy for the King and his lords, and 1,400 suits of armour for the knights, who wanted little inducement to undertake a war, which they loved above all things. However, the delay, while measures were being taken to assemble the Scottish host, was extremely trying to both allies. The French thought their Scottish quarters mere hovels, and their fare little better than

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famine; and the Scots yeomen and burghers on whom they were quartered were eaten out of house and home, beaten and misused. "What evil spirit brought you here?" cried the tormented peasants. "Cannot we make war without you? The English never did us half so much harm as you do. They burnt our houses, it is true, but that was all; and with four or five stakes and plenty of green boughs they were built again at once." From words they proceeded to deeds, and the French stragglers were cut off whenever they stirred from their lodgings.

Gladly they crossed the frontier, together with 30,000 Scots under the Earls of Douglas and March, and despoiled all Northumberland. It was this inroad that delayed the journey of John of Gaunt to Castile, and in the army assembled by Richard II. to encounter the Scots Sir John Holland committed that outrage upon Sir Ralph Stafford which led to his own banishment and his mother's death.

"Gude King Robert's Testament" still guided the Scottish tactics; they retreated before the English without offering them battle, and even allowed the enemy to traverse Liddesdale and Teviotdale, sparing them the trouble of devastating the country by doing so beforehand. It was not the Frenchman's mode of making war, and Vienne was extremely discontented at never offering battle, which, though the views of his own King Charles le Sage perfectly coincided with those of Robert Bruce, he regarded as an absolute disgrace. Douglas promised that he should have a full view of the enemy, and that when he had seen them his advice should be taken. Accordingly the Earl led him to a mountain-pass, looking down from which he could see the whole English host march along the valley beneath, estimate with his eye the compact ranks of the archers, and count the banners and pennons beneath which the horsemen were arrayed. De Vienne saw that the allied army was far outnumbered, and proposed, instead of fighting, to march upon Cumberland, and there retaliate. The Scots, nearly as anxious to get the French out of their country as the English, gladly agreed; so the old King was left shut up safely in Roxburgh Castle, while the army committed most horrible devastation in Cumberland, and the English host occupied Edinburgh, and destroyed everything there except Holyrood Abbey, which was spared at the intercession of the Duke of Lancaster, in remembrance of the shelter it had afforded him when under suspicion on Friar Latymer's accusation.

Lancaster would fain have overrun the rest of Scotland, after the example of Edward I., but the Earl of Suffolk held that this was too perilous, since things were greatly changed since those days of doubtful succession and divided nobility. Neither would he consent to pursuing the Scots into Cumberland, where he said there were thirty passes so narrow that the Scots would be able to fall on the army to advantage. He therefore advised Richard to retreat by the way he had come, and content himself with having been farther into Scotland than his father or grandfather. Richard was in fact the last English King who set foot in Edinburgh, until Charles I. came thither in the days of the Solemn League and Covenant.

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So both invading hosts came back again, having each inflicted an immense quantity of misery, but having left matters otherwise where they had been before. Probably the Cumbrians had been the chief sufferers, having more to lose; whereas, to the surprise of the French, the desolate waste they had left presently swarmed with the Scots, who had been with their cattle in hiding on the moors and mountains, and merrily built up their cabins as if nothing had happened.

The French began to look with horror at the prospect of a winter in this inhospitable country, and were in haste to be off; but the Scots announced, that though those of meaner rank were as welcome to depart as so many wolves would have been, yet that not a baron should leave the coast till satisfaction had been given for all that this inconvenient visit had cost the country. De Vienne took the whole debt on himself, and remained as a hostage with his rude allies, while his knights and squires came back to France and Flanders weaponless, horseless, famished, and furious, cursing their late hosts, and wishing nothing so much as that their King would join Richard II., and give them the pleasure of utterly destroying the kingdom of Scotland! Charles VI. was obliged to pay off all demands of the Scots before the Admiral de Vienne could return home, when he brought such a description of the English as strongly whetted the appetite of Charles and Clisson for invasion. He, or some of his friends, likewise brought to their young King such a description of King Robert's beautiful daughter Egidia, that Charles was seized with a desire of making her his queen, and sent a painter into Scotland to bring him her portrait; but Egidia had already given heart and hand to a private knight named William Douglas—"the Black Douglas" of that day—of gigantic stature, exceeding strength, and great beauty, and withal as gentle as he was brave, and full of sweetness and generosity of temper. Whether the fair princess knew that she was losing a royal suitor does not appear, but the weak Charles, always petulant and imbecile, and soon crazed, would have been a poor alternative, crown and all, for her glorious knight of the Bloody Heart. The wife whom the Duke of Burgundy shortly after found for Charles, Isabeau of Bavaria, was one of the misfortunes of his reign. Fair, fat, heavy, and selfish, she had little heart, and though not sinning with a high hand, she was so careless of anything but her own gratification, that she was easily led both to the most vicious and most unfeeling actions.

In 1388 the Scots decided on another invasion of England, though against the wishes of their King, and John, his eldest son, both of whom were gentle and peaceable men. The eleven who loved arms, with the second prince, Robert, Earl of Fife, at their head, and the Earl of Douglas leading the nobility; prevailed, and in the August of 1388 there was a grand muster of troops at Yetholm, near Jedburgh, and more Scots came together than had been assembled for sixty years. Yet this inroad would not have been more memorable than many another foray, save that it resulted in a skirmish to which Froissart gives the palm for chivalrous courage on either side above all the battles of his time, in-

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cluding Crecy, Poitiers, Auray, Cocherel, and Navaretta, and which made such an impression on each party that it has been commemorated by the rival monarchs of the ballads of England and of Scotland.

"Chevy Chace," or the Hunting of the Cheviot, the prime English ballad, is not the most historically correct, but it is supposed that the first "fytte" describes the original affront given by the Percy to the Douglas. Both were young men. James, Earl of Douglas, had but recently come to his title, after having been carefully trained to arms by his father; and Sir Henry Percy, called on the Border Harry Hotspur, was the son and heir of that Earl of Northumberland who had brawled in defence of Wycliffe. He "had bin a marchman all his days," and was the most doughty warrior of the younger generation; and it is quite in accordance with his historical character that he should make a vow

> "That he would hunt in the mountain
> Of Cheviot within days three,
> In the maugre of doughty Douglas,
> And all that ever with him be."
> *Chevy Chace.*

The battle is here made to arise in consequence of Douglas's demand,

> "Who gave you leave to hunt in this
> Chyviat chace in the spite of me?"
> *Scottish Battle of Otterbourn.*

But we must suppose this hunting and the challenge had previously taken place, and adhere to the English version of the battle of Otterburn, which, in perfect accordance with Froissart, thus describes the gathering of the Scots at Jedburgh—

> "It fell about the Lammas tide,
> When husbands win their hay,
> The doughty Douglas bouned him to ride
> In England to take a prey.
>
> "The Earl of Fife, withouten strife,
> He bouned him over Solway;
> The great would ever together ride;
> That race they may rue for aye."
> *English Battle of Otterbourn.*
>
> "It fell about the Lammas tide,
> When muir men win their hay,
> The doughty Earl of Douglas rode
> Into England to catch a prey.
>
> "He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
> With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
> But the Jardines would not with him ride,
> And they rue it to this day."
> *Scottish Battle of Otterbourn.*

In fact, the Earl of Fife only rode together with the rest of "the great" as far as Yetholm, where a reconnoitring Englishman was caught, who, on being threatened with death, told his captors that the English did not mean to offer battle, but to wait till the Scots had advanced into

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England, and then make a counter-descent on Scotland. Thereupon it was decided to divide the forces, and that the Earl of Fife should march on Carlisle with the main body, while Douglas, with 300 knights and 2,000 foot, should cross the eastern border, and divert the attention of the English.

"Over Ottercap hill they came in,
And so down by Rodclyffe crag;
Upon Grene Leyton they lighted down,
Stirring many a stag;

"And boldly burnt Northumberland,
And harried many a town:
They did our Englishmen great wrong,
That were not for battle boune,"

quoth the English balladist, with only too much truth, for from Alnwick Castle the smoke of the whole country round was seen. The Earl of Northumberland, who was there, sent his sons, Henry and Ralf, to Newcastle, where he said the whole country would join them, while he himself remained at Alnwick, intending to intercept the Scots on their return.

Douglas was soon beneath the walls of Newcastle, challenging it thus, as says the Scotsman,—

"And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rade it round about:
'O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady gay?'"

For three days there was an almost continual skirmish; the two Percys were always foremost at the barriers, and many valiant deeds were done with lance hand to hand,—

"For who, in field or foray slack,
Saw the blanch lion ere give back?"

But at last the blanch lion of Hotspur fell into the hands of Douglas, who cried out, "I will carry this token of your prowess to Scotland, and plant it on the tower of my castle of Dalkeith."

"That," swore Hotspur, "no Douglas shall ever do! You shall not so much as bear it out of Northumberland."

"Well, Harry," answered Douglas, "come and seek it. To-night I will fix it to my tent. Come and win it, if you can."

However, Percy did not come that night, and in the morning the Scots broke up their camp, and marched away to the Castle of Otterburn, which they attacked, but finding it too strong for them, most of the knights wished to return at once with their booty to Scotland. Douglas objected, saying that he would remain three or four days before the castle, to give Harry Percy time to redeem his pennon.

This was agreed to, and the encampment was skilfully chosen and fortified. In front, and a little on one side, were flats and marshes of the river Rede, at the narrow entrance of which were placed the waggons laden with plunder, and behind them the cattle, likewise their spoil,

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under the charge of servants who could make a stout resistance with knives and clubs. Next, on firm ground, guarded on one side by a hill, on the other by the marsh, were the tents and temporary huts of the warriors themselves, thus well defended from surprise.

"And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His own servant he was."
Scottish.

The apparent slackness of the Percys had been caused by the belief that Douglas's band was but the vanguard of the whole Scottish host; but when they learnt that he was unsupported, and, further, that he had taken up his quarters at Otterburn, Hotspur swore, by the faith he owed to Heaven and his father, to attack them that very night, and recover his pennon. He would not wait for the Bishop of Durham and his forces, but set off with 600 lances and 8,000 infantry, as soon as dinner was over.

The harvest moon had risen after a day of sultry heat when the two Percys came upon the Scottish camp, where all, tired out with their assault on the castle, were fast asleep, except that

"A Scottish knight hovered upon the bent,
A watch, I well dare say;
So was he ware of the noble Percie,
At the dawning of the day."
English.

The alarm was given to Douglas and his warriors, who started up; Douglas, as he rose, exclaiming, with the foreboding of a brave man:

"'I hae dream'd a weary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.'

"He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain."
Scottish.

Meantime, the English, shouting "Percy!" had fallen on the waggons which formed the front of the encampment; but these being stoutly defended by the servants and some of the infantry, caused a delay, which enabled Douglas to draw out his men-at-arms on the hill-side, and array them by moonlight in perfect order, as had been before determined in case of such an attack.

Percy, chafed at having mistaken the "rascaille" for their masters, drew back, and re-arranged his men, all but the divisions of Sir Matthew Redman and Sir Robert Ogle, who had fallen on the plunder. Then began a tremendous encounter, which Froissart's noble prose must describe.

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"Knights and squires were of good courage on both parties to fight valiantly; cowards there had no place, but hardiness reigned with goodly feats of arms, for knights and squires were so joined together at hand-strokes, that archers had no place of neither party. There the Scots showed great hardiness, and fought merrily, with great desire of honour: the English were three to one. Howbeit, I say not but the Englishmen did nobly acquit themselves, for ever the Englishmen had rather be slayne or taken in the place than fly. Thus, as I have said, the banners of Douglas and Percy and their men were met each against other, envious who should win the honour of that day. At the beginning, the Englishmen were so strong, that they reculed back their enemies. Then the Earl Douglas, who was of great heart and high of enterprise, seeing his men recule back, then to recover the place and show knightly valour, he took his ax in both his hands, and entered so into the presse, that he made himself way in such wise, that none durst approach near him; and he was so well armed, that he bare well of such strokes as he received. Thus he went ever forward like a hardy Hector, willing alone to conquer the field, and to discomfit his enemies. But at last he was encountered with three spears all at once—the one strake him on the shoulder; the other on the breast, and the stroke glinted down to his belly; and the third struck him in the thigh—and sore hurt with all three strokes, so that he was borne perforce to the earth; and after that he could not again be relieved. Some of his knights and squires followed him, but not all, for it was night, and no light but the shining of the moon."

The wave of battle passed over him, and he was not discovered till the English had been borne back, and Sir James Lindesay saw him bleeding on the ground. "Cousin, how fares it with you?"

"But poorly," said Douglas. "I am dying in my armour as my fathers have done, thanks be to God, and not in my bed. But if you love me, raise my banner and press forward, for he who should bear it lies slain here beside me."

And, as the Scottish minstrel has it, he added, to Sir Hugh Montgomerie,—

"'My nephew good," the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane?
Last night I dream'd a weary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

"'My wound is deep, I fain would sleep,
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me in the bracken bush
That grows on yonder lilie lee.'"

The Montgomery, "with the salt tear in his eye," hid his dying leader amid the fern, and rushed to the fight again, while Lindesay, uplifting the Bleeding Heart, shouted, "A Douglas! a Douglas!" The English, wearied with their long day's march, lost ground; and almost at the same moment Henry and Ralf Percy were forced to

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surrender. In the beautiful Scottish ballad the brave Montgomery spoke thus:—

"'Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy,' he said,
'Or else I will lay thee low.'
'Whom to shall I yield,' said Earl Percy,
'Now that I see it must be so?'

"'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loon,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the bracken bush
That grows upon the lilie lee.'"

With the capture of the Percys the battle ended: "Douglas dead—his name had won the field;" and we will take the word of "Chevy Chace" for Hotspur's lament over his fallen foe—

"He took the dead man by the hand,
And said 'Wo is me for thee!
To have saved thy life, I would have pledged
My lands for yearis three;
For a better man of heart, nor of hand,
Was not in all the north countree.'"

"Chevy Chace" made the sad tale complete by slaying Percy himself by the hand of Montgomery, and Montgomery by an arrow, whose swan feathers were wet with his heart's blood. It is a very incorrect version of the battle, but so full of spirit, that Sir Philip Sidney, in spite of the sophisticated taste of Elizabeth's court, declared that it stirred his blood like a trumpet.

The English "Battle of Otterburn" keeps closer to the truth, save in the monstrous assertion that the nine thousand English encountered "forty thousand of Scots and four," instead of 2,600. Sir Ralf Percy was severely wounded, and 1,860 English killed. The Scots treated their prisoners courteously, as if they had been brothers, and the morning was spent in making "biers, of birch and of hazel grey," on which the slain and wounded were borne off from the field.

Douglas was taken up from his bracken, where his faithful chaplain Lundie stood over his body, defending it with his battle-axe. It was carried as if in a triumphal procession to Melrose Abbey, where his banner was hung over his tomb. The sweet and touching words of the Scottish ballad on his death could never be repeated by Sir Walter Scott without tears, even to the last days of his life.

One ballad, English of course, attributes Douglas's death to a treacherous blow from a servant of his own, whom he struck the day before. On the spot where he fell there stands a cross, called by the country people "Percy's Cross;" and "Percy's Well" and "Battle Crofts" are memorials of the battle; and on the hill vestiges of the camp are still to be detected.

Hotspur, for his ransom to Montgomery, built the Castle of Penvoa, in Ayrshire, which still remains in the family. The House of Douglas lost much by the death of the gallant young Earl James, for his uncle, Archi-

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bald, who succeeded to his title, was so uniformly unfortunate in battle as to acquire the nickname of Tyneman, or Loseman.

CAMEO XVI.

Death of Robert II. 1390.

The battle of Otterburn was the last great event in the reign of Robert II., who died two years after it, on the 13th May, 1390, leaving his kingdom to his eldest son, John. In deference to an idea that kings named John were always unlucky, or possibly to avoid the difficulty whether John Balliol would cause him to be John the Second, he changed his name to Robert, but did not by this means escape the misfortunes either of a King John or of a royal Stuart.

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CAMEO XVII.

THOMAS OF GLOUCESTER.

(1389—1399.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1390. Robert III.	1380. Charles VI.	1379. Juan I. 1390. Enrique III.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1389. Boniface IX.

CAMEO XVII.

Richard assumes power. 1389.

THE Duke of Gloucester ruled England for one year. At the end of that time Richard II. stood forth in a council held on the 3rd of May, 1389, and demanded to be told his own age.

"Your Grace is in your twenty-second year."

"Then," he returned, "I have been under tutors and governors longer than any ward in my dominions. My lords, I thank you for your past services, but I need them no more."

The reins of government were yielded up to him with a readiness that proves that his measures must have been more deeply laid than on the former occasion, or else that Gloucester's overbearing manners must have given great offence to the nation at large. Richard dismissed his uncle and the Earl of Warwick from the council, and removed the officers of state and the judges who had been appointed in the Merciless Parliament, but proclaimed that no one should suffer punishment for anything that had then taken place.

A fresh coronation, and a grand tournament, celebrated Richard's recovery of his power, as if it had been simply on his coming of age. In this tournament was slain the last of the Hastingses, earls of Pembroke, the nobles of whom the saying was that no son had ever seen his father. Henry of Lancaster, known by three titles at different times in his career—as Earl of Bolingbroke by creation, of Derby as an appanage of Lancaster, and of Hereford in right of his wife, the heiress of the Bohuns—was at this time the King's chief aid and adviser. He was of the same age as his royal cousin, of the same extraordinary Plantagenet beauty of feature, and of far more ability and energy of character, able to hold his own against his uncle Gloucester and to back up the more

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CAMEO XVII.

Attack of Clisson. 1392.

timid Richard, and so full of grace and affability, that he was the darling of the people; and the Londoners began to transfer their admiration from the young King to his cousin, as manhood only showed more plainly that Richard was but a disappointment.

John of Gaunt came home from his Spanish journey, bringing forty-seven mules' burthen of gold with him, and, what was more important, the terms of the peace which he had negotiated with France after the fifty years' war. It was full time that France should be at peace, for the Duke of Bretagne, probably encouraged by the cool manner in which his outrage on Clisson had been taken, followed it up by sending some ruffians to attempt the assassination of the old Constable when going home at night from a supper with the King. He was only saved from death by falling against the door of a baker's shop, which giving way with him, threw him into the entry, where the murderers left him for dead. The King, furious at this second attack on his favourite, assembled his forces to march on Brittany and take vengeance on the Duke; but on his way, under the burning summer sun, a maniac rushed out of a wood, seized his horse's bridle, cried "Sir King, you are betrayed!" and then disappeared. This strange event, acting on a head already turned by early exercise of power and unchecked dissipation, and at a moment when the rays of the sun were striking intolerably on the burnished armour, sufficed to madden the King. The sound of a lance, sinking in the drowsy hand of a page till it chinked upon a helmet, seemed to him the assault of an ambushed foe. He drew his sword, and horrified the sleepy troop by rushing on all he saw, and cutting them down, unless they feigned to fall ere he could strike; and it was not till he had exhausted himself that he could be secured, and carried back to Paris a raving madman. His uncles, always enemies to Clisson, were only too glad to put a stop to the expedition, and in their short term of power deprived him of his Constable's sword, and dismissed him from the court.

By the winter the King was well again; but before he could take any measures for the restitution of his favourite, his reason was unsettled again by the terror he suffered at a festival at the palace, when he and five young nobles had come in, masquerading as satyrs, sewn up in dresses covered with pitch, streaming with long loose flakes of tow hanging from them to resemble hair, and with green boughs round their heads and waists. All were chained together except the King, who was amusing himself with his aunt, the Duchess de Berri, when his brother Louis, duke of Orleans, holding a torch close to one of the satyrs to find out who he was, set the tow on fire, and as all were chained together, the flames communicated instantly to the rest of the unhappy men, who rushed about the hall shrieking frightfully. Two were burnt to ashes on the spot, two lingered a few days, and the fifth, who had happily been able to break the chain and throw himself into a tub of water in the anteroom, survived. Charles was saved by the presence of mind of the Duchess de Berri, who threw her mantle round him, covering his inflammable garment; but the horror of the scene brought back a re-

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CAMEO XVII.

Insanity of Charles VI.

currence of his malady. He was only sane at intervals for the remainder of his reign; and as regencies were not then contemplated, the reins of power no sooner dropped from his hand than they were struggled for by uncles, brother, cousins, and wife, till court and kingdom were alike scenes of anarchy.

The uncles were tired of the English war, and the peace was signed, not much to the content of the English, who, instigated by Gloucester, murmured for a national triumph. The presence of John of Gaunt gladdened his royal nephew, who wanted him to restrain the domineering Gloucester and ambitious Henry; but the first event on the Duke's arrival was so violent a quarrel with his son, that Richard was forced to ride all night to interfere on behalf of his cousin to save his life. The dispute was so hot, that Henry resolved to absent himself from England, and he and his young illegitimate brother, John Beaufort, cast in their lot with an expedition made by the Genoese and the French knights under the Duke de Berri, against the Corsairs of Tunis, or, as they were pleased to call it, the town of Africa; but the city proved too strong for them, and the whole party went home much as they had come. An English sailor here brought Henry the news of the birth of his youngest child, Humfrey, and was rewarded with the sum of 13*s.* 4*d.* He went home for the winter, but in the spring joined the Teutonic knights in crusade against the heathens of Livonia, and so much distinguished himself, that the site of his camp is still shown by the Livonian peasants.

Thence he went on pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, and was so strongly impressed by the sacred localities, that his desire to return and set it free from the infidel not only remained with him all his life, but was impressed on his son. The prediction that he should die at Jerusalem seems to have been with him all his days. It probably seemed to him to ensure a space of tranquil peace and fulfilled purposes; but earthly aims and ambitious schemes claimed heart and hand, and, full in the midst of the vanity and vexation of spirit of the brackish pool on the summit of the hill of ambition, in another "Jerusalem should Harry die."

He returned home to find that his wife, Mary Bohun, was newly dead, leaving him six young children, under the charge of their grandmother, the Countess of Hereford. His father, too, had lost his second wife, Constance of Castile, and the King was mourning the loss of his beloved Anne of Bohemia, who had endeared herself to the whole nation. In her honour Chaucer planted what he called the Queen's Oak, at Donnington Park, and to please her he wrote the "Legende of Gode Women." He was now engaged upon his prime work, "The Canterbury Tales," the idea of which he doubtless took from the "Decamerone" of Boccaccio, but with a very different framework. Instead of the fugitives from the Plague of Florence, trying to lose the sense of the horrors of the time in good fellowship, Chaucer's story-tellers are a party of pilgrims to the shrine of St. Thomas of Canterbury, beguiling the way with tales told in turn, and themselves presenting most vivid and amusing pictures of the various classes of English life in the days of Richard II.

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CAMEO XVII.

The Beauforts.

In his great attachment to his uncle of Lancaster, Richard had absolutely presented him with the great duchy of Guyenne, his own birthplace, and the sole remnant of the foreign inheritance of the Crown; but the English would not suffer it to be alienated; and, by way of consolation, Richard gave his consent to a marriage between his uncle and Katherine Roet, Lady Swynford, who were already the parents of several children, now legitimated and endowed with lands and honours, though they never bore the name of Plantagenet, only that of Beaufort, from the castle in Aquitaine where they were born, the portcullis of which formed their badge.

The Duke of York, easy-going and indolent, took his brother's marriage easily; but Henry of Lancaster, as well as his uncle of Gloucester, at first much resented this connexion, but he afterwards—probably owing to the difficulties of his wandering life—permitted his elder sons to be much in the household of John of Gaunt; and Harry of Monmouth, the eldest, seems at eleven years old to have been studying at Queen's College, Oxford, together with his uncle, Henry Beaufort, who was but little his senior. Lutes, spelling-books, grammars, whips, and other articles, are recorded by the old household books as having been furnished for the young family of the Earl of Derby, who all became highly accomplished.

The re-marriage of the King occupied the minds of the nation. He was but twenty-eight years of age, so that all looked anxiously for his yet having a son of his own to succeed him. Gloucester was desirous of giving him his own daughter Blanche, but Richard shrank from a closer alliance with his formidable uncle Thomas, and his other relatives were as little anxious to aggrandize this dangerous rival.

Marriage of Richard and Isabel. 1396.

But the whole country was disappointed that Richard's choice fell upon a little girl of seven years old, Isabel, the eldest daughter of Charles VI. It was a connexion much disliked, and the King was thought to show a culpable indifference to the welfare of the kingdom by choosing a child whom he could not marry for so long that he exposed the country to the dangers of a minority or a disputed succession.

Froissart had lately returned from his news-collecting journey to Bearn, and had come to England to see the new court, and present King Richard with a beautiful book of poetry. He was at Eltham Palace when the matter of the marriage was finally decided, and a deputation sent with the offer to France. So angry was Gloucester, that the King was forced to buy off his opposition by a present of 50,000 nobles, and an earldom for his son, on which he kept his murmurs to himself. Richard declared that he preferred so young a child that he might educate her, and make her a thorough Englishwoman; and he set out in great state to Calais, there to meet the French royal family. Charles VI. had a lucid interval, and was able to bring his pretty little dark-eyed daughter to Calais, where Richard met her, and was wedded to her on All Saints' Day, 1396, by Thomas Fitzalan, who, at Courtenay's death, had been made Primate amid splendid festivals and rejoicings. He took her home with him, and conducted her to Westminster for her coronation, such a concourse of people

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CAMEO XVII.

Suspicion against Gloucester.

coming out to see her that nine were absolutely crushed to death. The little Queen was then placed at Windsor, there to be educated under the care of her husband's cousin, Mary de Courcy, Countess de St. Pol.

The secret history of the following transactions is entirely unknown, and indeed the open facts are so differently narrated as to cast the blame in opposite quarters. Thomas of Gloucester had assuredly been a thorn in the side of his nephew from the time of his accession, always browbeating him in council, and complaining of him to the people, murmuring at the French alliance, and insisting that Richard's finery cost more than all Edward's wars. The King was a coward, he said, fit for no company but that of ladies and bishops, and hindering those who would gladly have maintained the old prowess of England. No doubt his spite was considerably aggravated by the fact that, at the meeting at Calais, the two uncle-ridden kings had mutually agreed to support one another against turbulent kinsmen and nobles.

It was an inconvenient circumstance for one who talked so loud of the glory to be won by wars in France, and of the King's indifference to fame, that whereas Richard had marched once into Scotland and once into Ireland at the head of his forces, Gloucester had no actual deeds of arms to boast, and had never seen a pitched battle. Endeavouring to emulate the fame of his other nephew, Henry of Lancaster, as a knight-errant, he took ship for Livonia; but he returned at the end of a few days, declaring that a storm had driven him back.

He was jealous of his brothers of York and Lancaster, murmuring if the King did but give his arm to John of Gaunt, and declaring that their residence with the King made the expenses of the court still greater, and that it was thus out of consideration for the people that he always remained at his own castle of Pleshy, in Essex, only coming to the council when sent for, then terrifying the King with his rough overbearing manner and sneering speeches, and hurrying away at once. At last he thought he had found a partizan in Roger Mortimer, Earl of March, the heir to the throne, through Lionel of Clarence, and at present on a brief visit to England from his government of Ireland. Inviting his nephew to Pleshy, Gloucester proposed to him a scheme for uniting with the Earls of Arundel and Warwick, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and others, for deposing Richard as incapable, setting Roger himself on the throne, and shutting the King and Queen up for life. Roger heard the proposal with horror, begged his uncle to lay it aside, insisted that he would never profit by it, and, engaging faithfully to keep the secret, hastened to his own work in Ireland away from the court cabals, and refused to hold any further communication with Gloucester.

A visit from the Count de St. Pol to his wife, the Queen's governess, gave Gloucester an opportunity of insinuating that he was come to arrange that Calais should be given up to the French; whereupon the Londoners rose in tumult, and, instigated by Gloucester, went to the King at Eltham to demand an explanation. They were dispersed with difficulty by the Earl of Salisbury; but the King had been much alarmed and depressed,

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Arrest of Gloucester. 1397.

and it oozed out that a plot existed between Gloucester and the two Arundel brothers, the earl and the archbishop, the Earl of Warwick, and others who had been concerned in the Merciless Parliament, for seizing the persons of the King and Queen, and dividing the government between the princes and the great nobles—at least, so Richard is said to have imagined; and his alarm was increased by the absence of both his other uncles, who had gone to their own estates, as though to leave him to his fate.

His fierce brother, John Holland, was, however, at hand, and he had a guard in his own pay of 10,000 men; besides which Thomas Mowbray, the Earl Marshal, was at this time apparently of his party. In desperation he resolved to act while yet there was time; but the difficulty was to seize the person of Gloucester, who kept his house at Pleshy strongly fortified and garrisoned, and was far too great a favourite in London to be safely arrested there. Richard undertook the task himself. He went to his palace of Havering at the Bower under the plea of hunting, and on the evening of the 12th of July, 1397, he rode towards Pleshy. A few miles from that castle, the Earl Marshal attached Gloucester for high treason in presence of the King. Froissart relates that Richard went into the castle, ate and drank with his uncle, and lured him to ride away with him to meet the other princes at a council before the meeting of parliament; but the rolls of parliament say that the arrest took place as Gloucester came out to meet his sovereign. He called out earnestly to his nephew; but Richard, without seeming to hear, rode swiftly away, and never turned his head, while the prisoner was forced on board a vessel in waiting on the Thames, and carried off in charge of the Earl Marshal that same night. Warwick, who had dined with the King, was arrested in the evening, and sent off to Tintagel Castle, in Cornwall; and Arundel, being invited to the Tower to meet his brother the archbishop, was seized and sent to Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight. The city was in tumult and dismay at the disappearance of these three popular nobles, and stories were everywhere believed that Gloucester had, immediately after his arrival, been desired to confess to a priest, and then smothered between two feather-beds. Richard put forth a proclamation bearing that no one was to be proceeded against for the transactions of the Merciless Parliament, that these arrests were with the full consent of his other uncles of Lancaster and York, and their sons, the Earls of Derby and Rutland; nor did they ever gainsay this declaration; indeed the appeal, as it was called, against Gloucester, bears the seals of all the four, so that there can be little question that the whole family adjudged Gloucester to be deeply guilty.

The trial was to take place in the parliament which was to meet in September. Shortly before, Sir William Rickhill, one of the judges, was suddenly awakened in the middle of the night by a king's messenger, who charged him to go at once to Dover, and there follow the Earl Marshal. By him, Rickhill was taken to Calais, and there a royal commission was delivered to him, commanding him to examine the Duke of Gloucester in preparation for his approaching trial. Rickhill,

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Fall of Gloucester.

who, like the rest of the world, had believed in the feather-beds, was much astonished, and acted with all a lawyer's wariness; he refused to examine the prisoner without the presence of two witnesses, and advised Gloucester to say nothing except in writing, and to keep a copy. After some hours, Gloucester produced a paper owning to his having forced the King's consent to the commission of 1386, and to having illegally put Sir Simon Burley to death; but he averred that ever since an oath that he had taken upon Richard's resumption of authority he had been perfectly faithful to him. Rickhill was not allowed to see him again, and returned to England in a couple of days.

The old lesson of overawing parliament by an armed force had not been lost upon the King, and he brought a great body of knights, squires, and Cheshire men wearing his badge of the White Hart. Moreover, the House of Commons was filled with his partizans, for the first thing they did was to petition that the statutes of the parliaments of 1386 and 1387 should be annulled, and that those who had concurred in the measures then taken be declared guilty of treason. Probably the evidence of the more recent conspiracy had broken down, for not a word was said on that subject, and Richard seems to have poorly evaded his promise to the Londoners by making the proceedings against the rebels of ten years since emanate from his Commons instead of from himself. The Duke of Gloucester, the Earls of Warwick and Arundel, and the Archbishop, were "appealed" against. Arundel, who alone was present, refused to plead there, but demanded either wager of battle or trial by jury. Both were refused; sentence of death was pronounced by John of Gaunt, and the Earl was beheaded the same day. Walsingham, a chronicler very unfavourable to the King, tells a revolting history of the King and Arundel's father-in-law, the Earl Marshal, being both present at the execution, and insulting the sufferer; but part of this is disproved by parliamentary papers, making it evident that Mowbray was still at Calais, and that his deputy, Lord Morley, presided at the execution; and thus we may believe that it is equally untrue that Richard was vindictive at the time, and ever after miserable with remorse, always seeing Arundel threatening him when he fell asleep, or waking imagining his bed drenched with blood.

When desired to produce Gloucester for his trial, the Earl Marshal made answer that the Duke was dead. Apoplexy caused by hearing of the measures taken against him was one explanation, but the King's enemies recurred to the feather-bed theory, though Rickhill had seen him alive weeks after he was first thought to have been thus disposed of. Rickhill's papers were read, and the dead Duke was by the mouth of his own brother, John, pronounced guilty of treason, and his property confiscated to the Crown. Froissart represents the surviving brothers as highly indignant at the supposed murder, but they seem to have left no record of their displeasure, and the mystery of Duke Thomas's death remains uncleared, although several years after a miscreant named John Hall, a servant of the Earl Marshal, was said to have made a confession

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Challenge of Hereford and Norfolk. 1398.

of having assisted a valet of Edward of York, Earl of Rutland, in smothering the Duke; but he was put to death immediately after, neither Rutland nor his servant were ever examined, and there is cause to believe that this was one of the many modes in which the memory of Richard II. was purposely defamed.

Warwick was imprisoned in the Isle of Wight, and the Archbishop deposed and banished. The Pope gave him the see of St. Andrews, but he never took possession. Probably Richard remonstrated on having so turbulent an enemy provided for so near home.

The next transaction of Richard's reign was no less unaccountable. The only survivors of all the nobles who had been foremost in persecuting De Vere and De la Pole were Henry of Lancaster and Thomas Mowbray, Earl Marshal, whom the King had created Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk, and treated with great favour. To the general surprise, whispers went abroad of some strange secret between the two, and in the parliament which met on the 27th of January, 1398, Henry of Lancaster was charged to repeat all that he had disclosed in a recent examination before the council. He obtained first a pardon under the Great Seal for all possible acts of treason on his own part, and then produced in writing an account of his having been riding from Brentford to London when he was overtaken by the Duke of Norfolk, and of the conversation that had then taken place. According to him, Norfolk observed they two were near being undone for their share in the affair of Radcot Bridge, and that, though full pardon had been granted and they had repeatedly been declared good and loyal subjects, they would assuredly be treated as others had been. Henry, who by his own account was very cautious, merely observed that this would be marvellous; on which Norfolk rejoined that it was indeed a marvellous and a false world, assured him that but for himself (Norfolk), with Edward of York and two others, Henry and his father, Lancaster, would certainly have been entrapped at Windsor and put to death, and that the Hollands and their party had sworn the ruin of the rest of the royal kinsmen, and of the adverse nobles, and the reversal of the attainder of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, the rebel cousin of Edward II., which would disinherit them all. He added that he put no faith in the King's oaths, and believed that he had pressed the Earl of March to come to the meeting of parliament in order to gain his consent to this general destruction.

This was the statement given in by Henry of Lancaster. The Duke of Norfolk was not present, but he was summoned to surrender, came to the King, and, bending the knee, he thus addressed Richard: "My dear lord, with your leave, if I may answer your cousin, I say that Henry of Lancaster is a liar, and, in what he says and would say of me, lies like a false traitor as he is."

A flat denial indeed; and there is not the least evidence to show whether the conversation were altogether an invention of Henry's, or whether Mowbray had any grounds for his suspicion. It would seem as if all parties shunned any very close investigation for the dispute was

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The Wager of Battle. 1398.

carried before a high court of chivalry, consisting of all the barons and knights of the realm, assembled at Windsor. The whole turned upon the word of the two Dukes, and one flatly denied what the other had spoken. Either Mowbray had uttered treason, or Plantagenet was a slanderer; and finally Hereford threw down his glove, and offered to prove on the body of the Duke of Norfolk that he was a false and wicked traitor. Wager of battle was to decide, and the place was fixed at Coventry, the 16th of September, 1398.

The King was much annoyed at the turn matters had taken, but so far did not interfere. Froissart represents French public opinion as saying, "Let them fight it out. The English knights are misproud, and soon will cut each other's throats, for they are the most perverse nation under the sun;" and Richard was greatly censured for not interfering.

On the appointed day, Edward Plantagenet, Earl of Rutland and Constable of England, came to the lists at Coventry with a great company, all apparelled in silk sandal, and carrying tipped staves to keep order. Presently there rode in the Duke of Hereford, on a white horse barbed with blue and green velvet, sumptuously embroidered with gold antelopes and swans.

The Constable went to the barriers and demanded who he was. He answered, and swore on the Gospel that his quarrel was true and just, then sheathed his sword, closed his visor, crossed his bow, and rode into the lists, where he dismounted from his horse, and sat down in a green velvet chair to await his adversary.

Next came the King in all his pomp, and took his seat on a platform above the lists. Then arrived the Duke of Norfolk, on a horse trapped with crimson velvet, richly embroidered with silver lions and mulberry trees. After the like questions from the Constable, and taking his oath of the justice of his cause, he likewise seated himself in a crimson velvet chair curtained with white and red damask.

The spears were measured by the Marshal, who gave one to Hereford, and sent the other by a knight to Norfolk. A herald proclaimed that they should mount: they sprang on their horses, and, as the trumpet sounded, urged them forward; but ere they could encounter the King's warder was launched into the lists, the herald called out "Halt!" the spears were taken from them, and the baffled champions were ordered to resume their velvet chairs.

Richard declared aloud that he could not permit the continuance of a combat which would lead to the lasting disgrace of one or other of the two, who both had the same blood as himself, and bore his arms. After some delay, his sentence was announced that Mowbray, having sought to excite dissension amongst the lords, should be obliged to go on pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and on his return to remain in Germany, Hungary, or Bohemia, for the rest of his life, with a pension of 1,000*l.* per annum, his lands being applied to pay up the arrears due to the King from his government of Calais.

Henry of Lancaster, for the prevention of further quarrels, was

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commanded to quit the kingdom within four months, and to remain for ten years in exile; but the sentence was at once cut down to six years, and was softened by recommendations to visit his two sisters, the Queens of Castile and Portugal, and to continue that course of knight-errantry by which he had formerly distinguished himself. He took his leave of the King with the air of friendly cousins parted by necessity; but the Londoners showed how all the popularity of Gloucester had been transferred to him. As he left the city he "was not accompanied by trumpets, nor by the music of the town, but with tears and lamentations." The Lord Mayor and the chief citizens rode with him to Dartford, some even as far as Dover, and saw him on board ship; and with all his friends he left the graceful badge, the forget-me-not hung to the collar of S.S., recalling the words Se Souvenir.

Exile of Henry of Lancaster. 1398.

What were the true causes of his exile it is impossible to say. The King always spoke of himself as having loved and trusted him better than ever his own father had done. Indeed, in spite of Froissart and Shakespeare, John of Gaunt does not seem to have come forward in behalf of his first-born, whom by all appearances he regarded more as a dangerous rival than in any other aspect. Richard sent his exiled cousin a present of a thousand marks at Calais, while Norfolk proceeded to the Holy Land, on his return from which he died, at Venice, of a broken heart.

Three months after died John of Gaunt. "Time-honoured Lancaster" was no more than fifty-seven years old when he died, on the 3rd of February, 1399. His true character, whether moderate or ambitious, his true view of religion and politics, and the part he really played in the state affairs of the reign, are as great a mystery as everything else in the time of Richard II., when no two writers are agreed as to their views, and the records of parliament contradict the statements of the most popular historians. The most reasonable and consistent view of him would appear to be that he was a man of fair abilities and average disposition, placed by birth and circumstances in a prominent position, but not always holding it consistently. In his youth he was haughty and ambitious, and the absence and illness of his elder brother enabled him to head a party. Afterwards came a struggle for influence with those who surrounded his nephew, in the course of which his love of popularity apparently led him to sacrifice his leaning towards Wycliffe's teaching; but the wild hope of Peninsular conquests allured him to leave the field free to the intrigues of his English kinsmen. In Spain he seems to have worked off his ambition and cooled his blood, and he came home apparently desirous to keep the peace, support the throne, and strengthen the hands of his nephew, to whose side he usually seems to have inclined far more than to that of his son Henry; and accordingly Richard seems to have loved and trusted him above any other person since the death of the Duke of Ireland. He was but an ordinary man, but he had gained weight with age, and ever since the death of his brother Edward had been the ablest man in the family, except the son whom he dreaded

Death of John of Gaunt. 1399.

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Richard's misgovernment.

In him Richard lost one of the few props of his throne, for Edmund of York, the only surviving uncle, was a nonentity in political matters; Edward, Earl of Rutland, his son, little superior to him; and Roger Mortimer, grandson of Clarence, and heir to the crown, kept scrupulously out of the way of all court troubles, and never came from Ireland save on special summons from the King, who highly esteemed him, as did all the nation, so that his existence as heir presumptive was the best security of the unpopular Richard. No one would disturb Mortimer's right, and, so long as he was loyal, all was well.

But Richard, left to himself and to the Hollands, did much to ruin his character with the people. He had meant to be gentle, liberal, and amiable, at the beginning of his reign; he had made large concessions, remitted fines, and striven to redeem his promise to Wat Tyler's Commons. But he had only thrown himself into trouble with the barons, the immediate masters of the Commons whose cause he espoused; his abstinence from bloodshed and ambition had been treated as cowardly trifling; his best friends had been snatched from him, exiled or put to death, and his reign had been a course of mortification, disappointment, and insult. At last, embittered, and with patience worn out, he had broken forth. He had used dissimulation, and given way to the violence of a weak nature lashed up to rage, and having once become arbitrary, he knew not how to hold the balance justly. Fear made him unjust, partiality rapacious. He was induced not to pay Henry even the compliment of a formal announcement of his father's death, and though it had been declared that the exiled dukes should be capable of succeeding to any inheritance that might fall to them, he was persuaded to retain the great heritage of Lancaster in his own hands. Moreover, his council, Scrope, Bushy, Bagot, and Greene, vulgar and covetous men, were guilty of shameful peculations and extortions in his name. The friends of Gloucester were compelled to purchase pardons for deeds long past and remitted; he obtained a subsidy for life that he might summon no more parliaments, and declared no less than seventeen counties to have forfeited the protection of the law for the share they had taken ten years ago in the rising against De Vere. In fact, he did everything to verify Mowbray's declaration that he had never forgiven or forgotten the Merciless Parliament. It was as if he had been seized with blindness to make him work out his own destruction. And there was a prophecy attributed to Merlin, in a book called Brut, which Froissart was told of seven years before the birth of Henry of Hereford, which declared that none of the sons of Edward III. should reign, but that the crown should fall to the House of Lancaster.

Earl Thomas of Lancaster, the foe of Edward II., had left a memory still passionately adored by the English, who regarded him as a martyr, and were continually crediting new wonders, such as that his tomb flowed with blood; and the more unpopular and unfortunate Richard became, the more every hope turned towards the favourite of the people, Henry of Bolingbroke, Derby, and Hereford.

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CAMEO XVIII.

IRISH WARS.

(1270—1399.)

WHEN Henry II. accepted the lordship of Ireland, he laid up a store of perplexity for his descendants.

In the middle of the fourteenth century that country was in a curiously wild and unsettled state. Dublin stood in the midst of the English pale, governed by the Lord Justice, and inhabited by the most English part of the population, who were moderately civilized, and kept the Irish beneath them in a contemptuous state of subjection. Beyond came the great feudal chiefs, descended usually from the Norman and English conquerors, looking on themselves as the dominant race, and greatly contemning what they called "the mere Irish," though other people pronounced them to have become "*Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*" (more Irish than the Irish). The exigencies of defence for a border constantly exposed to the enemy had in most countries caused counties palatine to be created in such situations, so as to give their holder power of life and death, and of calling out an army without reference to the sovereign. The bishopric of Durham was a palatinate, in order to make a barrier against the Scots, and Cheshire was likewise a county palatine as a defence against the Welsh; but if two of these were sufficient for England, it surely was bad policy to erect no less than eight in Ireland—Carlow, Wexford, Kilkenny, Leix, Meath, Ulster, Desmond, and Ormond—rendering each of the nobles who held one a little independent sovereign, able to indulge his fierce habits either at the expense of his neighbours, of the Lord Justice, or of the "mere Irish."

The incessant warfare is illustrated by a story told by Campion, of the family of Savage, in Ulster. "Sir Robert Savage, a wealthie knight, who, the rather to preserve his own, began to wall and fortify his manor houses with castles and plyes against the Irish enemy, exhorting his heir, Sir Henry Savage, to intend that work so beneficial for himself and his posterity; 'Father,' quoth he, 'I remember the proverb, "Better a castle of bones than of stones," where strength and courage of valiant men are to help us. Never will I, by the grace of Heaven, cumber myself with dead walls; my fort shall be wheresoever young bloods be stirring, and where I find room to fight.'

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CAMEO XVIII.

Savagery of the Irish settlers.

"The father in a fume let lye the building, and forswore it. But yet the want thereof and such like hath been the decay as well of the Savages, as of all the English gentlemen in Ulster, as the lack of walled towns is also the principal occasion of the rudeness and wildness in other parts of Ireland. This Savage having prepared an army against the Irish, allowed to every soldier before he buckled with the enemy a mighty draught of aquavitæ, wine, or old ale, and killed, in provision for their return, beefs, venisons, and fowl great plenty; which divers of his captains misliked, and considering the success of war to be uncertain, esteemed it better policy to poison the cates, or to do them away, than to cherish a sort of caitiffs with princely food, if aught should happen to themselves in this adventure of so few against so many. Hereat smiled the gentlemen, and said, 'Tush, ye are too full of envy. This world is but an inn whereunto you have no special interest, but are only tenants at the will of the Lord. If it please Him to command us from it, as it were from our lodging, and to set other good fellows in our rooms, what hurt shall it be for us to leave them some meat for their suppers? let them hardly win it and wear it. If they enter our dwellings, good manners would no less but to welcome them with such fare as the country breedeth; and, with all my heart, much good may it do them. Notwithstanding, I presume so far upon your noble courage, that verily my mind giveth me that we shall return at night and banquet ourselves with our own store.' And so they did, having slain three thousand Irishmen."

How entirely these unfortunate wild Irish were considered out of humanity's reach may be seen in another anecdote of Campion, of a "worshipful knight," Sir Stephen Scrope, who, after great violence and, extortion as Lord Justice, was reformed by his wife, who informed him that she would never again live with him unless he took a solemn oath never again to wrong a Christian creature in the land; whereupon he granted her boon effectually, and made himself such a favourite among his subjects, that "so cheerfully they served him against the Irish that in one day he spoilt Arthur MacMurrough, brent his country, and slew a multitude of Kerneghes."

One other good Lord Justice is mentioned during this time—Sir Thomas Rokeby, "a knight sincere and upright of conscience," who being controlled for suffering himself to be served in wooden cups, answered, "These homely cups and dishes pay truly for what they contain. I had rather drink out of wood and pay gold and silver, than drink out of gold and make wooden payment."

An honest Lord Justice was, whoever, an extreme rarity, and the misrule was in general excessive. Edward III. never seems to have thoroughly given his mind to the difficulty, and inconsistently raised and depressed the great Anglo-Irish feudatories, whom it was his object to prevent from degenerating into the "mere Irish," as they were very prone to do.

The great Norman noble, De Burgh, Earl of Ulster and Meath, was killed by his own servants; and while his widow carried her little daughter Elizabeth for safety to England, two of his cousins seized on

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Lionel of Clarence.

his inheritance, renouncing the name of De Burgh, and calling themselves MacWilliam the Eighter and Oughter, or the Hither and Farther; while the Irish O'Neills of Tyrone, from whom the lands had been gained, took this opportunity to reconquer a large share of their inheritance. The dispossessed heiress was, as has been said, bred up with the children of Edward III., and married to Lionel, his second son, who derived from her county of Clare his title of Duke of Clarence.

In 1361 Lionel left England to reconquer her lands and to enforce the royal authority, for which purpose he was invested with the office of Lord Justice; but he brought advisers with him who utterly despised all the inhabitants, and under their influence he deprived every one born on Irish soil of all offices, giving them to native English, and forbidding Irish and Anglo-Irish alike to come near his camp, when he marched against the O'Briens of Thomond.

The consequence was that he fell into difficulties, and was forced to entreat the aid of the Lords of the Pale, who gave it readily, and he became on friendly terms with them, and probably entered on the process of Iricising which they had all undergone, acquiring to the full their hostility to the "mere Irish;" for under his second government, in 1367, was passed the Statute of Kilkenny, which prohibited all relation with the Irish, as if they had been wild beasts. Marriage, fostering, and gossipred (the relation of sponsors) with them was declared treasonable, as well as inheriting or performing any act under the Brehon law (so called from Brehon, the Irish word for *judge*). If an English-descended person should adopt Irish names, dress, habits, or speak the tongue, he must forfeit his lands till he could give security for his loyalty; and a penalty was set on presenting a mere Irishman to any benefice or receiving one into a convent, harbouring Irish minstrels or story-tellers, or even permitting Irishmen to pasture their cattle upon the lands of the favoured race.

The clergy of the Pale not only passed this Act in the Irish Parliament, but added sentences of excommunication against such as should presume to hold intercourse with these high-spirited outcasts. The consequences of thus preventing all hope of kindly connexion were miserable; wars and tumults were more perpetual than ever; and after Lionel left the country little attention was paid to its fate, till the English authority declined so fast, that whereas in King John's time twelve counties had been under English law, there were then only four, and the expense of defending these was a severe burthen.

Robert de Vere, earl of Oxford, bore the title of Duke of Ireland without ever visiting a country which was viewed as a place of exile by all the court of Richard II., excepting the Mortimers, who had inherited the rights of Elizabeth de Burgh, Duchess of Clarence, by the marriage of Roger Mortimer, earl of March, with her daughter Philippa. Both the Rogers, father and son, were at different times Lords Justices, and the younger one seems to have thought even his stormy reign at Dublin preferable to the whirlwinds of the court of England.

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CAMEO XVIII.

Richards' first journey to Ireland.

In 1392 Richard II. himself undertook a voyage to Ireland, in the hope of raising his spirits after the death of his good Queen Anne, and of satisfying his subjects, who were always crying out for martial exploits on his part, and made him a grant of supplies "out of pure goodwill." He took 4,000 knights and squires, and 30,000 archers; and the history of his expedition was narrated to Froissart by Henry Cristall, a gentleman whose story was in itself strange and characteristic.

In his early youth he had been a favourite with the Earl of Desmond, "on account of his good horsemanship," and in an expedition against the Irish had accompanied him, mounted on one of his best horses. The enemy were broken and driven away, but, in spite of all Cristall's equestrian skill, his steed ran away with him into the midst of the fugitives; and one of them, Bryan by name, leaping at once from the ground upon the horse's back behind him, clasped him in his arms, and held him fast, without using sword or knife.

Unhurt, Cristall was carried off to a town surrounded with wood palisades and stagnant water, the name of which Froissart has deformed past recognition. Here he was well treated, and accommodated himself to the habits of his captors, married the daughter of Bryan, and had two daughters, being supposed by all his friends to be dead, until at the end of seven years, during Clarence's expedition to Ireland, old Bryan went out to battle upon the same horse, and in his turn was captured. The animal was recognised, and on interrogating the rider the Earl of Ormond learnt that Cristall was living, and offered the prisoner liberty in exchange for him. The old Irishman at first demurred, but afterwards consented to part with his daughter and son-in-law on condition of being allowed to retain one of their children. Cristall carried the rest of his family to England, and established himself at Bristol; but he continued to speak the Irish language in his own family, and taught it even to his English grandchildren. On this account he was selected as an adviser and an interpreter when King Richard went to Ireland. "To tell you the truth," said this gentleman to Froissart, "Ireland is one of the worst countries to make war in or to conquer, for there are such impenetrable and extensive forests, lakes, and bogs, there is no knowing how to pass them and carry on war to advantage. It is so thinly inhabited, that whenever the Irish please they desert the towns, and take refuge in these forests, and live in huts made of boughs, like wild beasts; and whenever they perceive any parties advancing in hostile array, they fly to such narrow passes, it is impossible to follow them. No man-at-arms, however well mounted, can overtake them, so light are they of foot. They have pointed knives, with broad blades, sharp on both sides like a dart-head, with which they kill their enemies; but they never consider them as dead until they have cut their throats like sheep, and taken out their hearts, which they carry with them; and some say, who are well acquainted with their manners, that they devour them as delicious morsels."

These knives were called skenes, and were very formidable weapons, which were used together with javelins by the kernes, or lower sort, who

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CAMEO XVIII.

The Irish Soldiery.

wore no armour save a headpiece. A grade above them were the galloglasses (from *gall oglach*, an English servant), who fought on foot, but had swords, axes, headpieces, and leathern coats studded with nails. The chiefs and cavalry, both Irish and Anglo-Irish, had small light horses called hobbies, and carried short spears and battle-axes. They could not stand the shock of a mailed man-at-arms in full career, but were far better adapted to their country than the ponderous chivalry of France and England; and the hobblers, as these horsemen were called, sometimes had done good service in the wars of Edward III. Like all wild warriors, war-cries were a necessary part of their onset: "Farrah! Farrah!" was the Erse shout; and each leader had a cry of his own. The O'Neills of Ulster shouted "Lamh dearg aboo!" (the Cause of the Red Hand)—from the legend that the first settlers in Ulster having vowed that he who first touched the shore should own it, one O'Neill, finding his boat left behind, had lopped off his left hand with one blow of his skene, and flung it before him to take seisin of the land. Their foes, the De Burghs, shouted "Gal riagh aboo!" (the Cause of the Red Englishman)—in honour of their ancestor called the Red Earl of Ulster; the Butlers of Ormond cried "Butler aboo!" from their own name; the Geraldines of Desmond "Shannatt aboo!" from their Castle of Shannatt; and their namesakes of Kildare "Croom aboo!" from their Castle of Croom.

However, with none of these slogans was Richard to be made acquainted. Whether the mistake were his or Cristall's does not appear, but there was a hallucination that Edward the Confessor had been Lord of Ireland, and more feared and loved by the Irish than any King of England before or since; and therefore, in compliment to the Irish, Richard bore on his banners the cross potence and four doves of the Saxon Saint, already his patron. This was said at his court to be considered as a great satisfaction to the Irish, and to have inclined them to consider him as a prudent and conscientious man. More likely it was his great army, and the representations of the Earl of Ormond, who persuaded four of the chief toparchs, or kings, as the English called them, to come and make their submission to Richard. They were the O'Neill of Meath, O'Brien of Thomond, Arthur M'Nair of Leinster, and O'Connor—at least if the Hainaulter's version of their names be rightly made out; and, Richard designing to knight them and treat them as his nobles, they were all put in charge of Henry Cristall to be made in some degree presentable.

Hard work the good esquire seems to have had. He reformed their dress, and persuaded them to wear silken robes trimmed with miniver, instead of merely wrapping themselves in their national cloak; he taught them—with some trouble—to use saddles and stirrups instead of leaping on bare-backed horses; and at their meals he remonstrated against their habit of making grimaces, and of feeding their minstrels and chief servants out of their own cups and plates. When he put them at one table, the minstrels at another, and the servants lower still, at first they

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CAMEO XVIII. — *The four Irish Kings.*

would not eat; but he prevailed on them to conform to English usages as long as they continued at Dublin.

He asked them respecting their religious faith, but they answered with displeasure that their Creed was the same as his own; and when he inquired to which Pope they adhered, replied, "To him of Rome"—probably never having heard of the schism and of him of Avignon. As to the proposal of knighthood, they said they had been knights ever since they were seven years old, when the father or nearest male relative was wont to knight his young son, and then set him on horseback to break wooden spears against a post. Cristall said this childish knighthood would not satisfy the King of England, and that he would create them in another mode. When they heard it was to be in church with solemn ceremonies, the religious temper of the Irishmen was impressed, and they agreed to it.

As soon as they had been sufficiently tamed, the Earl of Ormond came to carry on their education; and on the Feast of Our Lady in March 1393 the ceremonial took place in St. Patrick's Cathedral (which Cristall thought had been founded by John the Baptist, the other patron saint of Ireland). The kings, and three other chiefs with incomprehensible names, watched their armour all night, and were duly knighted the next day; after which they dined at the King's table, where they were much stared at, for, in spite of all their tutor's pains, he owned that they were strange figures, and differently countenanced from other nations.

This submission satisfied Richard, who imagined that he had done great things by spending nine months between Dublin and Waterford, and pensioning a chief called MacMurchard on condition that all the Irish septs should leave the province of Leinster.

When Richard and his army were gone, however, the Irish showed no intention of departing, and the Earl of March had to carry on warfare on all sides against them, until, in 1398, he was slain in a skirmish at Kenlis, with the O'Byrnes, whom he had driven out of Wicklow. Pity but we knew more of the one loyal man of his time! He left two young children, Edmund and Anne, to each of whom the blood of Clarence was a severe misfortune. Could it have been the doom on the sins of the first of the Mortimers that prevented any one of the name from ever sitting on the throne of England?

Richard was warmly attached to his cousin, and resolved to avenge his death. Short-sighted as he was, he did not perceive that the loss of his popular heir-presumptive was an additional reason for his not leaving England immediately after the dire offence he had given to Henry of Lancaster. Every one was falling away from him, and the tournament that he gave before his departure was but scantily attended; while all London murmured at his intended expedition. He appointed his uncle, Edmund, Duke of York, regent, with his four evil councillors under him—Scrope, Bushy, Bagot, and Greene. Nevertheless, he went to Chester, and summoned his vassals to attend him; but the Earl of

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CAMEO XVIII.

Richard's journey to Ireland

Northumberland and his son, Hotspur, refused to come, and made alliances in Scotland to support themselves in their contumacy. Richard declared them traitors, but proceeded on his journey to Ireland, having thus set another great family against him, and taking no special precaution except carrying with him Henry of Monmouth, the eldest son of the banished heir of Lancaster, then about twelve years old, with his uncle Henry Beaufort, and his cousin, Humfrey, the son of the Duke of Gloucester.

A French gentleman named Creton, who accompanied the good John Montacute, Earl of Salisbury, on this expedition, wrote a rhyming account of it, from which it seems that the effect of the doves of the Confessor was no longer tried upon the Irish, for that Richard bore his leopards as usual. He embarked at Milford Haven, and sailed to Waterford, where the people waded into the sea to unload the barges, and were regarded with considerable disgust by the Frenchman, who thought them wretched, filthy, and ragged, living in holes and cabins. In fact, he underwent all the miseries of a Frenchman in a foreign land.

Six days after the King rode to Kilkenny, and there waited for his cousin of Rutland with reinforcements; but, as he did not come, marched onwards on the vigil of St. John against MacMurchard, who had grown more overweening, and called himself the Excelling Lord and King of Ireland the Great, though his sole abode was the woods, and he had only three thousand men with him, very wild and perfectly fearless. Richard caused all the villages to be set on fire, and two thousand five hundred Irish of the English pale well obeyed him, and cleared the way through the woods. When the enemy were in sight, Richard called for his young kinsmen and knighted them, saying to Henry, "Fair cousin, henceforth be gallant and bold, for unless you conquer, you will have little name for valour." So preached the parrot to the eaglet.

Several other youths were knighted; but poor Monsieur Creton was too miserable to take note who they were. There was no opportunity for deeds of prowess; the English knights sank into the bogs, and the Irish hovered round them, flinging their darts with deadly aim, and springing off light as deer; but the English force had on the whole the advantage, and MacMurchard's uncle came with a halter about his neck and made submission. Richard pardoned him, and sent word to the chieftain himself that if he would submit he should have castles and lands elsewhere. But the fierce Irishman refused all terms, and the royal army was in great distress for provisions; the horses found nothing but a scanty crop of green oats, and five or six men would share a loaf between them. However, fresh supplies arrived, and new attempts at accommodation were made. Creton himself went with a messenger to the Irish camp, and saw MacMurchard, a fine large man, wondrously active, stern and savage, with a long dart in his hand, and riding a horse for which he had given four hundred cows. No terms were agreed on,

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CAMEO XVIII.

Richard at Dublin.

and Richard grew pale with anger at the rebel's obstinacy, and swore by St. Edward that he would never leave Ireland till the chief were in his power, alive or dead.

He then went to Dublin, where he spent the next six months in waiting for the High Constable and his reinforcements, amusing himself, and sending out expeditions in search of MacMurchard, on whose head he set a price of three thousand marks.

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CAMEO XIX.

HENRY OF LANCASTER.

(1399—1400.)

Kings of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1390. Robert III.	1380. Charles VI.	1390. Enrique III.
1399. Henry IV.			

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1389. Boniface IX.

CAMEO XIX.

Exile of Henry of Lancaster.

ON his exile from England, Henry of Lancaster had first betaken himself to the Court of France, where he was well received, and took up his abode at the house, at Paris, belonging to Clisson, and called, because built by Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester in John's time, "the Hotel de Winchester," since corrupted by French lips into Bicêtre, and in the latter years of French royalty a great lunatic asylum.

Charles VI. was, as usual, wavering between madness and reason; but his brother, Louis, duke of Orleans (Du Guesclin's godson), and his uncles, Philippe of Burgundy and Jean de Berri, with a fellow-feeling for royal blood under a cloud, made him welcome, and there was even a proposal of marriage between him and Marie, the daughter of the Duke de Berri, who was still young, though twice widowed, and richly endowed.

Richard became alarmed at the idea of his formidable cousin contracting such an alliance, and sent the Earl of Salisbury to Paris to protest against it. Salisbury wished the matter could be put into any other hands than his own, but was forced to comply, and carried letters to the King of France and the Duke de Berri.

Henry had so well recommended himself that Charles VI. would not hear a word in his dispraise, and answered that "his son of England bore too great a hatred to the Earl of Derby, and that his Court would be better adorned if he were near his person;" but the cautious uncles decided that the friendship of the King must not be perilled for the sake of the exile, and they promised that the match should be broken off. Salisbury returned home without seeing Henry, who was not informed of the object of his mission till a month after the proposed

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CAMEO XIX.

Henry in France.

marriage again came under discussion, when Philippe of Burgundy, who had been charged with the office of spokesman, said, "Cousin Derby, we may not give our cousin to a traitor."

Derby changed colour, and said, "Sir, I am in presence of my lord the King; I must answer this. I never was a traitor, nor thought treason; and if any man should accuse me of treason, I am ready to answer, either now or whensoever my lord here may appoint."

"Nay, Cousin," said the King, "I trow that you will find no man of name and tenure of France who challenges your honour. The words that my uncle has spoken come from England."

Derby knelt down, saying, "My lord, I believe you well. Heaven guard all our friends there, and confound all my foes."

The King raised him, saying, "Cousin, be appeased; all things will turn out well; and when you are reconciled everywhere, we may again speak of the marriage; but you must first receive the dukedom of Lancaster, for it is the custom of France, as of other lands, that a man who marries should endow his wife."

Wine and spices ended the conversation, after the ordinary fashion in all Froissart's courts, but Henry was greatly incensed at an interference which showed far greater enmity than had previously been manifested by his easy-going cousin Richard, and he was greatly displeased that Salisbury had departed without making his errand known, so as to give him the opportunity of challenging him.

The terms of Henry's sentence of banishment had never borne that he was a traitor, only that he had brawled with Mowbray; and to find himself thus branded, impelled him to become what he had been termed. Still he made an endeavour to put himself out of the way of temptation by joining the grand expedition against the Turks under Bajazet, which was then on foot at Paris. He sent a knight to ask permission from his father, but John of Gaunt returned letters advising him not to go to so great a distance, but rather to visit his sisters in Spain and Portugal. The knight also told him that his father was fast dying of an incurable disease; and shortly after came from Richard the official announcement of his death, addressed to the King of France, but without any notice to his son; and though the two banished dukes had been allowed to appoint attorneys to administer any property that might accrue to them in their absence, the great duchy of Lancaster was retained in the King's hands, probably by the advice of the four rapacious counsellors to whom Richard had surrendered his understanding.

London was in a state of the utmost resentment at the wrongs of the loved and admired "Sir Harry of Derby;" and some communication passed between the disaffected English and the exiled primate, Thomas Fitzalan, who was living at Cologne, and thence set off in the disguise of a friar to Paris, to hold a secret conference with Henry, at which it was agreed that advantage should be taken of the King's absence in Ireland to endeavour to obtain by force the dukedom of his ancestors. At the same time, the Duke of Orleans proposed to him a secret alliance

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CAMEO XIX.

Henry in Brittany.

against their mutual enemies, by which he intended the Duke of Burgundy, while Henry meant the King of England. This settled, Henry asked permission to visit the Duke of Brittany, whom he called his uncle, in remembrance of Mary of England, the child-wife of Montfort. He was well received, and there first saw his future wife, Jeanne, the daughter of Charles the Bad of Navarre, then Duchess of Brittany.

The Duke of Brittany seems to have thought Henry an ill-used man in pursuit of his just rights, for, though hitherto the fast friend of Richard II., he promoted the endeavour of the exile, advised him to trust to the Londoners, lent him some men-at-arms, and his own counsellor, Pierre de Craon, and permitted him to hire three small vessels. Probably Henry himself had no notion whither his attempt would lead him, and was only led on by circumstances from claiming his father's heritage to usurping the throne.

Landing of Henry. 1399.

On the 4th of July three small vessels arrived at Ravenspur, on the Yorkshire coast. Thence disembarked two knights, one churchman, fifteen men-at-arms, and a few servants. Soon the news spread abroad that the brave Sir Harry of Derby was come to claim his own, and with him the Archbishop of Canterbury. Not a hand was lifted against him; there was a perfect rapture of welcome; not only did the commonalty rise in his behalf, but the Earl of Northumberland and his son Sir Henry, and Nevile, earl of Westmoreland, came to meet him at Doncaster, where he solemnly swore before them, in the Convent of the White Friars, that the duchy of Lancaster, of which he now took the title, was his sole object, and that he had no views upon the crown. The Archbishop produced a bull, which he declared to emanate from the Pope, promising plenary absolution to such as should maintain the just cause of the heir of Lancaster. It was listened to by enthusiastic congregations, and 60,000 men followed the banner of their favourite.

The Regent, duke of York, sent out summonses to the royal retainers to meet at St. Albans to march against the rebels; but, always careless and indolent, he had very little will to fight for one nephew against the other, who after all was the injured party. Moreover, London was wild to receive the popular Henry; and the favourites, Scrope, Bushy, and Greene, fled away in terror to Bristol, whither York followed them more leisurely with the army, intending apparently there to meet the King and let him assume the command, but leaving the way open from the north to London.

There Henry quickly appeared, and was welcomed with transport. All the citizens went out to meet him with shouts of "Welcome, long-desired Earl of Derby and Duke of Lancaster! Joy and good luck go with you! Nothing has gone well since you went away." Shops were shut, no more work done than if it had been Easter Day, and Henry was escorted to his house in such exultation that more ambitious thoughts than those of being reinstated in his lands might well cross him. He remained only long enough in London to allow the trainbands to take up arms, and then marching promptly on, overtook his slower

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CAMEO XIX.

Henry in England.

uncle, York, at Berkeley. Messages were interchanged, Edmund consented to see his nephew, and they met in the chapel of that castle, where the last English king had perished who had been too weak for his post. Well was it for feeble York that he was the younger instead of the elder born! To meet Henry was but to submit to his master mind; and with united forces, uncle and nephew proceeded to Bristol, and summoned the castle to surrender. The governor, Sir Peter Courtenay, replied that he knew no Duke of Lancaster; but when called upon in the name of the Regent, Edmund of York, yielded the castle, and in it the three fugitives, Scrope, Bushy, and Greene, whom the two dukes yielded to the outcries of the people they had fleeced, and caused to be put to death the next morning.

All this time contrary winds had kept all intelligence from the King. For six weeks in the heart of summer not a vessel could cross, and when the first calm day enabled a ship to enter Dublin Bay, Henry of Lancaster had been already a fortnight carrying all before him. When first the tidings were brought to the unfortunate Richard, he exclaimed, "Ah! fair Uncle of Lancaster, Heaven reward your soul! Had I believed you, this man would not have injured me. Thrice have I pardoned him; this is his fourth offence."

Sending for the young Henry, whom he had carried with him as a sort of hostage, he kindly said, "Harry, my child, see what your father has done to me. He has invaded my land as an enemy, taken captive and put to death my liege subjects without mercy or pity. Indeed, child, I grieve for you, because for this unhappy proceeding of your father you may perchance lose your inheritance."

"In truth," said the boy, who had seen very little of his father, "I am sincerely sorry for these tidings, and, as I trust, you are fully assured of my innocence."

The King assured him that his father's crime would not attach to him, but nevertheless sent him and his cousin Humfrey of Gloucester into an honourable captivity at the Castle of Trim.

Council was held as to the measures to be taken. Brave Montacute, earl of Salisbury, advised the King to embark at once in the vessels that had brought the High Constable's reinforcement; but Edward of York, as though he had been in league with his father to do everything most disastrous to his cousin's cause, answered, "It were better to send first for the whole of the shipping. We have not a hundred barges here. Let the Earl of Salisbury go over to hold the field against the Duke, and to collect the Welsh. Let us go by land to Waterford, collecting the ships from each port, pass over, and destroy your enemies."

To this advice Richard unhappily inclined, though he declared that if Henry were once in his power, he would put him to death in such a manner that it should be spoken of even in Turkey, and remained in Ireland, sending the Earl of Salisbury before him, and promising, on the urgent entreaty of that faithful nobleman, to follow within a week.

Salisbury repaired to England, set up the royal standard, and was

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CAMEO XIX.

Return of Richard.

speedily joined by 40,000 of the Welsh and Cheshire men, all loyal to King Richard. But the week passed by and the King came not, while report grew rife that the triumphant Lancaster was at Chester, and that the King was dead. The men began to murmur, and would advance no further. The Earl entreated in vain, tore his hair, and burst into tears, as he found his host melting away. "I loathe my fate!" he cried; "the King will believe me also to have devised treason! Comrades, as you hope for mercy, come with me, I beseech you, and let us be champions for King Richard! In four days and a half he will be here, for before I quitted Ireland he told me he would embark before the week ended."

The men stood mournful and hesitating, and by these personal entreaties were barely kept together till a fortnight had elapsed, when they broke up, some going home, others to Chester to join the rebels. Not a hundred men were left with Salisbury, and he withdrew to Conway Castle, exclaiming that the King was betrayed.

Not till the eighteenth day did Richard land at Holyhead.* He brought with him an army of 32,000 men, who encamped for the night around the dwelling where he slept; but when the unfortunate King looked from his window in the morning, his host had melted like the morning dew, and barely 6,000 men were left to him!

Council was held, and some advised the King at once to sail for Bordeaux; but his brother John Holland objected that this would be absolutely abandoning the kingdom, and advised him to hasten to Conway the same night, without committing himself to the remnant of his army. He took the advice, and, disguising himself as a Franciscan friar, set out with his two brothers, Lord Despenser, the Bishops of Carlisle, London, and Lincoln, Sir Stephen Scrope, Owen Glendwyr, a mighty Welsh chieftain descended from the old princes of Wales, with five others, and rode all night. As soon as he was gone, there was the utmost confusion in the camp. The High Constable, either foolishly or traitorously, declared that he did not know whether he would ever come back; every one began to secure his own property and much that was not his own, and the King's treasure was shared among the plunderers, jewels, gold, silver, ermine, cloth of gold, and horses. The Constable broke his staff of office, and with Thomas Percy, brother to Northumberland, went off to meet their relatives at Chester; but on the way they were well punished by the Welshmen, who, indignant at their treachery, set upon them, and deprived them of their gains. Thomas Percy himself arrived in evil plight at the rebel camp.

By break of day the fourteen fugitives were before Conway Castle, where, pale and wan with watching and anxiety, Salisbury admitted them; and the eye-witness, Creton, has recorded their sad greeting. "Ah, Sir," said the Earl, "I had got 40,000 Welsh and Cheshire men together, but as you came not, they deemed you dead, and left me here alone. Little did he love you who detained you so long in Ireland. All is lost!"

* Most authorities say it was at Milford Haven, but the subsequent events show that this was impossible.

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CAMEO XIX.

Desertion of Richard's cause.

The King, who was beginning to shine with the true majesty of misfortune, exclaimed, "Glorious and merciful God! with folded hands I implore Thy mercy! Suffer me not to lose my country and my life through these perfidious and envious traitors. Alas! I know not what they would require of me! According to my ability I have desired to observe mercy and justice. The Sovereign King, who sitteth above and seeth afar, I call to witness that my sad heart would wish that all men could know my thoughts and desires. If I have been unvarying in maintaining right, reason demands it. A king should be firm and steady in the punishment of the bad, and in upholding truth. Alas! because I have followed this righteous course, as far as I have been able, for three—nay, for eight or ten years past—the people throw this trouble on me. O God of Glory! as I never consented to bring evil on any one who did not deserve it, be pleased to have mercy on me, a poor king, for unless Thou wilt deign speedily to regard me, I am utterly lost!"

Surely though the man who thus spoke might have been weak and hasty, might even have acted illegally, yet his conscience must have acquitted him of intentional evil and substantial injustice.

The Holland brothers undertook to go to Chester to sound the intentions of the rebels. On their arrival, they bent the knee to Henry, and gave him a message from the King, asking why he thus took up arms against his authority. Henry scarcely attended to Thomas, the elder; but John, the more able of the two, and the husband of his sister, he took aside, talked with him long, and tried to induce him to wear the antelope, the badge of Derby, instead of the crowned white hart of Richard; but he placed both under surveillance, and forbade them to return to their brother. John Holland could not restrain his tears at this blow to the royal cause. "Fair cousin," said the smooth time-server, Edward of York, "be not angry. If it please Heaven, things shall go well." Hard must it have been for the fierce Holland to restrain his wrath at the sight of the kinsman who had so lately ruined Richard by his counsel, now free, and on friendly terms with his foe.

Richard, after waiting in vain for his brothers, tried what defence Beaumaris Castle would afford, and thence moved to Carnarvon, which was still stronger. In the mountains and fortresses of Wales, where the people were warmly attached to him, and with the brave Owen Glendwyr, warrior, bard, and wizard, for his guide, a strong and spirited man might have redeemed his cause; but had Richard been strong or spirited, he would never have been in this case. The castles were dreary dens, with nothing but straw to lie upon, and the scantiest and roughest food. The tenderly nurtured Richard could not bear it, and spent his time in bewailing himself, so that Creton protests no one who saw him could have helped weeping for him, as he cried out to the "*douce Vièrge Marie*" to have pity on him, and lamented for his beloved little queen, now left to his enemies. He soon returned to the better provided Castle of Conway.

All Richard's treasure was at Holt Castle, and Henry there seized it, to the amount of seven hundred thousand pounds. He here held a

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CAMEO XIX.

Mission of Northumberland.

council, in which Archbishop Fitzalan advised him by all means to get Richard into his own power, so as to hinder him from either escaping into the fastnesses of Wales, or sailing for France. For this purpose the Archbishop advised that a message should be sent professing that Henry would be satisfied with being invested with his own inheritance, and with the punishment of those concerned in Gloucester's death.

It is possible that Henry still had no further designs, and that vengeance for Gloucester was only added to content the people, since no one had had a more prominent part in his condemnation than John of Gaunt himself, except Mowbray, who had died abroad, and the craven Rutland, who enjoyed his scornful toleration.

The mission was entrusted to the Earl of Northumberland, who set off with 400 men-at-arms and 1,000 archers, and on the way took possession of the castles of Flint and Rhuddlan. Concealing his forces near Rhuddlan, he rode forward with only five attendants to Conway, and there sent a herald to ask for admission.

On his entrance, Richard anxiously asked for tidings of his brothers; and Northumberland told him they were well, and at Chester, giving him a letter from Sir John, telling him that the bearer might be trusted. The Earl then, declaring he was going to utter no lies, put forth Henry's demands that the King should rule henceforth more justly, and should make Henry himself Justiciary, and that a Parliament should be summoned at Westminster for the arraignment of the two Hollands, of Salisbury, and of Merks, bishop of Carlisle. If so, Henry would on his knees ask pardon for his rebellion; and Percy summed up by requesting that the Holy Eucharist might at once be consecrated, that he might swear upon the Host to the observance of the terms.

Richard was left with his counsellors, and thus spoke, "Fair Sirs, we will grant it. There is no other way. But I swear, that whatever pledge I may give him, he shall die a bitter death! Doubt it not, no Parliament shall be held at Westminster. I will send to assemble the Welsh, and some day we shall have the power. There are some of them whom I will flay alive! I would not take all the gold in the land for them, if I continue alive and well."

But Richard, as he had no oath to make, reconciled it to his conscience to dissemble. Mass was said, and Percy made his solemn oath, then departing to arrange for a meeting at Flint between Richard and Henry. As he took leave, Richard said to him, "I trust to your faith. Remember your oath, and Him who heard it."

With twenty-two friends and servants, the King quitted Conway, and rode towards Rhuddlan. They came to a steep slope, to the left of which was the sea, and to the right a lofty rock overhanging the road. The King had dismounted, and was climbing down the steep path on foot, when he exclaimed, "I am betrayed! Do you not see banners and pennons in the valley?"

Poor Creton, narrating this, owns that he heartily wished himself in France, for Northumberland's force was below, the hill behind too steep

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CAMEO XIX.

Treachery of the Percys.

for flight, and the road enclosed on either hand. Northumberland and eleven others rode up in armour. "Earl," said the King, "if I thought you capable of treason, it is not too late to turn back."

"You cannot return," said the Earl; "I have promised to carry you to the Duke of Lancaster."

Two hundred archers had by this time come up, and Richard saw that resistance was hopeless. "May He on whom you laid your hand reward you at the last day," he said.

From that moment the King was a captive. At the foot of the hill he accepted some bread and wine, because he durst not refuse it; then rode on to Rhuddlan, where a sumptuous dinner was provided, and thence to Flint Castle. There he spent a night of unrest in bitter bemoanings of his past mercy to the ungrateful Henry, and his disregard of his uncle's advice, who had more than once pronounced his son worthy of death. "Thrice did I save the life of this Henry of Lancaster! Once my dear uncle, his father, would have put him to death for his treason and villany. I rode all night to save him, and his father delivered him to me to do with him as I pleased. How true is the saying that we have no greater enemy than him whom we have saved from the gallows! Another time he drew his sword on me in the chamber of the Queen, whom Heaven assoilzie. He took part with Gloucester and Arundel; he consented to my murder, to that of his father, and of all my council. By St. John, I forgave him all; nor would I believe his father, who more than once pronounced him worthy of death!"

Allowing for all the exaggeration of Richard's despair and indignation, it is plain that he had repeatedly exercised forbearance towards his cousin, and had every cause to complain of foul ingratitude. He then recurred to lamentations over the fate of his little queen, and for his own folly in trusting Northumberland—unmanly outcries, but so piteous, that the French eye-witness declares that in this mortal world no creature whatever, whether Jew or Saracen, could have seen him and his friends without great compassion.

He rose early, and after hearing mass ascended the castle walls, and thence beheld the enemy's host, in number between eighty and a hundred thousand, advancing with banners and pennons displayed, horns and trumpets sounding, and the vanguard under the leading of Hotspur. The poor King shuddered and wept, until he was called down to a conference with Archbishop Fitzalan, with the two more recent traitors, Edward Plantagenet and Thomas Percy.

The prelate, always an open foe, and whom he had not seen since the arraignment in parliament, seemed to him the more trustworthy, and drawing aside from the others, as all knelt to him, he had a long conversation in private with the Archbishop, who comforted him gently, and assured him he was in no danger.

As soon as this deputation was gone, the poor King returned to the tower, and, surveying the multitude in shining armour marshalled against him, exclaimed, "Good Lord God, I commend myself to Thy holy

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keeping, and cry Thee mercy that Thou wouldst pardon all my sins. If they put me to death, I will take it patiently, as Thou didst for all."

Lancaster had intimated that he would not enter the castle till after dinner, which was accordingly served in the donjon. Salisbury and his other companions stood respectfully round their fallen sovereign, till he said, "Kind and loyal friends, since you are in like peril of death for your fidelity, sit down with me." They complied—one of them still wearing his master's badge of the white hart, which he refused to take off, though the other party came rudely thronging in and out of the hall, staring at the captives, threatening them, and declaring that their heads should be cut off. Poor Creton and his companion were so much terrified that they made their way to a herald, and entreated his protection. The herald took them to Henry, and kneeling down, explained their case; upon which Henry graciously answered, "My children, do not be alarmed at anything you see; keep near me, and I will warrant your lives." About the same time, Owen Glendwyr, seeing that all was lost, left Flint unmolested, and retired to his own estates to gather his retainers together and make an effort in his master's cause. He composed a beautiful melody called "Sweet Richard," which long served to animate the loyal Welsh in behalf of their king.

Prolonging his dreary meal to the utmost, with a weak man's desire to put off the evil day, Richard was at length obliged to descend to the court of the castle, as Henry entered it in full armour, but unhelmeted, and bowing low to the ground. Creton was near enough to hear their conversation, and has given all that passed.

"Fair cousin of Lancaster," said the King, doffing his cap with the dignity of despair, "you are welcome."

"My lord," said Henry, "I have returned before you sent for me; I will set before you the cause. Your people complain that for the space of twenty, or two-and-twenty years, you have ruled them harshly; but, please God, I will help you to rule them better."

"Fair cousin, since it pleaseth you, it pleaseth us well," was all the poor King could say.

Just then Richard's favourite hound, Math, came rushing out of the stables, but instead of, as usual, dancing and leaping round his master, sprang upon Henry, caressing him by putting its paws on his shoulders, and fawning on him with a rapture that made him ask what it meant.

"Cousin," said the King sadly, "it means a great deal for you, and very little for me! The natural instinct of the creature perceives which side has the ascendency. Keep him by your side, for lo, he leaveth me, and will ever follow you." *

Henry spoke courteously to all the King's followers except Salisbury, whom he considered to have personally offended him by the mission to Paris to prevent his marriage.

* This is only on the authority of Froissart, who was misinformed of a good many particulars in Richard's capture, but who declares this fact was witnessed by thirty thousand men.

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CAMEO XIX. — *Triumph of Henry.*

The horses were brought out, and two small and wretched animals were appropriated to the King and Salisbury, probably to prevent escape. Closely guarded, they left Flint at two o'clock, and rode to Chester, where Henry's arrival was greeted with trumpets sounding. Here they remained two days, during which apparently Henry received his eldest son, whom he had sent to release from Trim, with his young cousin of Gloucester, but who arrived alone. Young Humfrey had died of a brief illness in Ireland; and his widowed mother, Eleanor of Hereford, only survived the news of his death by a few hours. From Chester writs were sent out in the King's name to summon a Parliament, and proclamations to put a stop to disorders in many parts of the country—risings, perhaps, on behalf of the poor captive himself. The Welsh, under Owen Glendwyr, were certainly hovering on the skirts of the rebel host, cutting off stragglers, and watching for a favourable moment to liberate their king.

From Chester the cavalcade set out for London. At Lichfield Richard had nearly escaped to his faithful Welshmen; he succeeded in letting himself down from his window, but found himself in a walled garden, and was pursued and re-taken, after which eight or ten armed men were constantly stationed in his chamber. Not till they reached Coventry however, did Glendwyr turn back, to reserve his efforts for another occasion.

At five or six miles from London, the Lord Mayor, with his sword of state, with all the guilds in full array, came out to meet their hero, with loud cries of "The good Duke of Lancaster for ever!" comparing him to Alexander the Great, and declaring that he ought to be a king. We have the literally true description in Shakespeare's lines:—

> "The duke, great Bolingbroke,
> Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed
> Which his aspiring rider seemed to know,
> With slow but stately pace kept on his course,
> While all tongues cried, 'God save thee, Bolingbroke!'
> You would have thought the very windows spake,
> So many greedy looks of young and old
> Through casements darted their devouring eyes
> Upon his visage, and that all the walls
> With painted imag'ry had said at once,
> 'Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!'
> While he, from one side to the other turning,
> Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
> Bespake them thus: 'I thank, you countrymen:'
> And thus still doing, thus he passed along."

"Fair Sirs, here is your king; think what you will do with him," said Henry, pausing as he was about to enter the city.

"Let him be taken to Westminster," was the cry; and Henry, delivering him up to the Londoners, rode on in triumph through Cheapside to St. Paul's, where he dismounted, prayed at the high altar, and then repaired to the tomb of John and Blanche of Lancaster, his parents, where in this hour of his triumph he paused long, and gave way to a flood of tears. Could it have been at the thought how his father had

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withstood his ambition, and propped the throne which he had overthrown in less than a year after the death of the old man, who had so often stood between him and his feeble but forgiving cousin?

CAMEO XIX.

The arrival in London.

As to Richard,—

> "No man cried, 'God save him!'
> No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home;
> But dust was thrown upon his sacred head,
> Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,
> His face still combating with tears and smiles,
> The badges of his grief and patience,
> That had not God for some strong purpose steeled
> The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
> And barbarism itself have pitied him."

Thus was he led to Westminster, and the day after to the Tower, to await the meeting of Parliament, while Henry made short journeys in the neighbourhood, and took counsel with his partisans; and reports were universal of the prophecy of Merlin that Lancaster should reign. And stories were rife impeaching the legitimacy of Richard himself, and even going back so far as to declare that Edmund Crouchback, ancestor of Blanche of Lancaster, had been really older than Edward I., and set aside on account of the deformity his nickname was supposed to betoken, whereas it was only Crossback, from his crusading garb; but, at all costs, the favourite Henry was to be made to have a prior right to the fallen Richard.

The cry of the citizens, and the consent of the chief part of the nobles, led to the resolution that Richard should be forced to resign his crown, and the Parliament to pass an act of deposition, in order that those who regarded the power as vested in king or in nation might both be satisfied.

Assured that his refusal would peril his life, and reminded of what had passed in the secret interview with the Archbishop at Flint, Richard's consent to abdicate was wrung from him; but the next day, when the young Earl of Arundel, his keeper, came in to acquaint him that the Duke of Lancaster had come to speak with him, with his uncle and cousin of York, his spirit flashed out on hearing of the presence of these faint-hearted cravens, and at being summoned down as to the presence of a superior.

"Tell Henry of Lancaster," he said, with dignity, "I shall do no such thing. If he wants to see me, let him come to me."

They came accordingly, but Henry alone could afford to show his lord the poor outward respect of uncovered head and bended knee; and as before, Richard showed more willingness to parley with the avowed foe than with the faint-hearted turncoats. "Here are our cousin and uncle, who wish to speak with you," said Henry.

"Cousin, they are not fit to speak with me," was the reply.

"But have the goodness to hear them," continued Henry.

Richard turned on his uncle with an oath, crying, "Thou villain, what wouldst thou say to me? And thou, traitor of Rutland, thou art

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CAMEO XIX.

Deposition of Richard.

neither worthy to speak to me, nor to bear the name of duke, earl, nor knight. Thou and the villain thy father, foully have ye betrayed me. In an accursed hour were ye born! By your false counsel died my uncle Gloucester!"

"You lie!" cried Rutland, casting his bonnet at the King's feet.

"I am thy king and lord," said Richard, "and will continue king, and greater lord than ever I was, in spite of all my enemies."

Henry here silenced Edward; but Richard's passion was now worked up, and he fiercely demanded why he was thus shut up and watched. Was he servant, or king?

"You are my king, Sir," replied Henry calmly; "but the council of your realm has thought fit to set a guard on you, till the decision of Parliament."

The King swore an oath, and said, "Let me have my wife."

"Pardon me," said Lancaster; "it is forbidden by the council that you should see Queen Isabel."

The King, thoroughly wrought up, strode up and down the room, passionately reviling his traitor kinsmen, and throwing down his bonnet, offered to fight any four of them. Lancaster fell on his knees, entreated him to await the decision of Parliament, and soothed the unhappy man by the tokens of homage to which he had been accustomed from a child.

This interview had failed, but inevitable necessity was pressing hard upon poor Richard, and when a less offensive deputation of bishops, barons, knights, and lawyers came to him in the Tower the next day, he consented to all they wished, as one broken in spirit, and perceiving no other hope of saving his life. The inbred dignity of his royal birth enabled him to comport himself with suitable grace and composure, and with apparent cheerfulness he read a paper undertaking to resign his crown at the bidding of Parliament, and to disown any attempt at his restoration; and he even took off his ring, and put it on his cousin Henry's finger, expressing a wish that the choice of the nation might fall in that direction.

He was ready to perform his part in the pageant of the following day, the 30th of September, 1399. The place was Westminster Hall, which was on that day newly opened, after it had been repaired and newly adorned by the unfortunate monarch, who there appeared for the last time. He wore his regal robes, but was not accompanied by supporters, as he entered the Hall crowned and sceptred, and stood beside the throne, instead of seating himself upon it, while Henry took his own usual place near it.

The act of resignation was read, and each member of Parliament standing in his place signified his acceptance of it, while the people outside shouted for joy. Then came the undoing of his authority by the Parliament. The coronation oath was read, and after it thirty-three articles of accusation against him for having infringed it, for which cause he was declared to have forfeited the throne.

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CAMEO XIX.

Henry IV. elected King.

Not a voice was heard in his behalf save that of the faithful Bishop of Carlisle, Thomas Merks, the companion of the King's distresses. He demanded for the King, in the face of all his foes, the right of being confronted with his accusers; and for the Parliament, power of learning from the King whether the resignation of the crown were by his own voluntary act, or extorted by menaces.

But the good bishop found no one to second him; all voted for the deposition of Richard, who had apparently left the Hall, since a deputation headed by the Chief Justice carried him tidings of the sentence of Parliament, to which he meekly replied that he hoped his cousin would be good lord to him.

The throne meanwhile stood vacant. Henry of Lancaster rose in his place, and solemnly crossing his brow and breast, spoke thus, beginning in the Most Holy name: "I, Henry of Lancaster, challenge this realm of England, and the crown, with all the members and appurtenances; as that I am descended by the right line of blood, coming from the good lord King Henry III., and through that right that God, of His grace, hath sent me with help of my kin and of my friends to recover it: the which realm was in point to be undone for default of governance and undoing of good laws."

He said not a word of his father or grandfather, lest the claims of the little Edmund Mortimer should stand in his way; but from the fervent admiration of some for their new hero, and from the timidity of others, no one spoke up for the orphan child, and indeed it had been a complaint that the realm could not brook being governed by children and widows. The Lords and Commons were asked their opinion; they by acclamation consented to own him as their king, Archbishop Fitzalan took Henry's hand, and led him to the throne; he knelt on the steps in prayer, then took his place on it; the Archbishop made a short address, to prove that such a monarch would be a blessing, and then Henry, rising, briefly thanked the Parliament, and promised to govern uprightly and legally. A fortnight after, he was crowned, and anointed with oil which, in imitation of the holy *Ampoule* of Rheims, the Archbishop pretended had been presented to Becket by the Blessed Virgin; Northumberland bearing before him by the point the sword which he had worn at Ravenspur, and young Henry, as representing the Duke of Lancaster, carrying the Sword of State. Two days after, the boy, now twelve years old, was created Prince of Wales, by being crowned by his father with a coronal of gold, kissed and blessed by him, and then led by Edward of York to the seat once occupied by the Black Prince.

Henry IV., led on step by step to the throne, and making common cause with a deposed archbishop, had persuaded himself that he was the chosen minister of Heaven to redress the grievances of the state and be raised to the throne without shedding a drop of blood. Thus the fallen Richard was merely guarded and imprisoned at Pontefract Castle, Bishop Merks was confined in St. Alban's Abbey, and the little

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CAMEO XIX.

Plots against Henry.

Edmund Mortimer was watched but not shut up at Windsor Castle, and made the companion of the royal children, while all the nobles of the King's party remained at large, and instead of condemning, Henry reversed the attainders of the past reign.

He had yet to learn the penalties of usurpation. When the lords who had appealed Gloucester of treason were called on to justify themselves, Parliament became a scene of furious recrimination; the epithets of liar and traitor were bandied about, and twenty gages of battle were cast upon the floor. Henry succeeded in enforcing silence, and the sentence was limited to depriving those who had taken part in the prosecution of the lands and dignities with which they had been rewarded, reducing Thomas Holland from Duke of Exeter to be Earl of Kent, John Holland from Duke of Somerset to Earl of Huntingdon, Edward Plantagenet from Duke of Albemarle to Earl of Rutland.

Whether it were this degradation or a more noble motive that actuated these nobles, they immediately after formed a plot with Salisbury, Despenser, and others of the King's friends, for seizing Henry at a grand tournament to be given at Oxford. Splendid preparations were made and secret conferences were held throughout the Christmas holidays, but Edward of York was missing. A letter sent to him was received in presence of his father, who insisted on hearing the contents, and, dismayed at the danger of fresh commotions, hurried to Windsor with his son, whom he forced to disclose the secret and become a trebly-dyed traitor. Henry gave up his intention of going to Oxford, and hurried from Windsor the very morning before the conspirators arrived there with five hundred men. They then marched westward, and were joyfully joined by the little Queen Isabel, who, in girlish ecstacy, tore away the Lancastrian swan from all who approached her, and restored her husband's white hart. Richard was proclaimed wherever they went, and in some places a priest named Maudelin, who much resembled him, was made to personate him.

Feeble interest in him was however excited, and at Cirencester, whither Henry's writs to raise the country had preceded them, the mayor summoned the citizens, and fell by night on the quarters of the Earls of Kent and Salisbury, who held out for six hours, but were obliged to surrender. They were shut up in the Abbey, but a fire breaking out attributed to their partisans, they were dragged out, and beheaded by the populace. Salisbury was a gracious and graceful nobleman, worthy of a better fate. Creton thus describes him :—

> "Hardi estait et fier comme lions,
> Et si faisait balades et chançons
> Rondeaulx et laiz
> Tres bien et bel."

John Holland made his escape to Essex, and there took ship ; but he was driven back by contrary winds, seized, and taken to Pleshy, where the old Countess of Hereford, sister to Arundel and mother-in-law of Gloucester, eager for vengeance, and afraid that her other son-in-law

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CAMEO XIX.

Funeral of Richard. 1400.

Henry, might spare him for the sake of his wife, Joan of Lancaster, caused him to be beheaded at once.

Lord Despenser met with the same fate from the citizens of Bristol, just as his two ancestors had done in the same place for adhering in like manner to Edward of Carnarvon. More regular executions ensued; and Bishop Merks was condemned; but the Pope sent to offer him a bishopric in the Archipelago, and after some negotiation, his peace was made with Henry, though he was not permitted to resume his see.

Henry severely felt this requital of his forbearance, and was very ill; indeed, his health began to fail from the moment of his accession, and he so quickly lost that vigorous youthfulness for which the Archbishop applauded him, that it is always difficult to think of him as a man who hardly attained to middle age.

On the 12th of March, 1400, a grand funeral was carried through the streets of London. A litter covered with black cloth, and a canopy of the same, were drawn by four black horses, and followed by four knights in mourning weeds. The procession moved at a foot's pace as far as the Chepe, where there was a halt for two hours, and all who would might come and look at the face of the dead man, as it lay on the bier, the head soldered down on a black cushion, and the features uncovered from brow to throat so that all might know the effeminate regularity and beauty that had characterized the unhappy Richard of Bordeaux. For two days it lay on a bier in St. Paul's, and at least 20,000 spectators came to look at the king they had so lately reviled. It was then carried to Westminster Abbey, where Henry himself attended the dirge that was sung, and was finally carried to the church of Langley Bower, Richard's favourite home.

It was given out that St. Valentine's Day was the date of Richard's death, but how he died, nay, whether he were really dead at all, remained as great a mystery as all else connected with his death. Some said that he had been slain by a long course of famine and privation; others, that Sir Piers of Exton, hearing the King sigh over the constant plots that harassed him, set forth with eight persons for Pontefract Castle, resolved to rid him of the cause of these troubles. They were admitted while the prisoner was at dinner, and Richard, standing on his guard, snatched a bill from the foremost, and fought so desperately that he had killed four of them before Exton, leaping on a chair, dealt him a blow of an axe on the back of the head, which slew him on the spot. The peculiar manner in which the corpse was laid on the bier, with the head fastened down, was thought a corroboration of this story, since it appeared to be for the purpose of concealing the fatal wound; and three gentlemen, who visited Pontefract in 1643, while it was still perfect, averred that marks of blows with an axe still remained upon a post in the dungeon of the Bloody Tower, where the death-struggle was said to have taken place.

Yet, on the other hand, there were many who affirmed that the corpse carried through London was that of Maudelin, the chaplain, who had

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CAMEO XIX.

Supposed escape of Richard.

before personated Richard, and had been captured at Cirencester. It is certain that the skeleton occupying the grave at Langley bears no marks of a blow like that of Exton, but at this distance of time such evidence must be inconclusive.

Scottish chroniclers, however, aver that two gentlemen, named Swinburn and Waterton,* who were among the King's keepers, contrived his escape, and spread a report of his death, while he escaped to Scotland. There he was recognized in the kitchen of Donald, Lord of the Isles, either by a jester or by a lady named Bisset, who had seen him in Ireland, and told her husband. He was sent for, forced to confess, and then sent to Robert III., by whom, and by the Regent Duke of Albany, he was detained in prison till his death, in 1419, when he was buried in the church of the Preaching Friars at Stirling.

It is in favour of this story that Glendwyr never credited the death of his master, that these two gentlemen, Waterton and Swinburn, were actually Richard's keepers, and that some mysterious correspondence still exists between Henry and Albany, as if there had been some unavowed transaction carried on.

Little Queen Isabel, whose hand Henry sought for his son after Richard's reputed death, vehemently refused, and for full seven years strongly withstood all proposals of marriage, until Court policy forced her, against her will, to submit to become the wife of Charles, son to the Duke of Orleans, by whom she was romantically and poetically beloved.

* Ancestor of the well-known traveller and naturalist.

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CAMEO XX.

HOMILDON HILL.

(1390—1402.)

Kings of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1377. Richard II.	1390. Robert III.	1380. Charles VI.	1390. Enrique III.
1399. Henry IV.			

Emperors of Germany.	*Pope.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1389. Boniface IX.
1400. Rupert.	

ONE of the chief charges brought against the unfortunate Richard II. had been his lack of military renown; and Henry IV. thought—like other usurpers—to secure popularity by victories over the national enemies; and certainly France and Scotland, the one with an insane, the other with an imbecile king, were temptations to ambition.

Scotland was, however, the most inviting to invasion, as perhaps the most provoking. Robert, the second Robert and first Stuart, had died in 1390, and his successor John, who had taken the honoured name of Robert to avert the evil omen which the misfortunes of the Johns of England and France had attached to his baptismal appellation, nevertheless inherited in full measure the troubles at once of a King John and of a Stuart. The eldest of his father's "eleven sons who loved arms," this taste in him had been very soon exhausted, or else destroyed, by the kick of a horse which crippled him for life, and he had not even energy to attempt to control the violences of those who *did* love arms. Gentle, timid, and affectionate, he could not bear to give offence, and was at the mercy of the last speaker; thus probably permitting more evil than would have been perpetrated under a worse man of stronger character. He let his brothers, Robert and Walter, exercise the power that had fallen into their hands in his father's old age, without regard to their manner of employing it. Robert, whose title was then Earl of Fife, was Governor of Scotland, with the managment of all public affairs; Walter ruled almost absolutely over the north, with almost sovereign power and actually savage ferocity. At court, he was the Earl of Buchan; but among the trembling people, he was known as the Wolf of Badenoch. Having been offended by the Bishop of Moray, this well-named Wolf burst upon the county, horribly ravaged it, sacked the Cathedral of Elgin, polluted its shrines with blood, burnt it to the

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CAMEO XX. — *Scottish feuds.*

ground, and carried off its chalices and other treasures to his mountains; whence he next sent his illegitimate son, Duncan, on a similar ravening errand in Aberdeenshire and Forfarshire. Sir Walter Ogilvie, sheriff of Angus, and a few other knights, collected their retainers, expecting that, though far inferior in numbers, their steel-clad men-at-arms would be more than a match for Duncan's wild Highland Caterans, armed only with broadsword and target, and attacked them at Gasklune near the waters of Ila; but the fury of the Highlanders absolutely overwhelmed them; the sheriff himself and sixty men-at-arms were slain, and though multitudes of Caterans fell, yet their numbers were so large that the loss produced no perceptible effect. Here it was that the incident took place which Scott has transferred to Sir Giles de Argentine at the Battle of Bannockburn:—

"Nailed to the earth, the mountaineer
Yet writhed him up against the spear,
And swung his broadsword round!
Stirrup, steel boot, and cuish, gave way
Beneath that blow's tremendous sway,
The blood gush'd from the wound;
And the grim Lord of Colonsay
Hath turn'd him on the ground,
And laugh'd in death-pang, that his blade
The mortal thrust so well repaid."

These ferocious heroes were then called Clan Donocha, and are considered as the ancestors of the Clan Robertson. Sir David Lindsay, the knight actually thus wounded, did not, however, die of the stroke, like the gallant Argentine.

The Highlands were in effect as little governed as a set of savages in the interior of Africa, and not much more under the influence of Christianity. It was at this time that the two clans Chattan and Kay, having long been at deadly feud, challenged one another to fight out their quarrel: thirty on either side, armed to the teeth in the Highland fashion, with no defensive armour, however, but the small round target. This strange combat, answering to that which took place when the "young men played before David and Abner," to the fight of the Horatii and Curiatii, and to the later precedent of the Holm Gang of Norway and Sweden, was to be in the presence of the King and Court, on the level ground of the North Inch of Perth, where barriers were erected as for a tournament. At the last moment, however, one of the Clan Chattan lost heart, and was absent from the muster when the men were drawn up on either side. This most unexampled defection making the numbers unequal, the kind-hearted King, glad to escape the murderous spectacle, hoped to put a stop to the whole affair, and was about to break up the assembly, when an armourer of Perth, called Henry of the Wynd, stood forth, and offered for half a French crown to take the place of the deserter. His nickname was Gow Chrom, or the crooked smith; and he appears to have been of low stature, with bowed legs, but of great personal strength and skill in the use of the arms he made; and his proposal was probably a sort of bravado. The royal council, not at all

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CAMEO XX.

Duel of Clans.

unwilling that these two dangerous clans should demolish the flower of one another's warriors, overruled the reluctance of the meek King; the trumpets and bagpipes sounded, and the furious onset began, butcherly to the utmost degree, the huge broadsword being swung with both hands against bodies only protected by the folds of the tartan, and sometimes not even by that; for the Highlanders were wont to fling the encumbrance aside, and fight in their shirts, uttering horrible yells, and presenting a scene that horrified the French and English knights, accustomed to the rules of gentle warfare. When the chieftain of Clan Chattan had a moment to look round, he saw that his new champion, having slain one man, was leaning on his broadsword, taking no further interest in the combat. Reproaching him for cowardice, the chief was calmly answered that he had done as much work as he had been paid for. "Grudge not work, and I will not grudge thee wages," quoth the chief; and notably did the crooked smith work, until finally himself with ten of the Clan Chattan were left on their feet, though all sorely wounded; while one single warrior of Clan Kay remained, and he was whole and sound. He durst not, however, meet the eleven wounded men, and on their advance leapt into the Tay, swam across it, and disappeared in the woods, leaving the field to the survivors of Clan Chattan, by whom the smith was well rewarded; but it turned out, after the fray, that he had neither known nor cared which clan he fought for, and only said, "he fought for his own hand;" whence the proverb arose, "Every man for his own hand, like Henry Wynd." What became of the single coward of Clan Chattan does not appear; perhaps he was forgiven in consideration of the victory; but the runaway of Clan Kay was treated at home like the deserter from Thermopylæ, and is said to have committed suicide. In "The Fair Maid of Perth" Scott has made a very striking study of his constitutional timidity, in contrast with the equally constitutional bravery of the Gow Chrom.

Combats more according to the notions of chivalry were, however, constantly taking place between Lowland knights and English warriors, both at Edinburgh and London. One of these justs was very quaint. Sir Piers Courtney, a handsome Englishman, appeared at a tournament with a falcon crest and the motto,

> "I beare a falcon, fairest of flyght,
> Whoso prykketh at her his death is dight.
> In graith."

Sir William Dalzell, a Scottish knight, thereupon came forth as a parody on the Courtney, namely, with a jay or magpie crest, and the device,

> "I beare a pyet peikand at ane pees (piece):
> Quhasa pykkis at her, I sall pyk at his nees (nose).
> In faith."

Falcon and Pyet could not of course do otherwise than "pryk" and "pyke" at one another in good earnest; but in the first course with lances Dalzell left his helmet unlaced so that it gave way in the shock, and he remained undamaged, while Courtney's temper was not mended by the loss—not of his "nees" but of two of his front teeth, and he com-

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CAMEO XX.

Power of Albany.

plained loudly of Dalzell's unfairness in not fastening his helmet. The Scotsman thereupon agreed to run six courses more, each undertaking to forfeit 200*l.* if in any respect he took any advantage over his adversary. No sooner was this agreed to, and the sum deposited in the King's hands, than the canny Scot took off his helmet, tossed aside his shaggy locks, and showing that the battle of Otterburn had cost him an eye, demanded of Sir Piers an eye or the forfeit. It was adjudged that the handsome knight must abide by his own terms, and Dalzell carried off both his money and the laugh.

Well would it have been if all fights had been thus honourable and amicable; but a dark tragedy was preparing in the family of King Robert. Annabel Drummond, his queen, had brought him two sons, David and James, the last new name being brought into the family, it is said, by a vow on her part. David was a high-spirited youth, a great favourite both with his father and the people, and though inordinately fond of pleasure, and with much of the spoilt child about him, with qualities that made it evident that he was not likely long to submit to the overweening assumptions of his uncle Robert of Fife. The old King seems to have been in constant dread that his brother might be jealous of this favourite son, for he was always entering into leagues with his nobles and pensioning them to protect him and his son, which would have been apparently their most natural duty; but the fact seems to have been, that the whole country had been so utterly disorganized ever since the Bruce and Balliol wars, that Henry of the Wynd, fighting to please himself, was only a type of what every noble, every clan, did; nobody dreamt of obeying the government, and nothing but purchase could bind a man to the service of the government. When, after the example of the ducal sons of Edward III., Robert III. created his son Duke of Rothsay, he hoped to obviate jealousy by making his brother, at the same time, Duke of Albany; but to repress the contentions of his family was impossible to his feeble hand.

It was plain that nothing could be worse than the state of the kingdom under Albany's management, and in a meeting held at Perth on the 27th January, 1398, the Parliament of Scotland enacted that, in consequence of the abuses that had sprung up from the King's illness and inefficiency, his son, the Duke of Rothsay, should become his lieutenant for three years, and administer the law, assisted by a council composed of the chief nobles and prelates of Scotland, and unfortunately at their head his two uncles of Albany and Buchan. This arrangement was in some degree carried out; and Rothsay, then twenty years of age, was placed at the head of affairs, just before the fall of Richard II. It was now thought time that his irregular dissipated life should be controlled by marriage, and George, earl of March, proposed to purchase royalty for his daughter, Elizabeth of Dunbar, by a large dowry, and the proposal was accepted; but the overweening pride of the Douglases was bent on having a queen in the family, and Earl Archibald, brother of the gallant knight of Otterburn, complained that the Prince's hand ought not to be

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CAMEO XX.

Disputes of Rothsay and Albany.

disposed of without the consent of the Three Estates of the Realm, and, securing the support of the Duke of Albany, he outbid the Earl of March, and obtained a promise of the desired honour for *his* Elizabeth. It is to be feared that the young prince himself was indifferent in the matter, and cared more for the price than the ladies. March, hearing of the negotiation, demanded redress, and the restoration of the sum he had paid beforehand; but he obtained nothing, not even a direct answer, for no doubt the poor helpless old King did not know what to say; whereupon March burst into a furious passion, and threatened that he would have his rights, or take a revenge that would set the kingdom in a flame. For the first it was too late; Rothsay was already privately married to Lady Elizabeth Douglas; and March fulfilled his threat by going off to England and presenting himself to Henry IV.; while the Douglases, considering this as the act of a traitor, seized upon his Castle of Dunbar and all his estates, making the King disregard all his remonstrances that he had as yet been guilty of no crime against the state.

Of course this was the way to make him a rebel, and Henry lent a willing ear to his invitations to Scotland, especially as the truce was over, and the Borderers had been making their usual forays; whilst the English evidently expected of their new king some exploit to satisfy that national vanity so highly fed under his grandfather.

So Henry revived the old claim of Lord Paramount of Scotland, and proclaimed his intention of marching to Edinburgh, to receive the homage of King Robert and all his barons, asking Parliament for assistance; but he soon perceived that taxation would as yet be a dangerous experiment, and therefore was obliged to satisfy himself with the offer of personal service from the temporal peers, and the tenth of the year's income from the spiritual ones. By way of foretaste, Hotspur took Lord March with him for a raid upon his own forfeited lands, and there did as much damage as it was possible to do in Scotland, but kept such careless watch that the heir of Douglas, falling on their camp at night, chased them home in great confusion, and with much loss.

Henry and his army proceeded to York, whence he sent a summons to Robert to meet him and do him homage; but in return only received a cartel from Rothsay, then in Edinburgh Castle, accusing him of invading for the love of plunder a country to which he had no right, and offering to decide the quarrel by a combat of one, two, or three hundred nobles on either side. This would have been rather too much of an imitation of Clan Chattan and Clan Kay to suit the civilized notions of Henry of Lancaster; and he even refuted the accusation of coming for plunder's sake, by keeping his army in a perfect state of discipline, and preventing the devastation that had been the regular mode of warfare in Scotland. Whenever, on his advance, a place demanded protection, his pennon was hung up over the walls, and was always respected. When he came to Leith, two canons of Holyrood were sent to entreat him to spare their palace monastery. His answer was, "Never, while I live, shall I cause distress to any religious house whatever; and God forbid

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CAMEO XX.
Henry IV. in Scotland.

that the monastery of Holyrood, the shelter of my father in his exile, should suffer aught from his son. I am myself a Comyn, and by this side half a Scot, and I came here with my army, not to ravage the country, but to answer the defiance of certain amongst you who have branded me as a traitor."

At Leith Henry met his fleet, obtained the provisions it had brought, and laid siege to the castle; whence Rothsay looked down and scorned his attempts, expecting his uncle Albany, who was advancing at the head of a numerous army, to raise the siege. Albany, however, came no farther than Calder Moor, and there encamped. Whether he did this from reluctance to deliver his nephew, or from a prudent compliance with "good King Robert's Testament," is uncertain; at any rate, it was the best thing he could have done, for sickness and want of provisions were doing their work on the English army; and Henry, finding that he should be starved out before the process would succeed with Rothsay, hearing moreover that Owen Glendwyr was up in arms in Wales, raised the siege and marched home again, leaving no battle-field to ring with his name, but evincing a power rarer in all ages than that of winning a battle, namely, that of keeping his troops disciplined; for not even in their hungry, sick, disheartened retreat did they commit any outrages to stain the last invasion of Scotland by an English sovereign. Whether this expedition were really connected with the idea that Richard II. was in concealment in Scotland must be matter of speculation; it is by no means unlikely that he may have withdrawn in consequence of coming to some secret understanding with Albany, that the captive should not be permitted to trouble him.

It would have been well for David of Rothsay if he could always have been looking down from his crag at the English foe at his feet. There, he was a worthy Prince of Scotland; but no sooner was the danger over, than he returned to his idle, dissipated habits; and though chosen by the nation as his father's lieutenant, he used the power committed to him chiefly for his own amusement and the gratification of his favourites. He seems to have had much of the character of his contemporary, Henry of Monmouth—gay, pleasure-loving, impatient of control, and with an open dashing spirit of generosity that was revolted by all that was mean, hypocritical, or double-dealing. Probably Henry had far more talent and strength of character than David, and, moreover, he had a father whose abilities and resolution made him the first monarch of his day, and lived under a government so secure, that the freaks of the heir apparent were of little moment to the nation; while poor David was in so crazy a vessel, on so turbulent a sea, that a wise man could hardly preserve his balance, and an impetuous youth was almost certain to be at once submerged. He and his father were the only Stuarts who came to manhood as heirs apparent, and his fate was the most mournful of all suffered by that doomed line.

As long as Queen Annabel lived, he was under her influence; and he was also controlled for his good by his father-in-law, Archibald the

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CAMBO XX.

Death of Rothsay.

Grim, Earl of Douglas, as well as by Trail, the Bishop of St. Andrews; but 1401, the year after the English invasion, witnessed the death of all three, and they were so much missed, that it was a common saying in the country, that the glory and honesty of Scotland were buried with them. Unrestrained by them, the young Prince became wilder and more incautious even than before, and especially offended his uncle Albany, whose cold, hard, double-dealing ways he loved to expose and deride. His neglect of his wife, Elizabeth Douglas, made an enemy of her brother, the new Earl Archibald; and Sir William Lindsay, the brother of an earlier forsaken love, was also his bitter foe; while, still worse, he had among his familiar companions a false friend, Sir John de Ramorgny, a man of great abilities, highly educated and accomplished, but a savage and violent soldier, even more cunning and relentless than Albany himself.

The mismanagement of Rothsay made it necessary to set him aside from the government, which was restored to Albany—a tyrant indeed, but a less capricious and mischievous one than his nephew, who was of course extremely angry at his loss of power, and poured forth his complaints to his friend Ramorgny. In return, this wretch proposed to him to rid himself of this hated uncle by a secret murder; but the honourable nature of the Prince recoiled at the notion, and his indignant reply made Ramorgny the bitterest of all his foes. The wretch going over to Albany, a plot was concocted between them, with Douglas and Lindsay, for preventing the unhappy young man from ever coming to the throne. The poor old King lived in religious seclusion in a convent, where he knew nothing but what his brother chose to tell him; and Ramorgny and Lindsay thither repaired with a story of the excesses and passions of the Prince, so as to extract from him an order with his sign manual, that the young man's person should be placed under restraint. This was all they wanted; and Rothsay unhappily gave them further pretext for violence, by setting off in the King's name to take possession of one of the castles of the newly deceased Bishop of St. Andrews, although his claims to the lieutenancy of the kingdom were over. His enemies took horse, seized him on his way, and imprisoned him in the Castle of St. Andrews; where, shortly after, Albany and Douglas appeared with a strong party of men-at-arms, mounted him on horseback, disguised him in a coarse cloak, and carried him away to Falkland Castle, where they threw him into a dungeon, and gave him in charge to two ruffians, named Wright and Selkirk, who were to bring about his death. The means were the most horrible of all, the same that had already stained the name of Douglas, when the knight of Liddesdale starved his former friend Ramsay to death. Rothsay's cries attracted the notice of a woman passing through the garden of Falkland, and coming to the grated window on a level with the ground, she took pity on him, dropped cakes through the grating, and supplied his thirst from her own breast through a pipe; but her visits were detected and prevented, and the miserable youth sank at the end of fifteen days from the time of his imprisonment, in the year 1401.

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CAMEO XX.

Nesbit Moor.

He was buried at the Convent of Lindores, and a tale was circulated that he had died a natural death; but the truth came out, and Albany, by way of self-justification, declared that all had been done by the King's orders; nay, he and Douglas obtained from the helpless, broken-hearted King a remission of the deed, and he continued to hold in his hands the reins of government, such as they were. It is remarkable that in the next generation an almost parallel calamity befell Giles, the young brother of the Duke of Brittany; like Rothsay, thrown to starve to death in a dungeon, and, like him, maintained for a short time by the pity of a woman. Cruel as was the mode of such a death, it had a sort of recommendation to the murderer, in the absence of marks of violence, and the power it gave of proving that no hand had been laid upon the victim. Two more dark deeds of this date are in like manner ascribed to "fell thirst and famine," namely, King Richard's own death, and that of Humphrey of Gloucester, at present a young boy, the son of the reigning king.

Meantime, the war with England continued. March continued with the Percys, and joined in their forays into Scotland, taking the command of the expedition alternately with Hotspur; and in like manner, the Border clans, Haliburtons, Cockburns, Lauders, and others, used to join their whole force when the bail fire announced the appearance of the enemy, and the head of each commanded in turn. Sir Patrick Hepburn of Hailes was thus in command of an expedition that was overtaken by the English at Nesbit Moor, and had a desperate battle with them, only decided by a reinforcement from Berwick, brought by March's son, the Master of Dunbar, whose aid gave the victory to the Percys, with such bloodshed that the place still bears the name of Slaughter Hill. So important was this success reckoned, that Henry IV. himself wrote to thank the Percys for it; and, on the other hand, the Scots determined to take their revenge by a regular invasion rather than a mere "warden raid."

Douglas, "that same sprightly Scot of Scots that runs o' horseback up a hill perpendicular," took the command, and Albany sent his eldest son Murdoch with a considerable force to join him; almost all the chivalry of Scotland collected round his banner, and the whole amounted to ten thousand men when they advanced into Northumberland, up to the very gates of Newcastle. The Percys wisely let them go as far as they would, and turn back again, before they intercepted their retreat. Hotspur had learnt prudence since the days of Otterburn, and placed himself in the pass at Wooler, full in front of the Scots. Douglas drew up his forces in a deep square, upon Homildon Hill. Brave he was, without doubt, but it was as if the murder of Rothsay ever hung as a weight round his neck; for he never succeeded in any enterprise he undertook, and became known in his family annals as Earl Archibald Tyneman, or the loser. On this occasion, he had chosen a position very good for combats with sword and lance, but fully exposed to the deadly arrow-

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shot of the English, regardless of the number of archers of whom their force consisted.

Bannockburn had been won by a charge upon these archers before they came within bow-shot; but Douglas seems to have considered that knight must needs fight against knight, and kept his forces in one close column, so dense, that they had scarcely room to ply their weapons. There they stood, foolishly motionless, losing the critical moment, just as James IV. afterwards lost it at Flodden; whilst the English army came on to the opposite eminence in full order. Hotspur would fain have at once rushed to the charge, but March, one of the few men with a leader's eye, caught hold of his bridle, and withheld him till the archers' work was done. Down then came the storm of arrows, the archers advancing after each shot, and shooting their shafts more level and with a more direct aim—till the Scottish host, still holding the same ground, looked, we are told, like a huge hedgehog, bristled over with a thousand shafts, whose feathers were red with blood, the best blood of Scotland; for barons and knights were dying on the spot where they stood without having struck a blow.

An elderly knight was there, by name Sir John Swinton, who had seen many a stricken field not thus thrown away. "Why," he cried, "do we tarry here to be shot like stags on the hill-side, to have our hands nailed to our lances? Follow me, and let us at least sell our lives as dear as we can!"

The senseless obstinacy of Douglas seemed to have infected all the host, and no one attended to what might yet have gained the day, except the head of the Gordons, a family long at deadly feud with the Swintons. Young Adam Gordon, whose father had died by Sir John Swinton's hand, threw himself before him, as the one man of courage and worth in the host, entreated for reconciliation, and to receive the order of knighthood from his hand. Never did chivalry and patriotism produce a nobler scene than when, in that moment of deadly danger, English arrows hailing around, the elder and younger warriors exchanged the words of pardon; the knightly accolade was followed by the warm embrace of forgiveness, and down the hill the two chiefs dashed at the head of their followers, to launch themselves against the advancing foe.

Slowly and cumbrously Douglas began to follow them, but not till their brave little band had been cut to pieces, and themselves had been cut off in the midst of their pardon; the English archers slowly fell back, still pouring in their arrows so thickly that Douglas, though his armour had been three years in being made, fell to the earth under five wounds, one in his eye, and was made prisoner, as well as Murdoch of Albany and many more. The archers rushed in with their knives and short-swords, and made prisoners of all whom they found alive, while the gentlemen who had not struck a blow in the battle itself pursued those who were in condition to leave the field.

This battle took place on Holy Cross Day, September 14, 1402, and

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CAMEO XX.

Dispute of the King and Hotspur.

is known as Homildon Hill. Scott, in a noble little drama on the heroism of Swinton and Douglas, has transferred the incident to Halidon Hill, for the sake of bringing in Edward III. But, in truth, this whole reign is one borderland of poetry and history; for this was the occasion when Shakespeare makes Hotspur represent himself as so "pestered with a popinjay" from court, demanding the custody of the prisoners. However, this was special pleading, or else a poetical licence; for as the archers had fought the whole battle, Lord Percy could hardly have been dry with rage and extreme toil—"breathless and faint, leaning upon" his "sword," nor "all smarting with" his "wounds being cold."

Moreover, the message from the King was not sent off till the tidings of the victory had been brought to Westminster; but the truth and spirit of the picture in Shakespeare is far more impressive of this turning-point of Henry Percy's life than is the cold recorded fact, that he and his men took great offence at the King's letters forbidding any person to ransom any prisoner, or suffer them to be at large on parole of honour, until his further pleasure should be known. This was an unwarranted interference with the personal rights of warriors, who had hitherto considered the disposal of their captives as the great reward of their exertions, gratifying their pride, their purse, and sometimes their animosity. It was rather a mercantile transaction; but where feudal retainers had to march at their own expense ransoms were really their only chance of reimbursement; and self-interest proved the best means of eradicating habits of savage cruelty in the masses, by leading to friendly treatment of the captive, as more like a debtor than an enemy. Only now and then were there dreadful cases of individual revenge or savage ferocity, like that of De Clisson; on the whole, the ransom system worked well, and, when it passed away, war was certainly for a time more bloody and uncivilized. Henry IV. did indeed declare that none of his lieges should be losers by the delay, but his interference was none the less resented; and the more so, as Hotspur was bent on a vindictive deed of private vengeance. Teviotdale had once been granted to his family, and had been wrested from them, after severe struggles, by the Douglases, during the Bruce and Balliol wars. An unfortunate knight named William Stuart of Forrest, who had, when a mere boy, been transferred with his lands from Percy to Douglas, was among the prisoners; and Hotspur insisted on his being brought to trial at York for an act of treason. To the credit of Yorkshiremen, the jury acquitted him. Lord Percy assembled a second jury, and again he was declared innocent; but still the fierce nobleman's passion prevailed; a third jury, packed and overawed, sentenced the Scottish knight to the death of a traitor, and his limbs were exposed over the city gate. The cause of Percy's virulence is not known; but it is likely that there was some special provocation, since though headstrong and violent, and twice led into treason and falsehood by passion and ambition, there is no other stain of actual cruelty on the shield of Harry Percy.

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CAMEO XX.

His father, however, did attend the meeting of parliament a month after, on the 20th of October, with a sample of the prisoners, namely, the highest in rank of all, Murdoch Stuart of Albany, the King's nephew, and three French and three Scottish knights; but not the most truly important personage, the Earl of Douglas, who was perhaps not sufficiently recovered from his wounds to undertake a journey that must have begun very soon after the battle. Or this might have been only a pretext to cover the new alliance that was being formed between him and the embittered Hotspur.

Henry received the prisoners with his usual dignity and courtesy as they were led to him in Westminster Hall, where they knelt thrice,—at the entrance, in the middle, and before the throne; and one of the three Scottish knights, Sir Adam Forester, made a speech, entreating gracious and honourable treatment for my Lord Murdoch and the rest. Henry gave them a cold, grave welcome, and Forester proceeded to exhort him to spare the further shedding of Christian blood, and to enter on negotiations with Murdoch, who had received full powers to act. Henry, however, upbraided Forester with his cunning and treachery, declaring that it was his fair promises that had been the cause of his own retreat from Edinburgh in the former year; but to young Murdoch he was gracious, consoling him for his captivity, as the lot of many a good knight taken upon a fair field, and inviting the whole party to dine at his own table.

What these promises were is unknown. Probably they related to that captive in Albany's keeping whom Henry seems at least to have suspected of being the late King of England, and whose surrender may have been promised to him. Be this as it may, the winter closed in upon England, checking military operations, but leaving full time open for plots and conspiracies against the usurper on his uneasy throne.

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CAMEO XXI.

OWAIN GLYNDWYR.

(1399—1409.)

King of England.	*Kings of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*Kings of Spain.*
1399. Henry IV.	1390. Robert III.	1380. Charles VI.	1390. Enrique III.
	1406. James I.		1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1378. Wenceslas.	1394. Boniface IX.
	1404. Gregory XII.

CAMEO XXI.

THE Welsh chieftain who played so remarkable a part in the disturbances of the reign of Henry IV. has already been mentioned, but it is now time to enter more fully upon his history.

Owain ap Gruffydd was the son of Gruffydd Fychan, of the princely house of Powys, and of Ellyn, daughter of another Welsh chief and of a lady whose mother, Katharine, was said to be the daughter of Llywelwyn, last Prince of Wales. It is possible that this Katharine may have been secreted by her father's friends when her sister Gwenllian was secluded for life in a convent; at any rate, the Cymry fully believed in the connexion, and Eleanor, the younger sister of Owain's mother, marrying Sir Tudor ap Grodno, conveyed to his descendants the claim to represent Arthur, Caractacus, and Brute himself.

Owain was born somewhere about 1354, most probably at Glyndwrdy, in Merionethshire, the place whence he took his designation. Welsh tradition declares of his birth not quite what he tells of himself in Shakespeare—

> "At my birth
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
> The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
> Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields;"

but that all his father's horses were found standing in blood up to their bellies; an omen that was thought to place him out of "the roll of common men."

Strange to say, this fiery Welshman went to London to study the law, was entered at one of the Inns of Court, called to the bar, and married a Judge's daughter, Margaret Hanmer, who brought him a large family.

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CAMBO XXI.

Education of Owain.

He broke up his Welsh name small for the benefit of the English, for in 1386, when he appeared as witness in the famous trial between the houses of Scrope and Grosvenor respecting their coat of arms, he signed himself Oweyn de Glendore, while his brother wrote himself Tudor de Glyndore. Properly it would be Glyndwffduy, or the Glen of the waters of the Dee, or black river; but Glendower has been the conventional reading. Arms, however, were always part of the training of every gentleman of rank and spirit, and the Earl of Arundel, whose castle of Dinas Bran stood near the Glen of the Black Water, received him as one of his esquires. He afterwards became squire to King Richard II., and in that service conceived his warm attachment and loyalty to the unfortunate King.

Still he spent much time in Wales, at his two estates of Glyndwrdy and Sycharth, in Denbighshire; and though, as he tells us,

> "I was trained up in the English Court,
> Where being but young, I framed to the harp
> Many an English ditty, lovely well,
> And gave the tongue a helpful ornament,"

he was also a great patron of his native bards, and Iolo Goch, one of the most distinguished, has left a description of his abode at Sycharth—encircled with a moat filled with water, over which was a drawbridge, leading to what he calls a "tower of St. Patrick, like the cloister of Westminster," and a "Neapolitan building of eighteen apartments." There was a quadrangular church, well built and white-washed; warehouses like shops in London, orchards, vineyards, a rabbit warren, a stone turret for a pigeon-house, fish-ponds, and all other conveniences for maintaining three tables, where fed a "whole encampment of bards," besides hosts of retainers and friends. It seems that these bards delighted, as well they might, in the princely descent of their patron, and that their praises and mysterious predictions tended much to inflate his fierce Keltic vanity. Druidism had its mysteries, and the strange mythological guesses at truth, and ancient dreams of the past, which had descended through long ages of tradition, received a Christian dress, half mystic, half allegoric. Old rites and incantations, relics of heathen days, which had long been kept up among the three orders of bards, could not fail to have their charm for an intellect like Owain's, who during his residence in London must likewise have come in for the astrological and alchemical speculations, the waking dreams of the science of Europe. To the lawyer, scholar, and soldier, then, Owain added the character of wizard, and both believed himself, and was believed, to possess the power of calling "spirits from the vasty deep," controlling the weather, and ruling the elements.

Tall and handsome, with a "nest of young chieftains" growing up around him, and gifted with the chief intellectual accomplishments of both England and Wales, Owain ap Gruffydd did indeed occupy a grand position until the fall of his master, Richard II., whom he supported, as has been shown, with hand and heart, to the very last.

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CAMEO XXI.

Lord Grey's injuries to Glyndwyr.

After this Owain retired to his own estate. His next neighbour there was Reginald, Lord Grey de Ruthyn, and between them lay a piece of moorland, the right to which had already been the occasion of a suit, and had been adjudged to Owain. But Lord Grey, thinking an adherent of the losing party might be injured with impunity, pounced on the lands as soon as Henry IV. was on his throne. Glyndwyr petitioned Parliament for redress, but his representation was scorned, and in spite of the advice of his diocesan, the Bishop of St. Asaph, who warned the House that he was a dangerous person to offend, all the answer he received was, that "nobody cared for barefooted rabble." Lord Grey's people were probably the medium of this reply, for that nobleman seems to have been bent on driving his neighbour to extremity, and when the King issued his summonses for his vassals to attend him in his invasion of Scotland, in the spring of 1400, Lord Grey detained that to the Lord of Glendwrdy till it was too late to comply with it, and then reporting him disobedient, obtained a commission to seize his lands. The retainers of Grey came down in force to waste and pillage, till Owain, collecting his friends, drove them back; but, of course, his resistance was represented to the King in such a manner that the next command was for the seizure of his person; Lords Grey and Talbot suddenly and secretly surrounded his house of Glyndwrdy, and he was only able to escape by a postern gate, and conceal himself in the woods.

That his countrymen would rally round him, when suffering from such an injury, was certain; and in June 1400 Lord Grey wrote a letter, which is still extant, to Prince Henry, who seems to have been left in charge of affairs in his father's absence in Scotland, about the unruly state of his principality; adding, "The strongest thief in Wales sent me a letter, which letter I send to you, that ye may know his good will and governance." This "strongest thief" was a gentleman called Gruffydd ap David ap Gruffyd, and his letter is, no doubt, one that is pasted on the back of Lord Grey's, declaring that he and his men were never so misadvised as to work against the King and his laws, and complaining that Lord Grey had stolen his horses—then going off into a rude, defiant rhyme:—

"We hope we shall do thee a privy thing—
A rope, a ladder, and a ryng,
High on gallows for to henge,
And thus shall be thy endynge.
And He that made thee be there to helpyng,
And we on our behalf shall be well willyng,
For thy letter is knowledging."

Another letter, from the same Gruffydd, shows that the Welsh believed themselves to have full provocation, for he writes: "It was told me that ye been in perpose for to make your men burn and slay in whatsoever country I be, and am seisended in. Withouten doubt, as many men that ye slay, and as many housen that ye burn for my sake, as many will I burn and slay for your sake; and doubt not that I will have bread and ale of the best of your lordship. I can no more;" and then he incon-

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CAMEO XXI.

Rising of the Welsh.

sistently adds the conventional benediction, praying that his adversary's "worshipful state" might be "kept in prosperity."

Soon after, the chamberlain of Carnarvon wrote intelligence that the Welsh were buying arms, stealing horses, and holding secret meetings; and on the 19th of September Henry IV. issued a proclamation arming the men of the adjoining English counties; but the ink could hardly have been dry when, on the 20th, Ruthyn fair, in the very heart of Reginald Grey's lands, was astonished by the sudden appearance of a huge body of Welsh, with the old dragon standard at their head, and commanded by Owain of Glyndwrdy, not as an outlaw squire, but as Prince of Wales, heir of the Llywelwyn who fell at Bwilt! The fair was of course broken up, and the town plundered and burnt, after which the new Prince retired to his mountain strongholds, and Henry IV. returned in haste from his Scottish campaign and invaded North Wales; but he does not seem to have found any one to fight with. Owain and his men were up in the heights of Snowdon, and all the King could do was to secure Anglesea, and harry a convent of Franciscan friars who had been warm supporters of the late King and now of Glyndwyr. Some were put to death, others carried away, and a grant was made of the two estates of Glyndwrdy and Sycharth to the King's young half-brother, John Beaufort, earl of Somerset. Moreover a proclamation was put forth, laying the Welsh under severe disabilities, which extended even to Englishmen married to Welsh women.

The King did not long remain in Wales; but to remind the Welsh of the allegiance they had for four generations shown to the heir of England, he sent his son Henry, then aged about thirteen years, to Chester, offering free pardon to any Welshman who would come in to make submission to him; while Hotspur, as Constable of Chester, Flint, Conway, and Carnarvon, was left in charge of the war. Every pardon issued to the counties that submitted professed to be gained by the intercession of Prince Henry, and everything was done to make him popular. Indeed, his own gay, lively manners, bright intelligence, and skill in all exercises, attached almost every one who approached him.

The rival Prince of Wales had meantime formed a camp upon Plinlimmon, where he gathered partisans together, including even Oxford students, who ran away to join him, in the brave young dream of patriotism that has so often placed collegians in the forefront of conflicts for lost freedom. Perhaps they, like many after them, were shocked by the crimes committed in the name of Liberty, for the whole tactics of the Cymry seem to have consisted in fire, slaughter, and plunder. Rhys and William ap Tudor burnt the town of Conway, and seized the castle, which was besieged by Percy at his own expense, and surrendered in July 1401, as the price of pardon for William ap Tudor. Montgomery and Pool were sacked, Radnor Castle taken, and the garrison, to the number of sixty, beheaded; but the special objects of the Welsh fury were the sober and honest Flemish clothworkers, whose settlement in the green valleys beside the streams was regarded by them as an intrusion.

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CAMEO XXI.

Battle of Mynydd Hyddgant, 1401

Such intolerable outrages were committed, that the spirit of the Flemings was roused, and hearing that Owain was in his camp on the mountain with only one hundred and fifty men, fifteen hundred stout weavers collected, scaled the height, and shut him in on every side. But the one hundred and fifty wild mountaineers were at home upon their own crags, and cutting their way out from among the Wilkin Flammocks bewildered on the hill-side, slew two hundred of them, and dispersed the rest, claiming this as the victory of Mynydd Hyddgant.

On the other hand, young Prince Henry made an expedition to Owain's two houses, which he ravaged and burnt; and his father led an army into North Wales, but met no foe but bad weather, which the world ascribed to Owain. As Hardyng says—

> "The Kyng had never but tempest foule and raine
> As long as he was ay in Wales grounde;
> Rockes and mystes, windes and stormes certaine:
> All men trowed that witches it made that stownde."

One night, when the tents had been pitched in a pleasant meadow, a sudden hurricane and furious rain threw down his tent, and whirled his lance against him so as to ring against his armour, and this was regarded as the work of the spirits in league with Glyndwyr. As Shakespeare makes the chieftain boast—

> "Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
> Against my power. Thrice from the banks of Wye
> And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him
> Bootless home, and weather-beaten back."

Not only did the King retire himself, but he recalled Percy, who had been at great personal cost, and had been very ill supported, and was now wanted to control the Scots in their border forays.

A comet made its appearance in 1402, as if for the special delectation of Owain; and this year was certainly that of his chief prosperity. In an attack on Ruthyn he took prisoner his original enemy, Lord Grey, and carried him up to the fastnesses of Snowdon, where, instead of meeting with the ladder, rope, and ring promised by his correspondent Gruffydd, he is said to have been provided with a different kind of ring, and to have purchased his freedom by espousing Owain's daughter Jane; but this is doubtful, as it appears that he was only released at the end of two years on paying down five thousand marks, and leaving his two sons as hostages for the payment of as much more.

Another important prisoner was soon after made, namely Sir Edmund Mortimer, the guardian uncle of his namesake the young Earl of March. The vassals of the family were both Welsh and English, and though all alike obeyed the summons of Sir Edmund when the lands were invaded by Glyndwyr, the Welsh would not fight against their countrymen, and at Brynglas, in Radnorshire, the English were defeated, their corpses cruelly mangled, and their leader made prisoner.

Now the Mortimers were the special objects of King Henry's dislike and mistrust. Roger, the elder brother of Edmund, had been the

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Captivity of Edmund Mortimer.

acknowledged heir to the throne in the time of Richard II., and it was his untimely death, and the infancy of his children, that had rendered Henry's usurpation possible. Henry's only defensible claim to the crown was his election by the people, after the old Anglo-Saxon custom of choosing the most effective member of the royal family; and able and popular as he was, it would have been his true wisdom to rest in this election, instead of betraying, by mean and ungenerous actions, his sense that the hereditary rights of birth could not be passed over. The young Earl of March, who was about eight years old, was in a sort of unacknowledged honourable captivity in his own hands, and he thought Owain Glyndwyr would be an excellent jailor for the uncle; so while he made one of his "bootless" expeditions into Wales, he absolutely refused to permit Mortimer to be ransomed. Elizabeth Mortimer was, however, the wife of Lord Percy; and, strong in confidence of what was due to his own services, her husband repaired to the King to demand leave to ransom her brother. Henry replied, that he would not spend the money of the realm to strengthen his enemies.

"Ought a man to expose himself to danger for you and your kingdom, and you not succour him?" demanded Hotspur.

"You are a traitor," returned the King; "do you wish me to succour the enemies of myself and of my kingdom?"

"I am no traitor," answered Percy, "but a faithful man; and as a faithful man I speak."

Henry lost all command of temper, and drew his sword.

"Not here, but in the field," said Hotspur; who was already aggrieved by the King's refusal on the other hand to allow him to dispose of the Earl of Douglas, and his other Scottish captives taken at Homildon Hill.

Thus treated, it was impossible that Mortimer should not bethink him of his nephew's rights, and make his own terms with Glyndwyr, whose daughter he married on St. Andrew's Day of this year, 1402. The Percys, remembering how, three years before, they had taken the exiled Henry by the hand and set him on the throne, felt that they had gained little by their treachery, and resolved to avenge themselves. At the deanery of Bangor, in the middle of the city shamefully devastated by the Welsh, Owain held a meeting with Henry Percy and Edmund Mortimer, and there came to the agreement that they should unite their forces to overthrow Henry IV. and place the young Earl of March on the throne; but only with the lands comprised between the sea and the rivers Severn and Trent; for Owain Glyndwyr's princedom should be to the west, and Henry Percy set up an independent power in the north. The indenture of division, then drawn up, minutely traces the boundaries of this notable partition, and further expresses a belief that these three lords are the persons mentioned by the prophet as destined to divide the government of the greater Britain. The prophet was Merlin, whose predictions bore that the accursed moldwarp, or mole, should perish by a swift judgment, and the kingdom be divided by the dragon, the lion, and the wolf—the dragon being the old princely badge of Wales, the

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—
Auguries

lion belonging to the Percys, the wolf being bestowed on Mortimer, and the moldwarp on Henry IV. Shakespeare's seems to have been a very true representation of Owain's style of conversation—

> "Telling me of the moldwarp and the ant,
> Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
> And of a dragon and a finless fish,
> A clip-wing'd griffin and a moulten raven,
> A couching lion and a ramping cat,
> And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
> As puts me from my faith."

Whether this style were thus utterly distasteful to the rough soldierly Hotspur, history does not aver; but it cannot be doubted that Owain was at this time in a state of great self-exaltation, and was a man both vain and violent. It was about this time that the Abbot of Cynmaer tried to bring about a reconciliation between him and his Lancastrian cousin, Hywel Sele. They met, and were walking together as friends when Owain saw a doe feeding, and told Hywel that it was a good mark. Hywel took out an arrow, and aimed it, not at the deer, but at Owain, who was only saved by having armour under his clothes. Hywel was seized, dragged away, and was never seen again; but when, more than forty years after, a skeleton was found within an old hollow oak tree, on his own estate of Nannaw, having apparently been dropped in from above, it was universally believed to be that of Hywel Sele. The tree stood till the year 1813, when it fell, the very night after a sketch of it had been taken by Sir Richard Colt Hoare.

Another attempt was made to assassinate Owain by a squire named David ap Llewellyn, and called Gam, or the Squinting, a thorough Lancastrian; but his attempt was visited less severely, as he was merely imprisoned for several years. The attempt was made at the meeting of the Welsh Parliament, which Owain convened at Machynlleth, in Montgomeryshire, and where his election as Prince of Wales by the voice of the people was declared, and a crown set upon his head. He assumed all the state of royalty, sealed his charters with a great seal, where he was portrayed on a throne, with a sceptre in one hand and a globe in the other, and appointed a chancellor, by name Gruffydd Yonge.

So passed the winter, without any suspicion on the King's part of the defection of the Percys, who, in order to avoid suspicion while collecting their troops, announced their intention of invading Scotland, and, at the same time, wrote letters to Henry claiming large sums of money. The Earl of Northumberland signs the last letter of this correspondence "Your Matathias," in allusion, probably, to some familiar name between him and the King.

The retainers of Percy actually met, and invaded Scotland, stopping however, on the Border to besiege the little town of Cocklaw; which resisted them till the governor, John Greenlaw, entered into a treaty with Hotspur to surrender if not relieved at the end of six weeks.

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CAMEO XXI.

The Percies invade Scotland.

Under cover of sending this intelligence, the regent Duke of Albany was invited to join the league against Henry. He consented, and began to assemble an army: whilst Douglas readily agreed to the coalition, and summoned his vassals to fight side by side with Percy. The Scottish Earl of March was almost the only person who did not change sides in this war, and his change from Scotland to England was only four years old. Glyndwyr's prisoner Mortimer, and Percy's prisoner Douglas, had both made common cause with their captors, and Northumberland, with his son Henry, and his brother Thomas Percy, earl of Worcester, had turned against the King they had themselves set upon the throne.

Great confusion has been made in the history of these transactions, from the fact of there having been two Edmunds Mortimer and two Earls of March. The term "march" meaning boundary, this title signified the Earl of the Border-land, and thus the marches of Wales and of Scotland each had their Earl. George Dunbar, the Scottish Earl of March, was a renegade from his country, in alliance with Henry IV., and now repairing to him to reveal the designs of the Percys. Edmund Mortimer, the English Earl of March, was a young child in the hands of Henry IV. Sir Edmund Mortimer, his uncle, brother-in-law to Hotspur, and son-in-law to Glyndwyr, was in arms among the Welsh.

The King himself was, at this time, on his march to repel the Scottish invasion, and up to the 10th of July had taken no alarm. The real state of affairs seems to have been revealed to him on the one side by the Scottish Earl of March, on the other by a letter from Richard Kyngeston, archdeacon of Hereford, telling of the rising of the entire population of the lands of Mortimer, and the burning and taking of Carmarthen. Hotspur was marching from the Scottish border to effect a junction with his Welsh allies, sending a summons to all his vassals in Chester, Conway, and Flint, to rise and join him, against the very prince for whom he had there been led into treachery.

Henry of Lancaster, on this occasion, showed a last flash of his former energy, and perceived that his wisest course would be to turn aside and intercept Henry Percy ere he could effect a junction with Glyndwyr. For this purpose he turned aside from Burton-on-Trent, and rapidly marched into Shropshire, where he entered Shrewsbury at the very moment when the rebel army was first seen from its walls. He had with him fourteen thousand men, reckoning the levies that his son Henry had brought to join him on his way; and Hotspur had as many, commanded by himself, his uncle of Worcester, and Douglas. His father, Northumberland, was detained at Berwick by sickness, infecting "the very life-blood of the enterprise;" but still Hotspur's force was of picked men, "withouten raskaldry," as Hardyng the chronicler, who was in his camp, specially notes. A defiance was sent to the King, declaring him false and perjured, and upbraiding him with all his acts of injustice. Henry replied, that he had no time to answer by writing, but would prove by the sword that the quarrel of the

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CAMEO XXI.

The Battle of Shrewsbury.

1403.

Percys was false and feigned. In the morning the two armies were drawn up, and even then the King sent the Abbot of Shrewsbury to exhort the leaders to spare so much shedding of Christian blood, and to promise them pardon if they would return to their allegiance. Hotspur, at this last moment, is said to have been much moved, probably at the thought of an encounter with his old friend the King, and with the bright boy, whose earliest feats of arms against the Welsh had been under his guardianship. The Scot and the Welshman were unnatural allies for the stout Englishman. He sent his uncle to treat with the King; but Worcester was bent upon strife, and insulted Henry so rudely as to overthrow all hopes of peace.

Hatleyfield, near the walls of Shrewsbury, was the scene of the battle. Percy had posted himself behind a field of peas, which he had caused to be twisted and interwoven so as to impede the charge of the King's horse; his arrows flew so that the royal troops fell "like leaves after a frosty night;" and one pierced the face of Prince Henry. His friends wished to take him out of the battle; but he made answer, "Far be it from me to stain my first essay in arms with cowardice! To be carried away without victory would be perpetual death! I may not say to my friends, Go on first to the fight; but I say, 'Follow me, my friends!'"

"Esperance, Percy!" was ringing on all sides; and Hotspur and Douglas dashed forward, making alleys before them as in a field of corn in their search for the King. His standard-bearer, Sir Walter Blount, was slain—as some say, being disguised in the royal arms, to divert attention from his master. Three times Henry was unhorsed by Douglas. And there was a cry, "Harry Percy king!" when the Earl of March had forced the King away from this place of chief peril; but ere long the shout was changed to "Harry Percy is dead!" He, who had undergone the beating of so many storms of arrows, had at length met his mortal shaft; the arrow of an unknown archer had pierced the brain of the fiercest soldier of England, and ended a life that might have been so much nobler and truer!

His fall decided the battle. By the end of three hours the King was victorious, though with the loss of five thousand men; but the other party had lost many more: and Douglas, Worcester, and many others, were in the hands of the victors.

It is hardly possible to disabuse our sober senses of the gallant strife between Harry of Monmouth and Harry Percy, with Falstaff lying on the ground all the time, to rise up after the coast was clear and claim the honour; and if Percy's corpse had only shown any wound but an arrow shot, we would almost have believed that Prince Henry does not enjoy the credit, because he left it to his old friend.

But the uncertainties of the history of this rebellion are unbounded. Hardyng, though an eye-witness, is often contradicted by the direct evidence of documents and letters; and many regard even the tripartite division and the defiance of the Percys as Lancastrian calumnies. All

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The Battle of Shrewsbury.

that really seems certain is that the battle took place on the 21st of July, and resulted in the death of Percy and the captivity of Worcester, who was deprived on the next Monday morning of his head, that it might accompany the King's despatch to London and figure on London Bridge. Hotspur appears to have been honourably buried at the time; but a dangerous report prevailing of his surviving, his head was placed over the gates of York, where that of his victim had been placed the year before. Douglas was regarded as a prisoner of war; and old Northumberland, making his submission, was pardoned.

Lancastrians accuse Owain Glyndwyr of having refrained from bringing his forces to the battle till he should see its course; but there is no doubt that, four days before it, he was in the extremity of South Wales, whence it would have been manifestly impossible to convey an army to Shrewsbury in that space of time. It is not equally impossible that he himself might have crossed the country, and come too late to share in the three hours' battle, which tradition says he watched from the top of a tall oak tree at Shelton. It was true that

> " E'en from that day misfortune still
> As if for violated faith,
> Pursued him with unwearied step,
> Vindictive still for Hotspur's death ;"

though he seems not to have suffered at once from the battle of Shrewsbury, but to have continued his reign in Wales with the same fortunes as before, though opposed by the rival Prince of Wales, who was left by the King to do his best to subdue his own principality.

In the meantime, however, Owain was acknowledged as Prince by the French, and received from King Charles VI. a beautiful helmet, habergeon, and sword, as well as the more important assistance of some French ships, which plundered the towns on the coast. At one time he had almost obtained possession of the boy whose cause he professed to support. Constance, daughter of Edmund, late Duke of York, and widow of Lord Despenser, a partisan of King Richard who had been put to death in 1400, obtained from a smith false keys, by which she released the young Earl of March and his brother, and was far on her way to Wales with them, when they were overtaken and brought back. On being examined, she accused her brother Edward, duke of York, of being concerned in the plot. She proposed a champion, William Maidstone, to do battle with her brother in support of her statement, offering to be burnt if he were defeated. Her brother accepted the challenge; but the King imprisoned him for three months to prevent the combat. She was also released after a short captivity: and nobody suffered but the poor smith. Henry was not bloody-minded enough to be a thorough-going usurper: he could not destroy his whole cousinhood to secure his family, though he might well take alarm at the ominous conjunction of interests between the lines of the second and fourth sons of Edward III.

In this spring of 1405, eight thousand Welshmen were defeated by Lord Talbot at Grosmont, in Monmouthshire. They were commanded by

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CAMEO XXI.

Wanderings of Owain.

Owain's son Gruffydd and his brother Tudor, the first of whom was made prisoner, the last slain, and, being found upon the field, was taken for the Prince himself, whom he so much resembled, that a wart over one of Owain's brows was said alone to distinguish them from one another.

The report of the death of their leader greatly discouraged the Welsh; and four days after, a second defeat, in Brecknockshire, so dispersed them that Owain was for a time reduced to lonely and romantic wanderings. Sir Laurence Berkerolles, a knight of Glamorganshire, offered a large price for his head, and sent out his retainers everywhere to search for him. One night a stranger gentleman arrived and asked hospitality. He was received courteously, and entertained for three days; at the end of which he took leave thus: "Owain Glyndwyr, as a true and honest friend, gives his hand to Sir Laurence Berkerolles, with thanks for his kind hospitality, declaring that he will never think of retaliation, and will forget the injuries intended him by his host." Sir Laurence, according to the tradition, was literally struck dumb with surprise, and so remained all the rest of his life! Two caves, one in Merionethshire, the other in Carnarvon, are called Ogov Owain, or Owen's Cave, and are said to have served him as shelter during this part of his life.

The King was setting forth to tread down the last sparks of the rebellion when a fresh disturbance called him to the north.

The old Earl of Northumberland, though once pardoned on renewing his oath of allegiance, was still full of hatred and discontent—above all, at having been deprived of the office of Constable and Warden of the Marches, and to undertake to yield up the castles of Berwick and Jedburgh. Lord Bardolf, another malcontent, easily stirred up the fickle old man to a fourth act of perfidy; and with these was joined Thomas Mowbray, the son of the Duke of Norfolk whose baffled duel with Henry of Lancaster had led to the ruin of Richard II. He had lately been deprived of the hereditary office of Earl Marshal of England; and this threw him into the councils of the opposite party, to which was also added Scrope, archbishop of York, always devoted to the cause of Richard. He was highly esteemed for his learning and piety, and had from the first declared Henry a usurper, and exhorted him to repent of his treason and perjury. Acts of accusation against the King were affixed to the church doors in his See; and the confederates began to rise in arms, but in detached parties, easily overcome. Sir John Falconberg, and three other knights, were defeated by John of Lancaster, the King's third son, assisted by the Earl of Westmoreland. Mowbray and Scrope were at the head of eight thousand men, at Shipton-le-Moor, a few miles from York; and there were invited to a conference with the Prince and Earl, where it is said that Westmoreland pretended to agree to all that the old Archbishop demanded, and persuaded him to disband his followers, after which the two leaders were captured, and carried off as captives—the prelate, unhappily, in a suit of armour. They were brought to the King at the ill-omened Castle of Pontefract, and carried on to the Archbishop's own palace of Bishopthorpe. There the King

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CAMEO XXI.

Execution of Archbishop Scrope. 1405.

commanded the Chief Justice, Sir William Gascoyne, to pass sentence upon them; but that admirable judge refused, saying that he had no jurisdiction over either of them, as they had a right to be tried by their peers. The King displaced him for the nonce, and substituted the more obsequious Sir John Fulthorpe, who, without pretence at trial, ordered them both to be beheaded. Scrope exclaimed, "The just and true God knows that I never intended evil against the person of King Henry, and I beg you to pray that my death may not be revenged on him or his friends." They both died with great constancy, and were buried in the cathedral; but the Earl's head was placed on a pike outside those gates of York that bore so many of those doleful fruits of the treason of Henry during the great tragedy of the fifteenth century. The Archbishop was revered as a saint and martyr by the people of the north, and Henry was obliged to restrain the veneration they paid to his shrine. A story was told, that the Archbishop seeing the cornfield where he was to be executed trodden down by the concourse of people, prayed that the poor owner might not suffer loss, whereupon the crop was sixfold more than usual. Many other miracles were said to be performed at his shrine; and the leprosy which began to affect the King was popularly believed to have arisen in his face on the day of the condemnation.

A mandate came from Pope Innocent for the King's excommunication, but Archbishop Arundel suppressed it; and the King is said in return to have sent the Pope the hawberk of the prelate, with the message, "Know whether this be thy son's coat or no:" but the same story is told of William the Conqueror and Archbishop Odo, and of Philippe Auguste and the Bishop of Beauvais, after the battle of Bouvines; so it is probable that it was always told of warlike bishops. Henry, by a sort of Lydford law, next tried to make the peers declare Scrope guilty of treason, but could not get an answer; so probably they really doubted his legal guilt.

Lords Northumberland and Bardolf did not abide the coming of the King, but fled into Scotland, while the King reduced their castles. They wandered about for two years, sometimes with the Duke of Albany, and sometimes with Owain Glyndwyr, who had again rallied his forces and obtained aid from France, so as to besiege Haverfordwest and Pembroke Castle; but French aid never did much good to Britons of any race; the gay knights hated the mountain fare, and neither in 1405 or 1406, when large reinforcements came over, was any important stroke effected—only King Henry made one of his usual "bootless" expeditions. When Owain besieged Coytie Castle, the owner was so much beloved, that both Houses of Parliament petitioned the King to send relief at once. Prince Henry too was making daily progress in the affections of all, and the star of Glyndwyr rapidly waned.

Northumberland grew tired of sharing his wild life, and with Bardolf burst once more into his own estates in the north of England in the spring of 1408. Report says that Sir Thomas Rokeby dealt treacherously with them, and led them to the banks of the Wharfe by giving

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CAMEO XXI.

Final rising of Glyndwyr. 1409.

hopes of joining them. At any rate, he totally routed them at Bramham Moor, where the Earl died on the field, and Bardolf was taken, but with a mortal wound.

The last great outbreak of Owain Glyndwyr was made in 1409, when he ravaged the marches, having in his company his old friend John Trevor, bishop of St. Asaph. He was encouraged in this foray by the absence of Prince Henry, who had recently been recalled to London, as some said, out of jealousy on the King's part. Indeed, the youth's uniform success in a country where his father was as regularly inefficient might perhaps have occasioned annoyance to a man soured and rendered suspicious like Henry IV.

Thenceforth Owain Glyndwyr continued to hold his little court as Prince of Wales in the heights of the mountains of South Wales, fastnesses that no one now attempted to scale. His spirit of enterprise was probably passing away, and though no doubt his adherents committed plenty of small robberies, no attacks were made by them such as to call for armed resistance from Government. This lasted till 1415, when his generous foe, by that time King Henry V. and in the summit of glory, sent Sir Gilbert Talbot to treat with the old chieftain, and offer him and his a free pardon. The offer was not rejected, and treaties began; but while they were yet pending, Owain died at the house of one of his married daughters, in the sixty-third year of his age and the sixteenth of his wild reign as Prince of Wales. He was no rebel, no faith-breaker, for he had never owned any king save Richard II.; but it is impossible to respect him as a patriot without remembering that he made war as a savage; and, though courteous to noble prisoners, allowed terrible cruelties to be exercised upon the meaner sort. Still, in the dark story of the crimes and woes of Yorkists and Lancastrians, he shows to advantage as an honourable man, free from the broken oaths that brought so many to an untimely and fatal end; whilst he was permitted to die, with name untarnished, checked but not ruined, and exchanging pardon with the brave enemy whose first essay in arms had been made against him.

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CAMEO XXII.

THE LOLLARDS.

(1401—1417.)

Kings of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1399. Henry IV.	1406. James I.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.
1413. Henry V.			

Emperors of Germany.	*Popes.*
1400. Rupert.	1404. Innocent VII.
1411. Sigismund.	1406. Gregory XII.
	1409. Alexander V.
	1410. John XXIII.

CAMEO XXII.

Archbishop Arundel.

IT may be remembered that Thomas Fitzalan de Arundel, archbishop of Canterbury, had been exiled by Richard II. at the time of the overthrow of Thomas, duke of Gloucester, and had been wafted home by the same wind as brought Henry IV. to the shore of Ravensburg. He crowned Henry, and was ready to give him all his support on condition that Henry allowed him his own way—the only condition on which a usurper can hope to reign. The clergy had for the most part been adverse to King Richard, with the exception of Archbishop Scrope of York and Bishop Merks of Carlisle; but Henry felt himself under the necessity of securing the hearty goodwill of such an influential body, by avowing himself their champion.

The doctrines of Wyclyffe had never been effectually suppressed, and had in Bohemia borne more noted fruit than even in their native country. A very large body of men were devoted followers of John Huss and Jerome of Prague; and in England the Lollards were forming a considerable sect. Some say they were so called from *lolly* or tares, some from to *lull* or sing softly, others from Walter Lollard, a German, who was burnt for heresy at Cologne in 1322. However this may be, it would seem that, except for the reading of Wyclyffe's Bible and general distrust of the leading doctrines of Rome, they were not his direct followers. Lollardism probably was used as a term to include every shade of dissent from the established order of things—from the most reasonable perception of superstition to the rankest revolutionary sentiments. Certainly, a petition presented in 1395 went much further than Wyclyffe would have done—even to declaring the priesthood not to be divinely ordained, that outward rites of religion had no warrant in

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CAMEO XXII.

The act for burning heretics. 1401.

Scripture, that men ought not to be put to death by law or in battle, and that such trades as gold-working and armoury were unlawful as occasions of sin. Moreover, there were strong declarations against the wealth and temporal power of the clergy.

Kind-hearted and indolent Richard had taken little notice of these appeals, remembering that his beloved Anne of Bohemia had read the works of Wyclyffe, that his favourite uncle, John of Gaunt, had favoured the reformer as far as he durst, and that all the poetry and satire of his time, with Chaucer at the head, was aimed against the crimes and follies of the existing system. Chaucer's life had ended very soon after Richard's reign; he did not live to see the new mode of dealing with errors of faith which the uncertainties of his position forced upon the newly-elected King.

Hitherto no person had ever been put to death in England for his opinions, though it is held by some lawyers that it was part of the ancient common law that a heretic ought to be burnt. But in 1401 the Clergy and Commons together petitioned the King against these Lollards, and the result was the famous act "*de heretico comburendo*," under which so many lives were lost from that day till the end of the Tudor reigns. Men had again to be taught the impotence of fire and sword to destroy thought.

The first victim was William Sautre, of whom Fuller says that he was the initial letter of the list "dyed red in its own blood." He had been parish priest of Lynne, and had there, it seems, been accused of errors which he had recanted before the Bishop of Norwich, and had since been presented to the living of St. Osyth's, in London. Here, having probably repented of his abjuration, he rashly petitioned the very Parliament that had just provided death for heretics for leave to dispute upon religion before the Lords and Commons.

He was at once cited before Convocation, and there accused of eight errors, four of which were different forms of his disapproval of worship of the cross, the fifth of angel-worship, the sixth that almsgiving would suffice instead of pilgrimages, the seventh that a priest was more bound to preach than to recite the prayers of the breviary, the eighth that no change took place in the elements in the Holy Communion.

Archbishop Arundel seized on this last point, and pushed him hard upon it, till his disagreement with orthodoxy should be clearly manifest. He was asked if he had not abjured these errors two years before to the Bishop of Norwich. This he denied, either because they were not precisely the same, or because he did not think himself bound to criminate himself. However, he was declared a relapsed heretic, and sentenced to death; but as the Church could put no man to death, and the State had no power over an ecclesiastic, he was first to be degraded from the priesthood, for which purpose Archbishop Arundel and six other bishops assembled in St. Paul's, and placed him before them in full canonical attire, with the chalice and paten in his hands.

These were taken away by the Archbishop, and with them his

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CAMEO XXII.

Execution of Sautre.

chasuble, while he was declared no longer a priest. The gospels and the stole, the emblems of the deacon's office, were next removed; then the alb of the subdeacon, the candlestick of the acolyte, the exorcising book of the exorcist, the legends of the reader, the keys and surplice of the sexton—the seven orders through which he had reached the priesthood. Then his crown or circlet of hair was shaven off, and he was delivered over to the secular arm, the King issuing a warrant for his execution. The same ceremonial was observed in every subsequent case of the punishment of a person in Holy Orders; a tacit avowal on the part of the Church of the utter inconsistency of such doings with her true office.

Nevertheless, the bishops too often became jailors, and even torturers, to the heretics who were placed in their hands. Lollard's Tower at Lambeth still retains the iron rings to which the prisoners were fastened; and in the Bishop's Palace at Woburn was a cell called Little Ease, because it was so small that the inmate could neither stand nor lie at full length. Some persons were confined for life in a convent; others received a brand with hot iron on the cheek, and were told that to hide it would subject them to the same penalty as a relapse into heresy; while others had to carry the less painful mark of a fagot worked upon their sleeve, to denote their narrow escape from the fire.

Yet the spirit of resistance throve the more, and secret conventicles were held, in which the temper of the sectarians was inflamed to greater violence against those whose treatment of them by no means pleaded for their doctrines. Even in the House of Commons there was a party of Lollards; and in 1403 they presented a petition begging for the sequestration of all Church property, declaring that the clergy possessed enough to maintain 15 earls, 1,500 knights, 6,200 squires, 100 almshouses, besides giving the King 20,000*l.* a year to himself. Now as the tenth paid by the clergy was only 19,000*l.*, the 15 earls and 1,500 knights, &c. would have had a very slender provision; but this monstrous miscalculation was not improbably the effect of certain private instructions to the sheriffs to return, as knight of the shire, no apprentice or other man of the law. There was an ordinance of the Lords somewhat to the same effect in the last years of Edward III., but it had never been passed by the Commons, and was entirely null and illegal. This Parliament is in consequence distinguished as *Parliamentum Indoctum*, or the Unlearned Parliament; and lawyers tell us, with much glee, that not one good law was made thereat!

The promoter of this device for an ignorant parliament was the King's youngest half-brother, the son of John of Gaunt, and of Chaucer's relative, Katharine Swynford. He was known as Henry Beaufort, from the castle of his birth, and had been educated between Oxford, Cambridge, and Aix-la-Chapelle, besides being a student of law. His brother made him Chancellor, and Bishop of Lincoln; and then, when the venerable William of Wykeham was laid to rest in his chantry, Bishop of Winchester; and as he had thus been provided for almost

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CAMEO XXII.

The Unlearned Parliament. 1403.

wholly out of the Church, no one would have been more inconvenienced than he by the spoliation project of his own Unlearned Parliament; which is supposed to have been instigated by the King, in hopes of frightening his spiritual peers into a contribution he durst not ask.

However, when the petition was brought up to the King and his Lords by the Commons, headed by their Speaker, Sir John Cheyne, a deacon who had turned soldier, Archbishop Arundel stood forth, saying, that though ecclesiastics did not serve the King in person, they prayed night and day for the welfare of the state; and how could prosperity be expected without prayer?

The Speaker smiled insolently, and said he thought the prayers of the Church a slender supply.

"I see which way the wind sets!" returned the Archbishop; "but while Canterbury lives, if you touch goods of his, it will be at your peril."

He then knelt before the King, and recalling to him his coronation oath to maintain the rights of the Church, reminded him of examples of evil resulting from invasions of her privileges, and represented the impoverishment of a realm where such plunder and spoliation were practised. The temporal peers joined in his appeal. The King, much moved, replied, "Whatever I do, I will leave the Church in as good a state or better than I found it." And the Archbishop, turning to the Commons, sharply rebuked them for their irreligion and avarice, telling them he would lose his head rather than suffer the Church to be deprived of the least right pertaining to her.

The Unlearned Parliament departed to their own chamber, where they consoled themselves by passing a bill for carrying out their own notable scheme; but as Lords and King took no notice of it, it came to nothing.

The friends of Wyclyffe at Oxford were still numerous, and managed not only to stave off a visitation from the Archbishop on the plea that the Pope had exempted them from his jurisdiction, but even to affix the seal of the University to a parchment professing to be the declaration of the Chancellor and Masters of Arts in approval of him and his doctrines—a regular forgery, but which was accepted as genuine in Bohemia. It is plain that, in the fermentation of thought, much that was wild and foolish was rising to the surface; and Sir Lewis Clifford, a knight who had begun by favouring Wyclyffe, gave the Archbishop such an account of the Lollard opinions, that if it were true they scarcely deserved the title of Christians. He may have exaggerated; but by the account left by a priest named William Thorpe, it would seem that some of their tenets were wild and unfounded. Thorpe was twice brought before the Archbishop, and wrote an account of his examination. He was brought to him at the Castle of Saltwood, and found him in a great chamber full of people; but was then taken into a closet with only the primate and three ecclesiastics, one being a physician, the other two lawyers. The Archbishop said that Thorpe had travelled about for

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CAMEO XXII

Lollard persecution. 1410.

twenty years disseminating heresy, and called on him to give an account of his doctrine. This he did at much length. On the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, on which he was as usual hard pressed, he seems to have held sound opinions; but he disavowed Church authority unless exercised by personally good men; he objected to oaths on the Gospels, to tithes, and even to the use of musical instruments in churches. Having heard him out, the Archbishop fell into somewhat unseemly personal dispute with him, saying, "I shall assaye if I can make thee as sorrowful as it was told me thou wast glad of my last going out of England. By St. Thomas, I shall turn thy joy into sorrow."

"There can nobody prove lawfully that I joyed ever of the manner of your going out of this land; but, Sir, to say the sooth, I was joyful when you were gone," replied Thorpe; and after some similar interchange of sentiments, the Archbishop told him, "I shall set upon thy shins a pair of perlis, that thou shalt be glad to change thy voice." The encounter ended in Thorpe's being placed in a "foul unhonest prison," where his history ends, for there is no record of his death, but the existence of his statement is a presumption that it must have been put forth when he was at liberty.

Of the fate of an artisan of Worcester named John Bradby there is unfortunately no doubt. He was sent by the Bishop of Worcester to the Primate, and according to the tactics with which, as Fuller remarks, the Table of the Lord was made a snare, the question of the Sacrament of the Altar was especially pressed on him, and with the usual effect. The material doctrine of the absolute transformation of the elements had only recently become part of the authoritative teaching of the clergy, nor indeed was the Church formally committed to it; and many of the more thinking people were shocked by it, and driven by equally material common sense to the opposite extreme. Of these was John Bradby, who was examined in the house of the Preaching Friars in London before the Primate, the Chancellor Beaufort, the Duke of York, and others of high rank. Some of the bystanders were so much scandalized at his answers that they imagined that they *saw* the poison of asps upon his lips, and a large spider running about his face! He was sentenced to be burnt; and that very afternoon was carried out to Smithfield, and placed in the centre of a tun, or barrel, to which he was fastened with iron chains. He cried aloud for "Mercy," whether to God or man cannot be told; but the cry came to the ears of Prince Henry, then about nineteen, and so touched his warm heart that he bade the fire to be quenched whilst he exhorted the victim to deliver himself from this labyrinth of opinions. The pix, with twelve tapers going before it, was likewise brought, and Bradby was entreated to declare its contents to be indeed the Divine Flesh; but with great constancy he repeated his conviction that it was hallowed bread, and no more. Henry continued to entreat him to recant, promising him maintenance for life out of the royal treasury—a promise that was perhaps all the Prince could urge, but which had little effect on a man

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CAMEO XXII.

Sir John Oldcastle.

ready to give his life for conscience sake, and Henry was forced to leave him to his fate.

Arundel had further effected his visit to Oxford, and obtained a contradiction of the forgery in favour of Wyclyffe, and a sentence against his Bible and original writings. He further applied to the Pope for permission to disinter and burn the Reformer's bones; but the Pope did not think it would be an edifying proceeding, especially as no sentence had as yet been pronounced against him. But all this time many country gentlemen continued to maintain Lollard preachers, and send them on rounds about the neighbourhood. The most distinguished among these was Sir John Oldcastle, a Herefordshire knight, who had married Joan de la Pole, the only daughter of Lord Cobham of Cowling Castle, near Rochester, and had been summoned to Parliament as her representative, whence he was commonly known as Lord Cobham.

He was a brave soldier, and a man of weight and mark. At the Merciless Parliament he was on Gloucester's side, and was one of the fourteen nobles appointed to keep the government. When Richard II. recovered his power, he was sentenced first to death, then to imprisonment, and finally to exile; from which he returned in company with Henry IV.; and he afterwards served in Wales with Prince Henry. He said of himself that until he studied the teaching of Wyclyffe he had never abstained from sin; but he seems to have always been a religious man, for he founded and endowed a chantry at Cowling for the maintenance of three priests.

Shakespeare at first, however, pitched upon this grave Lollard knight as the companion of Prince Henry's revels; and though either better information, or the feeling of the country, made him afterwards transfer to his hero the name of Fastolfe (whom we shall by and by find at the Battle of the Herrings), and he afterwards disavowed the identity, "for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man," yet he did not destroy all traces of the change, for the Prince once calls fat Jack his old lad of the Castle. Let Prince Hal have done what he may, and petulant poets, as Fuller irreverently calls Shakespeare, say what they will, Lord Cobham had assuredly nothing in common with that most comical of all compounds of cool selfishness and grotesque humour, a gentleman in spite of his degrading habits, whom it is impossible not to regard with a sort of tenderness in the midst of his richly-deserved punishment. When Falstaff and the Prince were supposed to be revelling in Eastcheap, the veritable "lad of the Castle" was despatching Lollards on preaching tours, and himself listening to their sermons.

Immediately after the Oxford Synod, Cowling and several neighbouring churches were laid under an interdict, because Lord Cobham's chaplain had preached there without a licence: but little notice was apparently taken of this, for, when Henry V. assembled his first Parliament in 1413, complaint was made in the Convocation of the Clergy that Lord Cobham harboured in his house heretical preachers, sent them out to preach, and himself was present at their discourses. Moreover, a number of ob-

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Sir John Oldcastle.
1413.

noxious tracts being captured at an illuminator's in Paternoster Row, where it seems copying preceded printing, were traced to Cowling Castle. The tracts were brought to the King by the Archbishop, Henry Chicheley, the successor of Arundel, who had died on the 19th of February, and were read aloud in his closet, in the presence of Sir John Oldcastle himself. Henry said they were the very worst against the faith and the Church that he had ever heard; and Oldcastle joined him, owning that they richly deserved to be condemned and burnt; and on being asked how he came to possess such tracts, he said he had never read more than two leaves.

In spite of what had here passed, the Archbishop was resolved to proceed against Lord Cobham; but as he was far higher game than had as yet been flown at, and a personal friend of the King, the whole body of prelates waited on Henry, and represented the case. Henry thanked them for their consideration, and desired them to give him time to enter into argument with his friend, and endeavour by mild measures to bring him back to the fold; for he was already excommunicated, the solemn funeral of Richard II. having been finished with the cursing of Lord Cobham.

What sort of a controversialist Henry was, we do not know; but between Easter and August he had made no impression, and at length spoke so severely that Sir John left the court and retired to his own castle at Cowling. The Archbishop, again coming to the King, could not but obtain permission to proceed against the baron; but the first difficulty was to get him summoned, for the episcopal "sumpnor" durst not enter his castle without the old soldier's leave. After failing once, he took with him a royal officer, and thus got into the castle; but Cobham knew well enough that the writ was not the King's, and said he would on no account be consenting to such devilish practices of the priests. Then they fastened the writ to the door of Rochester Cathedral: but the people always tore it down, and he was declared contumacious.

He then wrote a confession of his faith, and himself repaired to the King at Windsor, to whom he offered it; but the King could not of course receive it. He then offered to clear himself from heresy by oath before 100 knights and squires, or by ordeal of battle; and finding that neither of these was thought satisfactory, he actually showed the King a paper that he had prepared as an appeal to the Pope as his judge. The Pope, having forbidden the exhuming of Wyclyffe, may have been thought favourable to reform, and Cobham no doubt considered it an appeal to Cæsar like St. Paul's; but as he had often denounced the Pope's authority, it was highly inconsistent; the King became really angry, committed him to the Tower, and declared that wold he, nold he, the Archbishop should be his judge.

His confession of faith is still extant; it began with the Apostles' Creed, and then proceeded to say that the Church consisted of three parts—the Saints in Heaven, the Souls in Purgatory, if such a place

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CAMEO XXII. — *Trial of Oldcastle.* 1413.

there were, and the Church Militant on earth; and this last he again divided into three estates—priesthood, knighthood, and commons, making it the business of the priesthood to dispense the Gospel, of the knighthood to defend them and take care that they did so, and of the commons to be obedient and practise tillage and handicrafts. And then followed a fair and true exposition of his belief in the Real Presence, and likewise that no more was required for salvation than faith, and the endeavour to keep the direct precepts of God.

On Saturday, the 23rd of September, Oldcastle was brought into the Chapter-house of St. Paul's, before the Archbishop, Thomas Clifford bishop of London, and Henry Beaufort bishop of Winchester. The Primate told him that he was accused of heresy, especially with regard to the Sacrament of the Altar, penance, pilgrimage, images, and the papal power. In return he produced another paper, declaring his assent to the Church doctrine in the first matter, and saying that after sin, confession, contrition, and satisfaction were needful. As for images, they were for "calendars for lewd men"—*i.e.* instruction for the ignorant; but it was idolatry to worship or trust in them, or to honour one image more than another. Every one is on a pilgrimage, and it is a holy life that is safety, not going to Canterbury or Rome.

"Look you here, Sir John," said the Archbishop; "in this your writing are many good things, and right Catholic also, we deny it not; but there are other points whereof no mention is made." And he then began to press him on special points, as usual making "the Table a snare." But Cobham referred them to the paper, and would make no further reply. "Do as ye think best, for I am at a point," he said; and so he was remanded till the Monday, and in the meantime supplied with a schedule of the doctrines to which his implicit assent was required.

On the Monday there was a much larger assembly of clergy, chiefly friars; and the Archbishop began by offering him absolution and mercy, if he would desire them in due form.

"Nay," he said, "that will I not of you, against whom I never trespassed; but only of God."

Then kneeling down on the pavement, with weeping eyes and uplifted hands the old knight thus spoke:—"I shrive me here unto Thee, my eternal living God, that in my frail youth I offended thee, O Lord, most grievously, in pride, wrath, and gluttony, in covetousness, and in lechery. Many men have I hurt in mine anger, and done many other horrible sins. Good Lord, I ask Thee mercy!"

Then standing up, he turned to the people, and with a mighty voice said, "Lo, good people, for the breaking of God's law and His commandments they never cursed me; but for their own laws and traditions most cruelly do they handle me and others; and therefore, by the promise of God, both they and their laws shall utterly be destroyed."

An interrogatory followed, which lasted two days, and is probably fairly recorded in the Archbishop's register. Chicheley began by

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charging his two notaries to make a faithful report, as they would answer for it before Heaven; and the impression given by the account of the trial is that the old knight was fully master of his cause, and had by far the best of the argument; that Chicheley was not virulent or unfair, and only wished to act according to his conscience in silencing such a fosterer of the doctrines he disapproved; but that the rabble present were strong against Oldcastle. One great point of difference was that, though he firmly believed that the consecrated Bread became the Body of Christ, he declared that this was only discerned by faith—the Bread so remained to the outward eye. The doctors called this "rank heresy," and the Archbishop said, "Sir, you must say otherwise." "Nay," he answered, "that I will not, if God, as I trust He is, be on my side."

Feelings on either side grew more bitter when they came to his opinions on the Pope; and after some dispute he used these words:—"Rome is the very nest of Antichrist, and out of the nest cometh all the disciples of him of whom prelates, priests, and monks are the body, and these piled friars are the tail!"

The Prior of the Augustinians gently said, "Sir, you speak uncharitably;" but Sir John retorted on him with, "It is the Prophet Esay's saying long before my time, 'The prophet that preacheth lies, he is the tail.'"

Finally the whole assembly uncovered their heads, and the Archbishop standing up declared sentence against him as a heretic, which involved his coming under the terrible new writ. He answered that they were welcome to do what they would with his body, they could no more harm his soul than Satan could that of Job. He turned to the people, and warned them against blind leaders of the blind; and then kneeling down, prayed for the pardon of his enemies.

He was taken back to the Tower; and Chicheley carried the writ to the King, but begged him not to have the sentence carried into execution; a desire that the King most willingly granted.

The rest of Oldcastle's history is most mysterious. He certainly made his escape from the Tower in the course of the autumn of this year, 1413; and on the next Twelfth Day, while the King was at Eltham, intelligence was received that 20,000 men under Lord Cobham were assembled in "the dark thickets of St. Giles's fields ("in our age but plain pasture," writes Fuller in the seventeenth century), intending to seize the persons of the King and his brothers. Henry collected all the trusty men at hand, attacked the rabble, killed about twenty and took thirty-six prisoners, putting an entire end to the rising.

In the next March he proclaimed a pardon, but excepted from it Sir John Oldcastle, probably from information received from the prisoners; for Oldcastle was not seen or heard of in England for four years; during which he seems to have been in Wales, most probably with Owain Glyndwyr. No more was known about him till after Owain's death, when Agincourt had been fought and won; and while Henry was absent in

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CAMEO XXII.

Execution of Oldcastle. 1417.

France tidings came that the Lord Cobham had been found in Wales, and the Lord Powys was sent to seize him. He made a desperate resistance, and was only overpowered when a woman—to her shame be it spoken,—broke his legs with a stool. He was brought to London in a whirlicote, the first shadow of a coach, and with him a standard bearing the emblems of the Crucifixion and of the Eucharist, like that of the Calixtines in Bohemia. He was led before Parliament, and refused to plead, saying that King Richard was alive in Scotland, and the present assembly had therefore no right to be called a Parliament.

The sentence on him was passed at once; he was to be hung as a traitor, and burnt as a heretic; and the execution was hurried on without waiting for the pleasure of the warm-hearted King to be known. The Christmas Day of 1417 was the morning chosen for his execution; the place, St. Giles's in the Fields. He was brought on a hurdle to the spot, and after speaking a few brave and pious words, was hung, but not by the neck, only by an iron belt on a low gallows, so that he was slowly burnt alive, praising God with his latest breath, while the people loudly lamented and prayed for him.

What his real doings had been in those four years is an utter mystery; nay, there is no distinct evidence that he had any share in the tumult at St. Giles's; but there really seems till the very last to have been so much forbearance towards him that it is not likely the accusation would have been entertained without some ground.

Once an outlaw and in Wales, it was no wonder if Owain Glyndwyr convinced him of the existence of Richard II.; and if that monarch had been no friend to Oldcastle himself, his reign had at least been less unfavourable to the Lollards than those of the House of Lancaster, who had so ill requited Cobham's support. He must be reckoned as one of the many good men revolted by corruptions in the Church, and thence falling into treason towards the State.

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CAMEO XXIII.

PRINCE HAL.

(1409—1414.)

Kings of England.	*Kings of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1399. Henry IV.	1390. Robert III.	1380. Charles VI.	1406. Juan II.
1413. Henry V.	1406. James I.		

Emperors of Germany.	*Popes.*
1400. Rupert	1409. Alexander V.
1411. Sigismund.	1410. John XXIII.

CAMEO XXIII.

The House of Lancaster.

BOTH the German critic Schlegel, and the American Professor Reed, have pointed out the grand conception of Shakespeare's cycle of chronicle plays,—beginning from the treason of Henry of Lancaster, succeeding for the time, but to his own misery; then the splendours of his House culminating in his son's brief lifetime, and the doom working itself out upon his guiltless grandson, through hands that became deeply dyed in the execution, and then turned against one another, until the last remnants of the two lines met, forgave, and were united. There is nothing like this noble idea in all literature, excepting in the ancient drama of Athens, where a grand trilogy of tragedies showed crime and retribution working out Divine justice, and an accompanying comedy gave the humorous side that there is to all human transactions, often making them absolutely sadder. Perhaps it is the most remarkable of all the triumphs of our great playwright that he saw and pointed the moral of our history, whether consciously or not, "tracing through the cloud the Eternal Cause," and reducing what at first sight seems a weary, perplexing chaos of treason, bloodshed, and counterplot, to one solemn chronicle of God's justice. If we dared to compare small things with great, fallible writings with inspired, we should say that his scheme is to the history of the Wars of the Roses as the eleventh chapter of Daniel is to the histories of the Ptolemies and Seleucidæ.

But though Shakespeare's conception was true in its grand outlines, and though we are beholden to him for the key-note of that lamentable chronicle, it must not be denied that he is often incorrect in his details, partly from want of materials, and partly from the exigencies of his style of composition. He was, in the first place, an actor and composer of plays which had to explain themselves to the audience; and thus it was necessary to throw events much nearer together in point of time than

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CAMEO XXIII.
—
Shakespeare.

they really were, and sometimes to bring forward a significant circumstance into far greater prominence than it could have possessed when it actually took place. Moreover, a poet's love of contrast often made him interfere with fact.

Thus his two plays of Henry IV. are a bird's-eye view of the reign, but far from correct in the detail. The two rebellions of the Percys are brought much closer together than really was the case; and, moreover, Hotspur and the Prince are represented as youths of about the same age, so that the King wishes that some "night-tripping fairy" could have exchanged them in their infancy; whereas, in fact, if any Plantagenet had been exchanged for Percy, it would have been Henry IV. himself. Moreover, Shakespeare threw his comic element almost entirely into these two plays, feeling perhaps that it better accorded with them than when the doom was darkening and deepening over the family; and at the same time he brought punishment upon Henry IV. out of his own household, as well as through the natural results of his rebellion. For this purpose he has made young Henry's dissipation begin before Hotspur's rebellion, whereas he was only fifteen years old at the time, and had almost to the last been under Hotspur's own care in Wales.

The whole question of the character of Henry of Monmouth has of late years been discussed by Mr. Endell Tyler, who finds no contemporary documents establishing his wild habits, but, on the other hand, numerous letters and dedications speaking of him as a highly moral and promising youth of more than ordinary steadiness. But on the one hand, it is not much the habit of official documents to find fault with the heir-apparent, and piety was the conventional strain of letters; and on the other, a strong tradition prevailed in subsequent times that Prince Hal had been a gay unthrifty youth, a great anxiety to his father; and this is strongly implied by his own contemporary, Walsingham, and by Monstrelet, the far inferior Froissart of this century, and is declared as historical fact by the writers of the early Tudor age, with whom the Lancastrian hero was a favourite, not likely to be maligned from party feeling. There may not be evidence enough to convict him in a court of justice, but there would hardly have been the general impression unless there had been ground for it; moreover, the allegations were of a kind by no means likely to be reduced to writing whilst recent.

Henry came back from Wales in 1407, when he was about twenty years old; he received Coldharbour as a place of residence, and was made Captain of Calais and Warden of the Cinque Ports. It is probable that there was not much to attract him in his own family. The King had married again in 1402, Joan, the daughter of Charles the Bad of Navarre, and the widow of Jean de Montfort, Duke of Brittany, a lady of much beauty and sagacity, with whom he had made acquaintance during his exile. She had shown much astuteness in obtaining a bull of dispensation for her marriage from the Avignon Pope, without letting him know that the intended bridegroom was English and an adherent of the Roman Pope. She was in appearance a dignified, queenly lady, but

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CAMBO XXIII.

Whittington.

very avaricious, and though her step-son was on fair terms with her, it does not seem that they could have had much in common.

His two sisters were married, Blanche to Louis of Bavaria, son of the Emperor Rupert; and Philippa, who must have been a very noble person, to Eric, prince of Denmark, son of the Semiramis of the North. The wedding-clothes of both had been bought of the thriving merchant Richard Whittington, four times Lord Mayor of London. A veritable personage was Whittington, one of the great merchant-princes of London, and who has left behind him a testimony of his worth in his noble deeds of munificence. He began the library of Gray Friars, paved the Guildhall, and founded an almshouse with a master and four fellows to contain thirteen poor men, who were there to be maintained on condition of praying for Richard Whittington, Alice his wife, and others of his family; also, for King Richard II., and Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester. By this charter of Whittington College it seems that Whittington's father was a knight; and yet he *may* have run away from home, or his family may have fallen into trouble, so as to bring him to be the poor apprentice beaten by the cook and comforted by pretty Mistress Alice, trying to run away, and sitting down on a stone to hear the bells ring

> "Turn again Whittington,
> Thrice Lord Mayor of London town;"

then going back, sending his cat for a venture with the ship to Barbary; and there the cat doing so valiantly among the mice, while the Queen called her "pootty, pootty," that a fortune was her price, and her master married Mistress Alice. Cats have indeed done wonders in lands before unblest with them, and this may have been the foundation of the Lord Mayor's fortunes; but it is also true that the legend of the cat is found in Venice, in Florence, and in Denmark—nay, even in Persia; and it may even be another form of "Puss in Boots." When not manifestly impossible, such beloved stories will fasten themselves to real personages, and this had gained a hold upon Whittington before 1603, when it is referred to in a play called "Eastward Hoe." A very early print of Whittington showed him in his collar of SS, with his hand upon a skull, but it had to be changed to a cat, for to the world in general what was Whittington without his Puss? Perhaps no more than Henry IV. without the Madcap Prince. There seems to be strong reason to infer that in Wales the Prince had led a life of excitement and freedom, in castles and camps, amongst soldiers of whom Sir John Oldcastle, Lord Cobham, was one of the most noted; and that when he came back to court, he found himself without sufficient occupation, and continually fretted by the suspicions with which his father had come to regard all the nobility, every one of whom might, on the smallest provocation, raise the standard of Richard II., or of the House of Mortimer. He was also extremely poor; the King was too much afraid of his people to tax them, and the estates of the crown and of Lancaster had to bear the expenses of Government, so

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CAMEO XXIII.

Prince Henry.

that the Prince was kept on such short allowance that he had to pawn his own jewels to pay his garrisons in Wales.

His principal revenues were derived from a strange source, namely, the estates of the young Earl of March, who had been put into his custody. The estates of a minor were always treated by a guardian as his own; and even the marriage of an orphan was a legitimate matter of sale; "the wardship and marriage" of a rich young heir being often granted by the sovereign as great favours to one of his court. And Henry of Monmouth received the young Mortimers as prisoners of state, and the most dangerous rivals to his family; but his generous heart disdained to keep them as captives; he made them his fast friends, and showed no suspicion of them. It was, no doubt, part of his father's policy to prevent their marriage, and thus let the dangerous line die out; but we find that Henry actually bribed the avaricious Queen Joan to induce the King to consent to the marriage of the Earl of March, and the sum must have been very large, since two instalments, of £100 each, are only mentioned as part payment.

Capture of the Duke of Rothsay. 1405.

Another captive was put into Henry's hands. Poor old Robert III. of Scotland, fearing that his surviving son, James, would meet the fate of the unhappy Duke of Rothsay, if he continued within reach of the ambitious Duke of Albany, resolved upon sending him to be educated in France in 1405, and shipped him off from the Bass under the care of the Earl of Orkney, trusting to the truce with England for his being unmolested. Off Flamborough Head, however, an armed merchantman captured the Scottish vessel, and carried it into London, where Henry IV. was guilty of the monstrous injustice of committing the young Prince, a boy of fourteen, to the Tower. A letter was produced from the poor old King, entreating Henry to be kind to the lad if he should be forced to put into any English port, and explaining that his intentions were peaceful, and that all he wished was a good education for his son. "He cannot send him to a better master than myself," returned Henry; "I can speak French indifferent well." No doubt he dreaded that the old alliance between Scotland and France should be drawn closer by the education of the young heir in the French court; but the deed was a flagrant breach of honour and justice, and most heartless and cruel towards the father, who had been already afflicted so grievously, and it did indeed bring down his grey hairs with sorrow to the grave. So convenient was it to his tyrant brother that young James should be in the hands of his enemies, that he could not obtain that so much as a remonstrance should be sent to England; and all he could do was to bow his head, and pine away until his death, on the 4th of April, 1406. Albany did not venture to assume the crown, but he continued Regent of Scotland, and made no attempt for the deliverance of his nephew. The boy remained at Windsor Castle, and was, like the Earl of March, considered as the charge of the Prince of Wales. An excellent education was given to him, and probably he was far better brought up than he could have been in his own savage kingdom, or in the dissolute and dis-

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CAMBO XXIII.

Death of Robert III. 1405.

orderly French court; he received the utmost kindness from Henry of Monmouth, and became one of his warmest friends. But this is little apology for the elder Henry; and no wonder that his policy revolted the mind of the younger, who drew apart to his own manor of Cheylesmore, and there seems to have attracted to him all the young nobles of his own age, and to have led a reckless, merry life; often, it may be feared, full of licence. Sometimes, as Stowe declares, he would disguise himself as a robber, and fall upon the receivers of the rents of his father's lands, and rob them of what, apparently, he considered as his due; he sometimes was soundly beaten, but he always rewarded his father's honest men if they made stout resistance. For the men in buckram suits, the robbery of the thieves, and the admirable sagacity that detected the true Prince, our readers must turn to Shakespeare. Once, it is said, he was seized and committed to Coventry jail by the Mayor, John Hornesby; but Mr. Tyler questions this fact, as the MS. declaring it is not contemporary.

At Eastcheap his brothers, Thomas and John—yes, even the sober boy, Lord John of Lancaster—got into trouble. On Midsummer night they prolonged their supper till two or three in the morning, and ended by a prodigious riot, which lasted an hour, and in which the Lord Mayor and Aldermen interfered, to the great wrath of the Princes, who complained to the King, and had the authorities cited before him; but on their showing that they had only done their duty in maintaining order, they were dismissed. These two youths were in mischief in Bridge Street again the next year; and it must have been on one of these occasions that a favourite follower of Prince Henry was captured and arraigned at the King's Bench. Henry at once hurried to his rescue, and ordered him to be set at liberty; but the Chief Justice gravely bade him let the law be asserted, after which he could, if he pleased, obtain pardon from his father for his servant. The Prince was only the more incensed, and either struck the judge with his fist or drew his sword. "Sir," said the judge, "remember yourself. I am here in place of your sovereign lord and father, to whom ye owe double obedience, wherefore eftsoons in his name I command you to desist of your wilfulness, and from henceforth give good example to those which hereafter shall be your proper subjects. And now, for your contempt and disobedience, I commit you to the prison of the King's Bench, where you shall remain till the pleasure of your father be further known."

Humbly the Prince laid down his sword, did reverence, and departed to the prison; and the King, on hearing of the affair, gave thanks for having a judge not afraid to minister justice, and a son who would submit to it. So runs the story as told in Tudor times, and which some tell us to read as merely a popular legend of the inflexibility of English Justice, as it does not appear in the Chronicle of London, or in any contemporary historian; but there is no doubt that Gascoyne was one of the most high-minded and impartial judges who ever sat on the bench,

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CAMEO XXIII.

Illness of Henry IV. 1412.

as was shown by his refusal to try Archbishop Scrope; and the incident is quite in accordance with Henry's hasty though candid nature.

The King was in failing health, and though scarcely more than forty-five, could no longer ride or walk. His disease was the leprosy, said to have begun from the death of Archbishop Scrope; and his son was naturally the chief member of the council in his absence. But reports of these excesses, and probably likewise differences between the father and son upon the course of politics to be pursued, were raising mistrust and dislike in the King. Queen Joan and Henry Beaufort, now a cardinal, are said to have fomented the dislike; and Henry was expelled from the council, to which his brother Thomas was called in his stead. Moreover, the command of an expedition to Guienne, in 1412, was committed to Thomas instead of to Henry. In the June of this year, likewise, there is mention in the Chronicle of London of "much people and gentles" attending the Prince to London, upon which the King suddenly removed to Rotherhithe, as if terrified by the demonstration. Walsingham says that the Prince, backed by the Parliament, even required the resignation of the throne, since sickness prevented the King from discharging his duties; but this is utterly disproved by the parliamentary records, which only show the ordinary compliments as passing. Again, there is a strange accusation against Cardinal Beaufort on the part of the youngest son of Henry IV., Humfrey, duke of Gloucester, who declared that the Cardinal had instigated Henry to plot against his father, and at the same time tried to assassinate him. According to Humfrey, when Henry was sleeping in the Green Chamber at Westminster, his little spaniel detected a man hid behind the arras, who was found to be armed with a dagger, and said he was placed there by the Cardinal to slay the Prince; but that affair coming to the knowledge of the Earl of Arundel, the man's evidence was disposed of by his being thrown into the Thames with his head tied in a sack. But when the Duke of Gloucester alleged all this, he was in a mood of hatred and revenge, in which he was ready to say anything against Beaufort, and when, all the other parties concerned being dead, there was no proof of his story.

It is plain, however, that there was some very serious disagreement between the father and son during the latter months of Henry IV.'s life, and thus, perhaps, it may be understood.

The King was prematurely aged, sickness was growing upon him, both the skin disease that was termed leprosy, and also some attack on the brain that often rendered him insensible for hours together. He was soured by suffering and disappointment. He had fancied that the sceptre he had wrested from his cousin would be a rod of justice, and the sword a weapon of glory and fame, and that the character that had stood so high when he was Earl of Bolingbroke would rise to the highest pitch of glory when he was King of England. Alas! he could not use the just sceptre without making rebels; his sword was only drawn against the friends of his youth; the adherents who had raised

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him to the throne had one by one turned against him; and his visions of service to his country, of foreign conquest, and the one sanctifying idea of winning back Jerusalem and dying beside the Holy Sepulchre, where he had prayed in his happier days of exile, had all passed away. He had no one to trust; he felt the mental vigour that had once enabled him to act and judge gradually departing from him; and of all he mistrusted, the chief was his eldest son, as his own heir, and the favourite of the people. Every frolic of the young man was represented to him as an act of criminal debauchery; every attempt to assume the natural place of the heir-apparent in public affairs as an endeavour to set himself aside and assume the reins of government.

Young Henry, on the other hand, was full of high spirits, that broke out apparently rather in merry freaks than actual licentiousness. No gross or sensual vices are laid to his charge, only a love of unconstraint and familiarity; and, perhaps, of practical jokes, like acting highwayman, and rewarding the brave defenders after he had taken his own proper share of his father's private property. Generous, and able by the fascination of his manners to make friends of foes, and to disarm foes by confidence in their honour, he rebelled against the system of suspicion, drew apart, and consorted with its objects, till it became directed against himself, and he fell into disgrace with his father; whilst his step-mother and his uncle did all in their power to add to the King's distrust, and the very affection and confidence of the Parliament and people were turned into accusations against him.

On New Year's Day, 1413, Henry made an effort to clear himself. There is a curious old custom still prevailing at his own College of Queen's, that the bursar should present each member with a needle and thread, saying, "Take this and be thrifty;" and, in accordance with this ceremony, the Prince arrayed himself in a dark blue damask robe, the collar worked with oylet-holes, and in each its own needle and thread, by way of emblem of the thrift which the Queen in especial accused him of neglecting. He then repaired to the Hall of Westminster Palace, where the King was seated, and leaving his attendants about the fire of coals at the lower end, he advanced alone, and made reverence to his father, entreating to be heard in private. The King was carried in his chair to another chamber, and there the Prince, falling on his knees, presented his dagger to his father, and prayed him to stab him therewith to the heart if he deemed that it contained aught but loyal duty to him. The King shed tears, and assured his son of his affection; and Henry then demanded that his accusers might be examined, and punished, "not after their deserts, but that after their lies were proved they might taste somewhat of that which they meant, although not to the uttermost."

For this the King said he must "tarry a Parliament," when his enemies should be tried by their peers; and the Parliament was accordingly summoned on the 2nd of February. The King was then a little better; but as he was praying before the shrine of St. Edward the Confessor in Westminster Abbey, he was seized with one of his attacks, and was

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CAMEO XXIII.

Death of Henry IV. 1413.

carried into the nearest chamber. When he revived, he asked where he was. "In Jerusalem Chamber," was the answer. Then, remembering the old prediction that he should die at Jerusalem, he felt that his last hopes were over of delivering the Holy Sepulchre, and resigned himself to this delusive fulfilment of the saying. He bade the clergy read the *Miserere*, and dwelt particularly on the verse entreating to be delivered from bloodguiltiness, but sank into unconsciousness again, so that the attendants thought him dead, and covered his face. Presently the Prince of Wales came in, and thinking him dead, took up the crown, which lay on a cushion near, and carried it away, probably as deeming the place insecure. Soon after the King groaned, and, on his face being uncovered, looked for his crown, and was distressed on hearing what had happened.

"Fair son," he said, when Henry came in, "what right have you to it? You know I had none."

"My lord," said the Prince, "with the sword you took it, and with the sword I will keep it."

"Act as you think best," sighed the King. "I leave all things to God. May He have mercy on my soul!"

So says Monstrelet. Stowe puts a long exhortation, full of good advice, into the King's mouth; and Shakespeare gives us a grand one of his own device, advising that the people should be occupied with foreign wars to prevent them from being critical on their King's rights to his crown. This was the real cause of the French wars and their miseries; but if suggested by the old King's worldly wisdom, it was probably before this time, when he was feeling the emptiness of that for which he had given his honour and peace. That he handed on to his son his longing desire to free Jerusalem is more certain; but it was equally in vain.

He died on the 19th of March, 1413; and, at his own desire, his corpse was sent to Canterbury to be buried near his uncle, the Black Prince, where a grand altar-tomb was erected by his widow, Joan of Navarre, portraying his noble Plantagenet face and form. The coffin was sent by sea; and, thirty days after, a man who had been in the ship related that a storm came on, and the sailors fancying the dead body brought them ill luck, pitched it overboard, and carried only the coffin to Canterbury, where it was buried with all solemnity. This story is found in a MS. of 1440, preserved at Cambridge; and in 1832 the coffin was examined. Within it was found a rude cross of twigs, and then a figure lapped in lead, too small for the coffin, but the space stuffed up with haybands, and with no royal insignia. On opening the lead, the face was found in perfect preservation, which did not accord with the diseased state of Henry's face. And truly it is remarkable, if Henry did indeed bury the corpse of a stranger as that of Richard II. among our English kings, that his own body should have been cast out into the sea, and that of an unknown person, dragged from a churchyard, placed in his tomb.

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CAMEO XXIII

Release of Murdoch Stewart. 1413.

The new King spent the evening of his father's death in his closet, and then sought his confessor, a hermit of Westminster. On the 7th of April he rode to the Tower, and on the 9th was crowned in Westminster Abbey by the new Archbishop, Chicheley. One of his first steps was to release his ward, the Earl of March, and put him into possession of all his lands; he further offered to exchange Murdoch Stewart, son of the Regent Albany, a captive ever since the battle of Homildon Hill, for Henry Percy, the young son of Hotspur, who had been in Scotland ever since the battle of Grosmont; and further made arrangements that his brother, John, duke of Bedford, should yield up the Northumberland estates to their true heir. The only person to whom his generosity did not extend was King James of Scotland, who continued a prisoner, possibly because Henry thought him safer in his own keeping than in that of Albany.

Also, remembering the desire of Richard II. to be buried beside his beloved wife, Anne of Bohemia, in Westminster Abbey, Henry caused the corpse to be raised from the grave at Langley, and carried, royally adorned, to Westminster, himself following with all his court. There was in this, no doubt, much desire to pay honour to the sovereign who had been kind to him in his boyhood, and had laid knighthood on his shoulder; it might, too, have been regarded as a sort of expiation of his House's wrongs towards Richard, and also showed both that he believed him dead and was not afraid of his memory. The ceremony was strangely followed by the cursing of Sir John Oldcastle for his Lollard doctrines, and this may have occasioned the tradition of a grand dismissal and imprisonment of the King's boon companions.

Gascoyne, the Chief Justice who is generally believed to have sent Henry to the King's Bench, was removed from office ten days after his accession, and Judge Hankford appointed instead, thus making some conclude that Hankford was the real hero of the adventure, and that his elevation was due to his uncompromising maintenance of the law without respect to persons. Gascoyne, however, was so much honoured in his profession, that, long after, Judge Dennis desired to be buried next to him.

There can be no doubt that Henry of Monmouth was a devout as well as a generous man. There was probably no violent change in his character after his accession. He seems to have been always religious, though imperfect, but to have hated restraint and conventional habits of court life in inactive times. When he could not have Welsh wars, he masqueraded as an outlaw; and when peace and war were in his own hands, he gratified his love of action by impelling the nation into hostilities. To us, the attack on France seems an unjustifiable violence upon a miserable, divided nation, whose dissensions tempted the strongest; but in Henry's eyes, the old claim of Edward III. and the provocations his father had received from the French court seem to have excused his attempt upon the kingdom; and some say that Archbishop Chicheley, instead of endeavouring to secure peace, promoted

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CAMEO XXIII.

Conspiracy of the Earl of Cambridge.

1414.

the King's warlike ardour, and allowed him to believe his aggression lawful and justifiable. Even devout and conscientious persons may warp their minds so as to believe themselves right in doing very evil deeds; and this was evidently the case with Henry of Monmouth. Before he took up arms he founded two monasteries, one at Shene, on the site of the palace which Richard II. had destroyed because he could not bear to be reminded of his residence there with his beloved Queen Anne, and one at Sion, in Isleworth, now belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

> "I Richard's body have interred anew,
> And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
> Than from it issued forced drops of blood;
> Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay
> Who twice a year their withered hands hold up
> Towards heaven to pardon blood; and I have built
> Two chantries, where the sad and solemn priests
> Sing still for Richard's soul."

Most unwilling was Henry either to distrust or shed blood anywhere but on the battle-field; but, in the midst of his preparations for his French expedition, the Earl of March came to him with intelligence of a plot against him. The sister of March, Anne Mortimer, had been married to Richard, earl of Cambridge, the second son of Edmund of Langley, duke of York, and as neither the Earl of March nor the Duke of York had a son, her child Richard, then about fourteen years old, was sole descendant in his own generation of the lines of Clarence and York. His father, the Earl of Cambridge, with Lord Scrope, the treasurer, and Sir Thomas Grey, had leagued together to make March king, if Richard II. were not found alive in Scotland; whence they intended to bring young Harry Percy and make him a party to the conspiracy. It appears that they had tried to draw March into the plot, of which he was to reap the first benefit; but that he loved Henry too well to consent, and, being otherwise unable to save his friend, divulged the scheme.

Henry made over the investigation to his brother, Thomas, duke of Clarence. Cambridge wrote a letter making full confession; Scrope and Grey followed his example, and they received sentence, the two nobles from a jury of peers, Grey from a petty jury; but Henry remitted the revolting and cruel part of their sentence, and they were merely beheaded. Nor were their families attainted; but the son of Cambridge possessed all the lands and honours of his line, and continued a faithful subject till he was stung by the insults of the courtiers of Henry VI. into commencing the grand final tragedy of retribution.

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CAMEO XXIV.

ORLEANS AND BURGUNDY.

(1400—1414.)

King of England.
1413. Henry V.

Kings of Scotland.
1390. Robert III.
1406. James I.

King of France.
1380. Charles VI.

King of Spain.
1406. Juan II.

Emperors of Germany.
1400. Rupert.
1411. Sigismund.

Popes.
1404. Innocent V.
1406. Gregory XII.
1409. Alexander V.
1410. John XXIII.

CAMEO XXIV.

Effect of Richard's deposition in France.

CONNECTED as Richard II. was with the French royal family, the tidings of his deposition were received with much indignation. The Lady de Coucy, the governess of Richard's little French wife, fled to her own country; and as soon as she arrived at Paris, the King sent to her for tidings of his daughter. Her account affected him so much that he had a fresh fit of frenzy; and the princes of the blood, who surrounded his throne, launched out into invectives against the insolence of the Londoners and the treachery of Henry of Lancaster. At the same time they endeavoured to take advantage of the crime to obtain the duchy of Aquitaine, just as, two hundred years previously, the murder of Arthur of Brittany had thrown Normandy into the hands of France. The city of Bordeaux, as the birthplace of Richard, was especially attached to him; and the Duke de Bourbon went to Agen to meet the chief burgesses, and make them large offers of privileges if they would place themselves in French hands rather than submit to the usurper; but they had seen enough of the oppression and misrule of France to make them prefer anything to coming under such government, and they resolved to adhere to the English crown, which had always respected their privileges.

The first resentment on the part of the French princes blew away before Charles recovered his senses, and it was plain to most of them that they were in no condition for asserting the rights of Richard, living or dead. The piteous state of the court is almost beyond description: the King, always weak, and at his best a dull, irresolute man, affectionate and gentle, but only capable of taking a resolution when in a passion, and these passions now ending in long attacks of insanity; the Queen,

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CAMEO XXIV.

Insanity of Charles V.

Isabeau of Bavaria, a selfish, indolent, unprincipled woman, heedless even of the commonest comforts of her afflicted husband and young children, and completely under the influence of her husband's brother Louis, Duke of Orleans, an elegant and graceful person, of some talent, but with no more rectitude of purpose or sense of propriety than herself. His wife, Valentina of Milan, was the best person amongst them: she was dutiful and affectionate to her gay husband, brought up her children carefully, and was the sole comforter and friend of the poor neglected King in his hours of melancholy madness; so much so, that her power over him was sometimes ascribed to witchcraft. In opposition to him stood Philippe le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, an able and high-spirited prince, and though not without selfishness and rapacity, the best friend of the poor King, and with more public spirit than most of his relatives. He might be regarded something as John of Gaunt was in the time of Richard II.; and his fierce son, Jean sans Peur, was a more reckless and openly irreligious likeness of Henry of Bolingbroke. Louis of Orleans and Jean of Burgundy were of the same age—there were only two months between their births—and a strong and bitter rivalry existed between them. They were at this time about thirty years old; and while Louis was a proud and reckless noble, using the people contemptuously as the means of supplying his rapacity, the Burgundians called themselves friends to the poor, and were very popular in Paris and the cities. Jean, Duke of Berri, the King's uncle, was much what Edmund of York had been in England; and Louis, Duke of Bourbon, and Louis, Duke of Anjou and titular King of Sicily, his distant cousin, were almost nonentities as to influence.

Burgundy, a rich duchy in itself, and added to by the countries of Holland and Flanders, rendered its owner the greatest and most powerful prince of the blood; and whereas the manufactures in the great merchant towns of Ghent and Liege were dependent on English wool, Burgundian interests were saved by peace with England; and as the Duke happened to be in the ascendancy by the time Charles recovered his senses, there was no defiance sent to Henry IV., but only an embassy to demand the return of the little Queen Isabel. Young Henry of Monmouth had seen and been much charmed with the fair young girl; and, moreover, Henry IV. had helped himself and his children to her jewels; so he replied by a proposal to wed her at once to the Prince of Wales: but this was strenuously refused by the young Queen herself, who refused to believe in her husband's death; and, though only fourteen, resolutely held her purpose until, on the 26th of July, 1402, she was at last restored to her own country, under the escort of Sir Thomas Percy, afterwards the traitor Earl of Worcester, so ruinous to Hotspur, when, it is said, he took a receipt for her from Waleran, Count of St. Pol, as if she had been a bale of goods.

She must have been a very sweet and lovely creature, for bitter weepings followed her from England. Henry of Monmouth persevered in his suit with the utmost pertinacity as long as she remained unmarried;

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CAMEO XXIV.

and the eldest son of the Duke of Orleans, a gentle and noble person and a poet, loved her devotedly, and at the end of four years, when her belief in Richard's life had become extinct, succeeded in obtaining her hand.

Challenge of the Duke of Orleans. 1402.

Orleans was as averse to the English usurper as Burgundy was favourable to him; and immediately after the little Queen's arrival, in 1402, Duke Louis sent a challenge to Henry IV. to meet him in single combat for his niece's wrongs, and very grand recriminating letters were exchanged without leading to any result. The Count de St. Pol, whose wife was Maud Holland, Richard's half sister, likewise sent a defiance to Henry; but all the answer he got was, that Henry held his menaces cheap, and willed that he should enjoy his own county of St. Pol; whereupon he consoled himself by sending a portable gibbet and an effigy of Edward of York, Earl of Rutland and Albemarle, to be hung upon it head downwards before the gates of Calais, as a spectacle for those within; after which, observes Monstrelet, the garrison "were more inclined than ever to do mischief to Count Waleran and his subjects."

Assistance was moreover sent to Owain Glyndwr, and though there was no open war, whenever Orleans influence predominated dislike to the House of Lancaster was shown. A large family had been born to Charles VI., but of feeble constitution and ill-nursed, and his sons seemed only to bear the name of Dauphin to die under it, so that, as yet, no heir of the throne had come forward to balance the dangerous power of Orleans and Burgundy. The popularity of Philippe le Hardi made him, for a time, the head of the council, and director of the King's affairs, and by him the truce with England was renewed; but, meantime, the Duke of Orleans was giving every provocation in his power, and promising help to Hotspur. Henry IV. sent ten ships to watch the French coast; but the Constable, Olivier de Clisson, sent the Breton admiral to attack them off Mahè. He seized the vessels, drowned five hundred prisoners, plundered the Channel Islands, and even made a descent on Plymouth, which he forced to ransom itself. The Count de St. Pol tried to play the same game in the Isle of Wight, but was driven off by the inhabitants; and the English, now fairly roused, made reprisals, burnt St. Mahè and Pennarch, took many French ships, and plundered far inland. The county of St. Pol was devastated by the garrison of Calais, and there was a continual licensed piracy on the seas.

Death of Philippe of Burgundy. 1404.

The friend of peace was now lost. Philippe le Hardi, Duke of Burgundy, caught a fever at Brussels, and was carried from thence in a horse litter to Halle, workmen going in front with spades and pickaxes to smooth the road that he might not be jolted; but the change was in vain: he died in his sixty-third year, on the 27th of April, 1404. He had spent so largely that his sons were obliged to pawn his plate to provide for the expenses of his funeral; and their mother, Marguerite, the heiress of Flanders, renounced her claim to his moveables by laying her keys, purse, and girdle on his coffin—since, by retaining them, she would become liable to the debts that they would not have satisfied.

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CAMEO XXIV.

Jean of Burgundy.

Duke Jean was a more able man than his father, but he could not at first exert so much power, for the Duke of Orleans, while respecting his uncle, could openly oppose his cousin; and for a time Louis had it all his own way. The piracies upon the English coast continued; Plymouth, Dartmouth, and Portland all suffered in turn from descents of plunderers: but Henry IV. contented himself with sanctioning self-defence and reprisals by issuing letters of mark; domestic troubles, and his fear of demanding taxes from the people over whom he only reigned by sufferance, prevented him from declaring the truce broken or vindicating the violated honour of England. But these injuries were preparing a day of reckoning.

Meantime the administration of the Duke of Orleans was unbearable; without an idea of ruling for the people's good, his sole notion was of using power for his own vanity and pleasure, and obtaining all the money he could force from the cities and peasants. This money he spent in splendour and dissipation; the Queen hoarded her share for herself: none of the servants were paid their wages, and used to help themselves to the clothes of the helpless King and royal children, so that the unhappy Charles was often left in filth and hunger.

At last, the new Duke of Burgundy, who had now succeeded likewise to his mother's inheritance of Flanders, resolved to bring matters into a better condition. He had offered to pursue the English war by besieging Calais, if men and money were sent him; but as none were forthcoming, and he had an urgent invitation from all the princes of the blood except the Duke of Orleans to come and hold council at Paris, he set out at the head of the forces he had collected for the siege of Calais. On the news of his approach, the guilty Queen and Duke fled away, leaving behind them the poor King, who was then under an attack of madness, and all the children; but recollecting on the way that the possession of the sovereign's person would give their enemy the government, Isabeau sent back her brother the Duke of Bavaria to fetch them. The King was not fit to move; but the three little boys, and their sisters Michelle and Catherine, had all been placed in a boat, and were setting out across the Seine, when the Duke of Burgundy was in the act of entering Paris. The citizens, who were all devoted to him, hurried to meet him and tell him that the royal children were being removed. He at once galloped off in pursuit, and crossing the river, at length came up with the horse litter in which the children had been placed on account of the rain. He opened the door and asked the Dauphin Louis, a boy of nine years old, and already betrothed to his own daughter, where he would please to go.

"Let me go back to my father," said the boy.

"It is by order of the Queen, she has his father's consent," replied the Duke of Bavaria; "she is waiting dinner for him at the Château de Pouilly."

There was a sharp dispute between the two Dukes, but he of Bavaria gave in; and Jean of Burgundy took the bridle of one of the

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CAMEO XXIV.

Quarrels of Orleans and Burgundy.

horses and turned the litter round to return to Paris. On this news coming to Pouilly, the Queen and Duke found all their friends deserting them, and hurried away themselves to Melun; while a council of state was held at Paris, presided over by the little Dauphin in his father's stead, in which a petition from the princes and nobles was read against the horrible misgovernment that the realm had lately suffered; and, moreover, a Burgundian knight stood forth, challenged the world to accuse his master of high treason, and threw down his glove, which nobody took up.

However, arms were assumed on either side, and there was a short campaign, ending in a conference, and a sort of reconciliation, after which all the princes proceeded to the University of Paris, where its chancellor, Dr. Jean Gersen, preached them a sermon on the text *Vivat Rex*, and exhorted them to concord. Dr. Gersen was the most celebrated theologian of his age, and there are even some who ascribe to him that most beautiful book of devotion which is generally known as Thomas à Kempis' Treatise of the Imitation of JESUS CHRIST. A Kempis was a Canon of Mount St. Agnes, near Zwoll, and there died, at ninety years old, in 1471, having written various books, which some say do not resemble in style this far more noted manual of the Christian Life. On the other hand, tradition has universally ascribed it to him, and the fragments preserved of Gersen's sermon seem to be far more unlike the simplicity and beauty of the Imitation than are the other works of Thomas à Kempis. One happy effect, however, the sermon had, that of rousing the princes from their brutal indifference to the poor King's condition. It was five months since he had washed himself or changed his linen, and he was covered with vermin and wounds, his attendants declaring themselves afraid to compel him, lest, in some partial return of reason, he should have them hanged for disrespect. It was decided to have him seized in the night by ten men in masks, who washed him and made him decent, in spite of his resistance. He afterwards had a long lucid interval, perhaps in consequence of the attention paid him. This was the only matter on which the princes agreed; and petty spite, mutual violence, and sham reconcilations went on embittering their minds more and more, until the November of 1407, when, on the 10th, the Queen gave birth, at the Hotel Montaigu, to a son, who died immediately. On the 16th, the Dukes of Orleans and Burgundy had been persuaded by their old uncle of Berri to have one of their reconciliations; they had embraced, heard mass, sworn friendship, and had a grand dinner together at the Duke de Berri's; when Orleans invited them to a similar dinner the next week. On the 17th, a house in the Rue Barbette, the street through which the Duke of Orleans was wont to pass on his visits to the Queen, was hired by Raoul d'Auquetonville, a person whom Orleans had deprived of his office, and who shut himself into it with seventeen resolute men-at-arms. The dinner took place as determined, and at eight o'clock the next evening, as the Duke of Orleans was supping with the Queen, a message was

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CAMEO XXIV.

Murder of Orleans. 1407.

brought him desiring that he would come to the King at the Palace of St. Paul. The Duke set off in haste through the dark streets, riding a mule, with two squires behind him upon one horse, and five or six servants following with torches. Suddenly there was a shout of "Death, death!" and the murderers, who had been in ambush under a pent-house in the Rue Barbette, rushed on the Duke. He called out, "I am the Duke of Orleans!" "It is he whom we seek," they cried; and the first battle-axe cut off his hand at the wrist, the next broke his skull, and he fell. The horse with the two squires had taken fright and run away with them; but a young German squire threw himself down on his fallen master to cover him with his own body; but it was too late, he was already slain, and the assassins continued to chop at the bodies with their axes till the alarm was given; when they ran off shouting "fire," and strewing iron spikes behind them to hinder the pursuit, which they had further obstructed by setting fire to their late abode. The other attendants had rushed back, shrieking "murder," to the Hotel Montaigu, where the Queen, in great terror, caused herself to be put into a litter and carried to the King at the Palace of St. Paul.

Suspicion did not at once light upon the Duke of Burgundy, or, at any rate, he braved it, going with the other princes to view the body, exclaiming that so foul and treacherous a murder had never been committed, and holding a corner of the pall at the funeral.

The first person suspected was Sir Aubert de Cauny, as his wife had been tempted away from him by Orleans, to whom she had borne a son, Jean, Count de Dunois, afterwards very famous. But an inquiry was set on foot by the Provost of Paris, who came to tell the princes that he thought he had found a clue, and could discover the murderer, provided they would all allow him to search their hotels. On hearing consent given, Jean of Burgundy drew the two weakest—the King of Sicily and the Duke de Berri—apart, and informed them of his guilt. They could scarcely speak for dismay, and before they had recovered he broke from them and retired to his hotel; but he had the effrontery to present himself at the council the next day. He was met, however, by his uncle, with firm though gentle words. "Fair nephew, do not come to council this time. It is not well-pleasing to any that you be present." He was obliged to return to his hotel, where he took horse and galloped away to his own domains.

The princes remained in a state of great horror and indignation, but without taking any decided measure; and the Duke of Orleans had been so intolerably oppressive to all who had money, that the citizens of Paris were only rejoiced to be rid of him, and remembering that at the late festivals his device had been a ragged staff, and that of Jean sans Peur a plane, it was a saying with them, "The ragged staff is planed."

Finding that her husband's murder was unnoticed, the Duchess Valentina, who had loved him most fondly, set forth for Paris with her daughter-in-law, Isabel, and her youngest son, leaving the two elder ones at Blois, as she did not choose to endanger them by bringing them to Paris, and

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CAMEO XXIV.

Attempts to gain redress for Orleans' death.

desired them to stand upon the defensive in her absence. It was a lucid interval with the King, and when she threw herself on her knees before him in deep mourning, he was much affected, and promised that justice should be done. But the very sight proved too much for him; he had a fresh attack of delirium; and the Duchess was afraid to remain at Paris without his protection.

Meantime, Jean of Burgundy found his own vassals ready to support him, and to accept the justification that he had put forward; and, by threatenings to begin a civil war, he brought his cousins to demand a conference with him. The King of Sicily, and the Dukes de Berri and Bourbon, were nominated for this purpose; but he of Bourbon considered the transaction shameful, refused his participation, and retired to his own estates. The other two set off through a deep snow to meet the murderer at Amiens, where his hotel was adorned by two lances, one sharp, the other blunt, signifying peace or war; while what the latter alternative would be was marked by a huge train of nobles and three thousand men-at-arms prepared for battle.

The fierce Duke was a great deal too much for his gentle uncle and feeble cousin; he was very civil to them, but would not express any contrition for what he had done, and set at naught their injunctions that he should not enter Paris. He declared his intention of justifying himself there, and accordingly arrived at the head of his armed followers, amid the exulting shouts of the Parisians, who cried, *Noel! Noel!* the Christmas word of jubilee, which had passed out of the carols to the greeting of the King when he showed himself in their streets. Still, Jean sans Peur took the precaution of always wearing armour, slept in a stone tower which he had had built on to the wooden Hotel d'Artois for the purpose, and obtained letters of pardon from the poor King.

The insolence of the next scene in the drama surpasses anything else in history. At the Hotel de St. Paul did this wicked man convene the Dauphin, the princes of the blood, the chief clergy and nobles, and the representatives of the civil and ecclesiastical law, to hear the avowal and justification of his crime,—and in the form of a sermon from the mouth of a professor of theology of the University of Paris, one Jean Petit, a friar of Norman birth and of unusual learning, which he prostituted to this shameful purpose, being, as was justly said of him, "a venal soul, sold to iniquity."

This extraordinary discourse has been preserved in all its divisions and subdivisions, proving, in the first place, the criminality of the Duke of Orleans, and, in the second, the lawfulness of killing him, by instances from Scripture and history. Julian the Apostate is the first instance of tyrannicide that is adduced; but he, it appears, was slain on the intercession of St. Basil to Our Lady, who restored a dead saint, "Le Chevalier Mercure," to flesh and blood, and sent him with his own weapons, which had been hung over his tomb, to put the Emperor to death. These follow—Duke Zambry, *i.e.* Zimri, slain by Phineas; the fair Absalom, by Joab; Athaliah, by the Levites; and most wonderful of all, Lucifer

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CAMEO XXIV.

Judgment of the University of Paris.

slain with a perdurable death by St. Michael! Covetousness, treason, and witchcraft are alleged against the unfortunate Duke; and he is said to have practised sorcery against the King, agreed with Henry of Lancaster to depose their mutual sovereigns, and attempted to poison the Dauphin with an apple, which his own son ate instead, and died of! Whence the Doctor argued, that, so far from being blamed or punished, my Lord of Burgundy ought to be considered to have done a praiseworthy action, and to deserve love, honour, and riches, after the example of St. Michael and the valiant man Phineas.

It is some comfort to know that, as soon as the immediate dread of the Duke was removed, the University of Paris caused this precious discourse to be burnt by the common hangman, and that Jean of Burgundy reaped in his own person the full benefit of his atrocious doctrine.

A disturbance at home soon called away the Duke of Burgundy; and Valentina came forth again to implore justice, and to cause a vindication of her husband to be read before the court. The Queen, likewise, was anxious for vengeance; and the princes made a feeble attempt at mustering their forces; but as soon as they heard that all was quiet in Burgundy, fear got the better of them, they laid down their arms, and the Duchess of Orleans went home and died broken-hearted. Her son, Charles, Duke of Orleans, was still very young, and of a gentle, refined, poetical mood, chiefly absorbed by his ardent admiration of his queen-bride, Isabel, who at length, in 1409, became his wife One pure and gentle household existed in those dark and evil times, but only for a single year; in 1410 Isabel died in giving birth to a little daughter, and was passionately bewailed by her husband, who gave expression to his grief in some most pathetic and beautiful verses.

But he was obliged to marry again very soon, and his wife was Anne, daughter of Bernard, Count d'Armagnac, and of a daughter of the old Duke de Berri. Her father brought much more alertness and sagacity to the Orleans counsels, arms were actually taken up against Burgundy, and though the Duke was paramount in Paris, the favourite of the citizens, and doing what he would with the poor King, the country round was pillaged by the wild troops whom Armagnac had brought from Gascony. Their badge was a white ribbon over the left shoulder, and from them the entire anti-Burgundian party derived the title of Armagnacs. The Burgundian distinction was a blue hood, with a cross of St. Andrew and a fleur-de-lis. At last the Armagnacs penetrated into Paris, where they behaved in a very savage and violent manner; and the Duke of Burgundy endeavoured to strengthen himself by an alliance with Henry IV., offering a daughter in marriage to the Prince of Wales. The other princes topped this with further offers to young Henry of any daughter or niece he might choose, and, moreover, of full rights over the duchy of Aquitaine. Henry listened to these proposals, and actually sent off an army under command of Thomas, Duke of Clarence, his second son; but before it arrived, one of the many hollow peaces of the time had been concluded, and Orleans and Burgundy were

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CAMEO XXIV.

March of Clarence into France. 1412.

professing friendship for one another and all the world. The Duke of Clarence received, at Calais, a polite message that peace was made and he was not wanted; whereupon he requested the payment of his expenses, and receiving, as a pledge of their future defrayal, the youngest brother of Orleans as a hostage, he marched across the country to Bordeaux.

Thomas of Clarence marched across France peaceably; but as soon as he reached Guienne he commenced hostilities, announcing that he hoped to reconquer all that had once belonged to England. There were no preparations to resist him; the Count d'Albret was affronted at not having been made Constable of France, and would not take up arms; and the Count d'Armagnac wore the Cross of St. George as a token that he preferred the English rule to the Burgundian.

Whilst matters were in this state Henry IV. died, and Thomas's attacks ceased; indeed, the French thought themselves safe from the English, since they had the very lowest opinion of the new King, believing all the stories of his dissipation and disinclination to business. But respite from foreign invasion was of little benefit to a House thus divided against itself. The Dauphin Jean was sixteen, and old enough to be a fresh element of mischief. Hitherto he had been the tool of Burgundy; but at last he began to quarrel with him, and set up a faction on his own account.

In the midst, the guild of Parisian butchers who had been favoured as chosen instruments of the Duke of Burgundy rose into terrible power. Their badge was a white hood; and with all the fury of the savage mob of Paris they made themselves into a sort of tribunal for "the good of France," imprisoned Duke Louis of Bavaria, the Dauphin's chancellor, four or five of his officers, and fifteen of the Queen's ladies, and shut them all up in the Louvre; they murdered every gentleman who offended them, and nobody was safe who did not wear the white hood. Even the Dauphin was obliged to put one on. But the misery of the capital did not interfere with his diversions; he gave balls every night, and danced with dissolute persons, and one night the uproar in his apartments was such, that the citizen governor of Paris, Helyon de Jacqueville, who was passing by, came in to see the cause, and gave him a strong remonstrance against thus dishonouring his youth. The Dauphin, in a rage, flew at the magistrate, and three times tried to stab him with his dagger; but the secret armour which most people wore under their clothes in these dreadful times prevented the murder. Yet, on the first report that the new King of England intended to attack the miserable disunited country, this insolent boy sent him a present of a basket of tennis balls, with a message that they were the fittest toys for him. Henry, who was eight years his elder, and, even if all had been true that had been said of him, could have hardly been worse than the Dauphin himself, made answer, that he hoped to return the compliment with English cannon-balls against the walls of Paris.

The dominion of the butchers grew intolerable to their fellow-citizens;

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CAMEO XXIV.

The White Hoods.

1413

and the guild of carpenters organized an opposition against them: the Dauphin gladly took part with any one who would free him from the butchers, and their force became so great, that the butcher leaders left Paris, and the Duke of Burgundy thought it wise to retreat to his own dominions. The Armagnacs came in; Jean of Burgundy was declared a rebel, and the Dauphin even led an army against him, marched as far as Arras, and received the keys of the city; but, soon growing tired of his expedition, ordered his tents to be struck for a return to Paris. The soldiers, wishing to avoid carrying such heavy loads, thought it the shortest way to set fire to the camp; and the flames spread so fast that some of the princes were in great danger, four hundred sick were burnt in their beds, and the army returned to Paris, looking as if it had sustained a great defeat.

Such a nation as this could hardly be purified without some terrible suffering from without, to bring out any sparks of genuine courage and loyalty that might still be left in it; and it is certain that the long course of English wars did train up a far higher temper among the nobility than at this time existed. There was temptation to hostile invasion in a nation who seemed to have no spirit but for ferocious violence; and though it might have been more generous to abstain from taking advantage of the King's madness and the divisions of the royal family, yet Henry V. seems to have taken the state of France almost as a witness to the rights that he imagined the English crown to possess.

His view was, that Edward III. was the rightful heir of Philippe le Bel, and that he himself was the rightful heir of Edward III. It was an awkward argument, for if the daughter of Philippe le Bel conveyed her right to her son to the exclusion of the male representative, then the daughter of Lionel of Clarence would have transmitted her right to Edmund of March, to the exclusion of the grandson of John of Gaunt. However, Henry and his people held that the claims of Edward III. and his kingdom went together, and early in 1414 he demanded the French crown; but offered to waive his claim on receiving the Princess Catherine in marriage, and, with her, Normandy, Maine, and Anjou, Aquitaine, and half Provence—all that his ancestors had ever possessed!

The peace-making old Duke de Berri made answer that he might have the princess, Aquitaine, and 600,000 crowns; but, as the fact was that a pretext for war was all that was wanting, this offer was rejected. War was imminent, and the miserable country drifted into it almost recklessly, for, as the poor peasants said, no foreign invader could make them suffer more than they did from their own princes.

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CAMEO XXV.

THE SIEGE OF HARFLEUR.

(1414.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1413. Henry V.	1406. James I.	1380. Charles VI.	1406. Juan II.
Emperor of Germany.		*Pope.*	
1411. Sigismund.		1410. John XXIII.	

CAMEO XXV. — *War with France.*

WHETHER it were from the promptings of ambitious enterprise, or from the sense that there must be wars either at home or abroad, Henry V. had made up his mind to imitate his grandfather's career, and make war upon the distracted French nation. His subjects, puffed up with the recollection of the glories won under the Black Prince, and discontented with the inaction of the two former reigns, were only too eager to take up arms; and even the sanction of the clergy was not wanting to this war of flagrant aggression. Archbishop Chicheley is even said to have counselled the war, with the desire of diverting the public mind from the inquiries of the Lollard party into the abuses practised by the clergy.

At a parliament held at Westminster, in November 1414, Henry Beaufort, the Chancellor, and Bishop of Winchester, made one of those strange speeches, beginning like a sermon, by which such extraordinary political crimes were justified in the fifteenth century. "While we have time, let us do good," was the text on which he hung this incentive to the despoiling of a defenceless and insane neighbour. He said that to everything there are two seasons; a tree rests in winter and blossoms in summer, and thus man has a time of peace and a time of war. The country being blest with quiet at home, and a just cause of war abroad, had the two chief essentials for success; but three more were wanted, namely, counsel from the vassals, stout help from the people, and plentiful subsidies from the nation; which, he shrewdly observed, they would grant the more readily, since the wider the King's dominions the lighter their burthens would become.

The Commons elected as their Speaker Thomas Chaucer, supposed to have been the son of the poet, and responded to the call by a grant of two-fifteenths and two-tenths of their year's income for the equipment of the army. Archbishop Chicheley likewise made a speech to the Lords, setting forth, in the most undoubting terms, Henry's supposed

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CAMEO XXV.

Grants for the War.

right to the crown of France, and saying that, "in full persuasion of the justness of the war, the clergy had given such a sum of money to maintain it as was never granted to any former king, and would join all their prayers for his success."

Thus backed up, Henry, though really a devout and conscientious man, seems to have absolutely persuaded himself that he was acting an honourable and justifiable part, and that the assertion of his claim would deliver France from her many miseries.

He appointed his brother, John, Duke of Bedford, to be Regent during his absence; and suspended the assizes whilst he should be away, lest his lieges who went with him should suffer injustice while they were not able to plead their cause in person. He promised every duke who should join him thirteen and fourpence per day, every earl six and eightpence, every baron four shillings, every knight two shillings, every esquire one shilling, every archer sixpence; by which curiously graduated scale he hoped to secure himself from the inconveniences of a feudal army, which used to serve only forty days. Ships were hired in Holland, Zealand, and the English ports; others, together with seamen, were pressed; armourers, bowyers and fletchers were set to work; workmen of all sorts were collected; and the Sheriff of Hampshire was ordered to organize a grand baking of bread throughout his county.

Southampton was to be the place of embarkation; but on his way thither he received, at Winchester, an embassy, headed by the Archbishop of Bourges, in the last hope of averting the invasion. Archbishop Chicheley answered the ambassador in a strain that showed how set the whole nation was upon the war; and Henry, about the same time, wrote to the Pope and the chief sovereigns of Europe, explaining his pretensions, and appealing to the distracted condition of France, without any efficient government, as a token from Heaven of the rightfulness of his enterprise. He also made his will, and was collecting his forces when the already-mentioned conspiracy of Cambridge and Scrope was disclosed to him; and the trials and executions were hastily gone through at Southampton. The King wept over their treachery, but the time brooked no delay; and his was but a slight foretaste of the ills yet in store from the House of York.

About 30,000 men were collected at Southampton, of whom 11,500 are detailed as fighting men; 1,400 vessels were provided for their transport: and on the 11th of August, 1415, they proudly sailed down the Solent, drawing good auguries from the numerous swans that were swimming near the wooded banks; but, on the other hand, one of the foremost ships took fire,—and this was deemed such a dire omen, that some of Henry's attendants would have persuaded him to turn back. However, says the old ballad—

"Fair stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
Longer will tarry;

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But putting to the main,
At Kaux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train
Landed King Harry."

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 13th, the fleet was entering the bay of Harfleur, and the King's standard was hoisted as a summons to all the captains to come to his ship for orders. These were that no one should attempt to land before the King on pain of death, but that all should be ready for the disembarkation on the following morning.

The morning of the 14th, according to the minute account of a chaplain in the army, was very fine, and the sun rose among brilliant clouds. Already, in the dawn, had the Earl of Huntingdon been sent on shore to reconnoitre, but had not seen an enemy; and the troops were hastily placed in boats and rowed to the shore, at a point where a wood of small trees in a sloping valley on one side, and farms and orchards on the other, would protect their flanks in case of an attack. Henry was the first to land, and kneeling down as he did so, implored the blessing of Heaven upon his arms on this new soil. Wonderful to his soldierly eye was this unmolested landing, for the coast was very rocky, and huge stones covered the beach, looking ready for the destruction of ships and men if there had been any one to use them. Moreover, when the steep rocks had been climbed, the land beyond was found cut up with deep ditches filled with water, and wide earthen ramparts sloping up from them, defended with angles and bulwarks, and with only a path two feet wide separating each rampart and ditch. This continued for half a mile, as far as the commencement of the marshes, which extended for nearly seven miles to Harfleur, and which were traversed by causeways so narrow that a very few might have made them good against thousands.

It seems strange that no one should have known enough of Normandy to avoid landing in such an unfavourable spot; but geography was, as yet, no part of military science, and invaders seem to have still steered as much at hap-hazard as Julius Cæsar when exploring Britain. However, the French were equally insane in not availing themselves of these admirable defences. In effect, the treasury was empty, and the tax levied by the Dauphin had brought in nothing; the generals had been nominated at the beginning of the month, but had no army; and all that could be done was to send four hundred picked men to assist the Sire de l'Estouteville, the governor of Harfleur, in the defence of the city. They took up the pavements to make the roads worse, but could attempt nothing active against the invaders. Henry, meanwhile, landed his stores and engines, and marched against the town, first making a proclamation forbidding all plunder of the churches, or violence towards either clergy, or women, or any person not bearing arms. He had with him a large chapel tent, provided with all needful for the devotion of the army; and the feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin was there celebrated.

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CAMEO XXV.

Harfleur.

Harfleur was a small town, well fortified with forts and angles, according to the improved system of one Magister Ægidius Romanus, who, though a disciple of St. Thomas Aquinas, and a bishop and doctor of theology at Paris, had written a treatise, "*De Regimine Principium*," for King Philippe le Bel, in which, after much moral and religious instruction, he proceeded to a discourse on military and naval tactics and sieges. The city had three gates, before each of which a strong fortification, called a barbican, had been erected. The principal one was circular and very large, and was further strengthened by the trunks of trees fastened to it outside, while within earth and timbers were piled up, and openings left for guns and machines; a ditch surrounded it, crossed by a drawbridge with a portcullis. The good chaplain's measures are somewhat vague, for he says the ditch was as broad as the length of two lances, and the whole outwork wider than a stone's throw. Opposite to this erection the King took up his own position, sending his brother, Thomas of Clarence, to the other side of the town, where the other two gates were, and the river was supposed to be a sufficient defence. On his way to his post, Clarence captured a convoy of gunpowder and other stores that had been sent from Rouen to the relief of the besieged. The next morning the whole army was drawn up and the fleet displayed on the sea, with the lesser craft and boats in the river and canals.

Henry then made his formal summons to the town to surrender to him as rightful Duke of Normandy, and as, of course, the garrison refused, began his approaches; spending many sleepless nights from his anxiety to see the cannon mounted and the warlike machines put together. He had, it would seem, to invent his own engineering, for that great authority, Magister Ægidius, had lived before the days of cannon, and the siege of a fortress had to begin to take that course which came to its formal perfection under Vauban. Henry seems to have first devised the digging trenches to protect his cannon when within the range of the shot of the enemy, and he further shielded them with munitions composed of thick high boards, with iron fastenings. Another body of troops were charged to dig up the earth, and pile it up to a level with the great barbican; and thence a discharge of stone balls soon ruined this outwork. The towers were also much shaken; but every night the brave besieged filled up the breaches with timber, baskets of earth, sand, stones, and faggots, compacted with clay, covering every vacant space with soft thick mud, in which the English balls might lose their force.

Pots of gunpowder, sulphur, and quicklime, and of burning fat, were provided for the reception of the English if they should scale the walls; and the besieged were full of hope, for an army was collecting at Rouen, under the charge of the Constable d'Albret, the Marshal Boucicault, and other noted captains.

Meanwhile, Henry attempted to undermine the walls; but three times his miners were met by counter-miners of the enemy, and bloody underground fights took place, which put an end to this mode of attack.

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His next endeavour was to fill up the ditch with faggots ten feet long; but the fiery preparations of the garrison destroyed all these, and the sallies of the brave Frenchmen were so effective, that, as the camps of the two brothers were entirely separated by the water, and could only communicate by boat, it was apprehended that a sudden attack, in full force, upon the Duke of Clarence, might cut him off before he could be succoured by Henry. To prevent such a disaster, Henry caused his brother's camp to be protected with an extremely deep ditch, and a rampart above it, guarded with upright stakes and trunks of trees, behind which the engines and cross-bowmen carried on their operations; and, that this work might be the more rapidly accomplished, a portion was assigned to each lance and to each bow.

The worst foe of the English army was, however, the damp of the marshes under the heat of an August sun. Their own excesses added to the danger. If there was many a stout yeoman standing "like greyhounds in the slips straining upon the start," and many a steady old well-trained soldier like Fluellen, there was many a boastful Pistol "with a killing tongue and a quiet sword," many a dissolute Nym and Bardolph. "They will steal anything and call it purchase. Bardolph stole a lute-case, bore it twelve leagues, and sold it for three-halfpence. They would have me as familiar with men's pockets as their gloves or handkerchiefs," says the dismayed boy, not yet taught the licence of camps; and, in spite of all the King's proclamations, the like marauders wandered beyond the camp, drove in cattle, and recklessly slew each his beast, leaving the carcase to be unused by others and to spread corruption. The orchards of Normandy with their August load of fruit added to the temptation and danger of the soldiery; severe sickness spread in the camp, and two thousand are said to have died; among them, after five days' illness, Richard Courtenay, Bishop of Norwich, whom the King loved tenderly, and attended in his last moments, when the last rites of the Church had been administered, still hanging over him and rubbing and wiping his chilled feet.

These tender cares and the general sickness caused a sort of slackness on the part of the besiegers, which the Sire de l'Estouteville, within the town, was not slow to detect; and the day after the Bishop's death the French made a sally, overpowered the guards, and set fire to the English works, retreating with shouts of mockery at their enemy's sloth. Lord Huntingdon, however, the next day returned the compliment by an attack on the breach, where he set fire so thoroughly to the wooden defences that the flames burnt for three days without either French or English being able to check them.

Upon this Henry sent another summons to surrender; and receiving a refusal, resolved to make a general assault, which he intended to render the more effective by causing his artillery to harass the garrison all night by the discharge of balls, stones, and bolts, so that the enemy might be spent with a sleepless night. This night, however, convinced the French that they were in no state to endure an assault, and in the morning they

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CAMEO XXV.

Surrender of Harfleur.

sent to demand permission to acquaint their King and Dauphin with their condition, promising to surrender if they were not succoured within a week.

The blood of the nobles was up, and making sure of success, they proposed to reject the terms and rush to the assault; but Henry was unwilling to give the town up to the fury of his soldiery, and acceded to the terms. The day was Sunday, the 18th of September, and the King's chaplain, the Bishop of Bangor, in full robes, carried the Host to the walls, preceded by thirty-two chaplains, each attended by an esquire bearing a lighted taper. At the breach, oaths were taken on the one side by the Sires de l'Estouteville, Gaucourt, and the rest of the garrison, that if succour was not received within a week the town should be surrendered; on the other by Henry, his brothers, and nobles, that the town and garrison should suffer no violence. A safe-conduct was then granted to the Sire de l'Estouteville to go to Vernon, where the French army was assembling under the oriflamme, and the King and Dauphin were in person. Charles was supposed to be in his senses; but the brave L'Estouteville had the greatest difficulty in getting admittance to his presence, and then could extract no answer from him. Only the Chancellor answered, "That he must repose on the royal wisdom, which doubtless would, in due time, do what was suitable." A comfortable answer for a gallant soldier, who had, for a whole month, held out a petty fortress against a royal army, and had come to show how the enemy were sickening in the deadly marshes; where, in this week of rest, the Earl of Suffolk likewise perished! However, L'Estouteville saw with his own eyes that the French troops were not come in, and that nobody was ready to march nor to lead; so he returned to Harfleur, and on the next Sunday the surrender was made. Henry placed himself on his throne, under a silk pavilion, on the hill opposite to the town, looking, it is said, most royal and lordly; and from thence to the gates of the town his troops formed a lane of bright armour, up which marched L'Estouteville, Gaucourt, and the chief burghers, with the Host borne before them, and carrying the keys of the town. He received them with courtesy, and gave them a grand feast; but it seems that in the meantime some of the garrison refused to capitulate, and made a sharp fight necessary, which the Nyms and Bardolphs turned to advantage by plunder and excess.

However, all was orderly the next day, when Henry rode to the gates, with his badge, a fox's brush, in his helmet, and there dismounting, walked barefoot to the Church of St. Martin to return thanks for his victory. The oath of allegiance was tendered to all the inhabitants, who were to regard him as the Duke of Normandy; and those who took it were to continue in their homes. Those who refused were sent out of the town next day, being allowed to take a bundle with them, and each receiving five sous for their journey. At St. Auban, four miles off, a meal of bread, cheese, and wine was provided for them; and from Lillebonne they were forwarded to Rouen. Their houses were

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CAMEO XXV.

granted to English settlers, whom Henry was anxious to establish in his new domains. Thus began Henry's intended conquest of France, with success indeed, but at such severe cost that Clarence recommended a re-embarkation and return to England with the sick and weakened army; but Henry was resolved on following up his first blow, and decided on a march to Calais, first, however, sending a challenge to the Dauphin proposing to stake their rights to the crown upon a single combat. Eight days elapsed, and the herald despatched with his message did not return; whereupon Henry V. set out upon his most famous march.

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CAMEO XXVI.

THE FIELD OF AGINCOURT

(1415.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1413. Henry V.	1406. James I.	1380. Charles V.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1411. Sigismund.	1410. John XXIII.

CAMEO XXVI.

The March from Harfleur.

"WE must, by God's help," said Henry V., "see a little more of this good land of France, which is all our own. Our mind is made up to endure every peril, rather than the French should be able to reproach us with being afraid of them. We will go, an it please God, without harm or let; but if they disturb our journey, why then we must fight them, and glory and victory will be ours."

Such was the answer of the young King to the sober objections of his Council to his proposed march to Calais from Harfleur in the face of the French army collected about Rouen and Abbeville. He calculated that the distance might be accomplished in eight days, and gave orders that each person should provide himself with food for that space, leaving three hundred lances and nine hundred archers to garrison Harfleur, sending home all the sick, and retaining only nine hundred lances and five thousand archers, whom he divided into three bodies; and, issuing strict orders against pillage and violence, set out on his march, on Wednesday, the 9th of October, 1415.

For three days he met with no great opposition; but at Eu were some of the French army, and he had a sharp skirmish with them, making a prisoner, whose information led to a change in his course. He had intended to cross the Somme at Blanchetaque, the ford where Edward III. had passed over just before the battle of Crecy, and then to traverse that memorable field, perhaps in hopes of giving it the glory of a double victory; but he was told that the French had broken down the bridges, driven stakes into the bed of the river, and prepared to oppose his passage at such an advantage that he thought it wiser to change his course and ascend the river, so as to cross it at some undefended ford or bridge. This alteration of route led to the exhaustion of the eight days' store of provisions; and the army began to be reduced to

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CAMEO XXVI.

The March from Harfleur.

great straits, for all the cattle had been driven away, and the grain destroyed, so that the men were reduced to eating raw chestnuts and other fruits, and even asses' flesh; and the cold October rains and frosts assisted in bringing on many of the diseases from which they had suffered at Harfleur. Thus it was a bitter disappointment day after day to find every bridge destroyed, and the weary march prolonged. Near Amiens, however, they came upon unwasted country, and obtained so much wine that an edict came out against its over free use.

At Corbie there was a fight, in which the standard of Guienne, assumed by Henry in right of Eleanor of Aquitaine, was in danger, and was rescued by John Bromley, who thenceforth bore its lion as his crest. Here, too, a soldier was detected carrying in his sleeve a sacramental vessel called a pyx, made of copper gilt, which he had stolen from a neighbouring church. Henry caused him to be hung at once for this transgression of the edicts; and Shakespeare has fastened this adventure upon Bardolph of the fiery nose—the lantern in his poop—for whom Pistol tries to obtain the intercession of Fluellen :—

> "Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him,
> For he hath stolen a pyx, and hanged must 'a be.
> Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
> And let not hemp his windpipe suffocate:
> But Exeter hath given the doom of death
> For pyx of little price."

Fluellen justly declines:—"For if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his goot pleasure and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used."

And the King confirms the sentence:—"We would have all such offenders to be cut off; and we give express charge, that in our marches through the country there be nothing compelled from the villages; nothing taken, but paid for; none of the French upbraided, nor abused in disdainful language. For when lenity and cruelty play for a kingdom, the gentler gamester is the soonest winner."

The chaplain says that the army were becoming much dispirited, and that he heard many prayers and vows to Our Lady and St. George, as ford after ford was found impracticable, and each day's march led them further into the enemy's country. As they went further eastward, however, their condition in some degree improved, for they came into the domains of the Duke of Burgundy; who, though not openly espousing their cause, hated the Armagnac party too much to exert himself against the general enemy, and therefore prevented his villages from being stripped before the invaders, and allowed his people to sell food to them. At Bethancourt, however, a peasant told them of a ford, and it was found practicable, though only through a marsh with two broken causeways over it. These were repaired with faggots; and happily the Burgundian town of St. Quentin had neglected the command of the French Constable to obstruct the passage by planting stakes in the bed of the stream. Trusting to this order, the French troops were watching

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CAMEO XXVI.

The French Camp.

for Henry higher up the river, and none of them found out this movement till one hundred English were already across, and were able to secure the passage of the rest. The whole army was safe over before night, and the small body who had attacked them could only return to King Charles with the intelligence.

It was two months since the English had landed, and the French nobility had at last collected in considerable numbers. Most of the princes of the blood were in the camp, and the King himself was eager to lead them to the battle; but the Duke de Berri, the only prince left of the generation who remembered what fights with the English were, thought of his first experience at Poitiers fifty-nine years before, and said "it was better to lose the battle, than both the King and the battle."

The folly does in fact seem to have been in fighting the English at all, when their army was far too much reduced to do any further damage during the campaign, and had had such a taste of the toils of war as, unaccompanied with its glories, would have made it far more difficult for Henry to organize a fresh expedition the next year. But personal valour was the only soldierly quality possessed by the French princes at that time, and they would have keenly felt the disgrace of letting the English King coolly parade through their best provinces under their very beards; they counted their own army as overwhelming, being in fact between fifty and sixty thousand men, and they decided on doing the only thing by which they could possibly have made the descent at Harfleur fatal to the kingdom.

The King and his three sons, with the old Duke de Berri, were to remain at Rouen, and the Duke of Burgundy would not join the army, professing to have to guard his own dominions; and he had also detained his son, Philippe, Count de Charolois, who had resisted his command with tears; but his brother, Jacques, Count de Nevers, was there; also the Dukes of Orleans, Bourbon, and Alençon; Arthur, Count de Richemont, the son of Henry's stepmother and brother of the Duke of Brittany, and all the other distinguished names in France. Marshal Boucicault, who had served under the chief *condottieri* in Italy, was the only real general among them, but he was in quite an inferior position, and the command of the army necessarily belonged to the Constable d'Albret, though the princes of the blood thought far too highly of themselves to obey him.

Orleans, Bourbon, and the Constable, however, concurred in a polite challenge to Henry, informing him that they meant to give him battle. He answered the herald gravely and mildly: "It will be according to the will of God."

Then the heralds told him to appoint the place of meeting. He answered, that those who wanted him would find him on the road to Calais. The heralds asked him "Which road?" "Straight on," he said. "If our enemies attempt to stop us, it will be with some hurt and danger to themselves. We shall not seek them, neither shall we go out

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CAMEO XXVI.

The English Camp.

of our way to avoid them. We exhort them not to stop our way, if they wish to avoid the shedding of much Christian blood."

He then dismissed the heralds with a present of one hundred golden crowns; and from that hour wore his armour, in daily expectation of an attack. However, his troops went on for three days more without being attacked; but on the 23d of October, just as they had passed the small river of Ternoise, which they called the "river of swords," the Duke of York, who commanded the van, rode to the top of a hill to take a survey, and there was met by a breathless messenger reporting that the French, in hosts he could not number, were advancing! The stout Welsh squire, David ap Llewellyn, called Gam or the Squinting, was sent with the tidings to the King. "How many did you see?" asked Henry.

"Enough to be killed, enough to be made prisoners, and enough to run away!" said the Welshman.

Henry bade the army halt, and rode up the hill. There before him lay the Castle of Azincour; on the other side of a valley the royal standard full in the road to Calais, and bodies of men converging towards it, so that some of the English said the scene was like a forest in motion, others, that it was like flocks of locusts. Sir Walter Hungerford uttered a wish for ten thousand of the good men at home.

"I swear," answered the King, "that I do not wish for one man more; the number which we have is the number that He willed. These people place their confidence in their multitude, and I in Him who so often gave the victory to Judas Maccabeus."

> "No, my fair cousin,
> If we are marked to die, we are enough
> To do our country loss; and if to live,
> The fewer men the greater share of honour."

As night came on, the enemy lighted large watch-fires, each beside the banner of the troop to which it belonged; and here the men-at-arms clustered round in the heavy mire of ploughed fields, where the young wheat had been trodden into mud that reached half-way up the horses' legs. Some gentlemen sat on horseback all night, out of respect for their bright armour, to keep it unsmirched by the mud. Under these circumstances the poor horses neighed less than usual, which was remarked as an ill omen; nor were there many instruments of music to keep up the excitable spirits of the French, who tried to cheer themselves by uproarious merriment and feasting, even playing at dice for the prisoners they meant to take.

"Why, the enemy is loud," says Shakespeare's English soldier; "you heard him all night."

"If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look you, be an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb?" replies honest Fluellen, in strict agreement with the edict that there was to be silence in the English camp, on pain of losing

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CAMEO XXVI.

St. Crispin's Day.

either a horse or the right ear. Music seems to have played, however, as the men took up their quarters, which on that wet night were wretched enough. The King took shelter in a little hut at the village of Maisoncelles; and his men obtained what cover they could in the other cottages, preparing for the morrow, wherever they could obtain light, by fresh stringing their bows and examining the rivets of their armour; and the numerous clergy who accompanied the army went round hearing confessions, and giving absolution.

> "The poor condemned English,
> Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
> Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
> The morning's danger; and their gesture sad,
> Investing lank-lean cloaks and war-worn coats,
> Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
> So many horrid ghosts. O now who will behold
> The royal captain of this ruined band
> Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
> Let him cry 'Praise and glory on his head!'
> For forth he goes and visits all his host,
> Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
> And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen."

In the middle of the night the moon broke through the stormy clouds; and Henry, going his rounds in his army as above described, was able to make further observations on the disposition of the enemy; and at early dawn a movement began to be perceived among them, as the three divisions drew into order. The Constable commanded the first, the Count de Vendôme the second, the Duke d'Alençon the third, and a reserve was under the Comte de Dammartin.

The feast day of the English St. John of Beverley, and of the Latin shoemaker saints Crispin and Crispian, was dawning when Henry called his followers from their calculation that the enemy were thirty to one, to hear mass and matins chanted. He then arranged his forces, dismounting them all, and placing the horses under such guard as he could spare, and forming the main body into a compact mass, among whom he took his own position, giving the van to the Duke of York, and the rear-guard to the Lord Camoys. The archers were drawn up between the wings in the form of a wedge, with poles tipped with iron fixed firmly in the earth before them, as a protection against the cavalry. He then arrayed himself in a bright suit of armour, with a crown-royal over his helmet, and a surcoat embroidered with the quartered arms of France and England, and mounted a grey hackney, with which he rode along the lines, encouraging the men as much by the cheerfulness of his fresh open countenance and clear bright flashing blue eyes as by the tenor of his words. "We are few, compared with the enemy; but if God gives us the victory we hope for, it will be from Him that we receive it. Should He for our sins deliver us to the swords of our foes, our small number will render the loss less to our country. Be brave and constant, and fight with all your might." To the richly-arrayed knights he recommended shining in prowess as much as in armour; others he assured that he meant to win or die, England should never have to pay a ransom

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for him. The answer was everywhere, "Sir, we pray God to give you good life, and victory over all your enemies."

The French had resolved, contrary to their wont, to remain still to receive the attack of the enemy, trusting to the depth of their column, which had thirty men to four of the English, and as many banners as the English had single lances; so the sun began to mount high before the fight began. Henry committed to the good old knight Sir Thomas Erpingham the final arraying of their host. The old man rode slowly three times along the line, giving his last orders, and inspecting their fulfilment, and then threw up his truncheon with a word that Monstrelet records as *Nestroque**—possibly "Now strike." Whatever it might have been, every Englishman replied with a loud halloo, and the archers began to discharge their arrows, whilst two hundred and other archers were despatched from the rear to post themselves unseen behind the hedges in the flank of the enemy, and another party to set fire to the farm of Hesdin. Then he gave his own command, "St. Mary and St. George, banners advance!" For one moment every man fell prostrate on the ground in prayer, and rose with a piece of earth in his mouth as a remembrance of his mortality. Then with the trumpet-sound the compact body moved steadily onwards, just as, the hail of arrows becoming intolerable to the French, the Count de Vendôme and Clignet de Brabant, with twelve hundred horse, had been launched forth to ride down the archers.

But the ground was heavy and deep with almost impassable mud, and it was a fearful thing to impel a heavy steed with a mail-clad rider in the teeth of a thick shower of cloth-yard shafts. Out of the twelve hundred only one hundred and sixty reached the palisade before the archers; of the rest some fell, others floundered and stuck fast in the mud, and many horses turned round maddened and unmanageable, and ran back upon the French army, creating great confusion. However, the chief body of French, seeing the small troop of English coming full upon them, rose up and rushed on them with such a weight of impetus, that for a short space they gave back a whole lance's length; but taking breath, they pushed and struggled on with dogged obstinacy, and forced their way into the French line, on which the archers were pouring in their arrows all the time. The French knights stooped their heads to avoid the deadly darts in their faces, and meantime the compact body still forced on their way. The arrows being exhausted, the archers pulled up the stakes, slung their bows behind them, and dashed in with their bills upon the broken line of the enemy, whom they hacked and hewed down with these deadly weapons. Here fell the Constable d'Albret, and hosts of other gallant knights; and in the general panic numbers were calling on the English to receive them as prisoners to save their lives. Still Henry kept his own troop unbroken. Neither to strike nor to make

* This interpretation reminds us of Cambronne's reply when questioned on the truth of the famous story that when called on to surrender at Waterloo he had answered, "The guard dies, but does not surrender." He declared that he had no notion what he had said himself, but that he was sure the English officer had said *Mange*.

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CAMEO XXVI.

Death of Alençon.

prisoners might they break their ranks. This carnage was all left to the archers. He knew that the worst of the fray might yet be to come, and so he found it; for behind all the rest, in a less encumbered field, and free from the arrow-shot, he found the Duke of Alençon and his fresh troop. Now came the chief of the struggle. Here were eighteen French nobles, with the Lord de Croy at their head, who had sworn to shear the crown from King Harry's crest, and, deceived perhaps by the surcoat of the royal arms, fell upon young Humfrey of Gloucester, a youth of about twenty, who had fallen senseless and wounded with a dagger, when the King made in to the rescue; but as he stooped to raise his brother, the whole confederate band swooped upon him; and one of them struck at his crown with a battle-axe with such violence that he staggered, and fell down on his knees. In dashed David Gam and two other men of Wales, followed by a rush of brave English: and when next there was a space to look round and breathe, the eighteen Frenchmen were but a heap of dying and dead, and among them, still living, lay the honest David, uplifting his eyes with joy to see the King upright and sound. In that burst of warm gratitude Henry did all he could do; he paused, to lay knighthood with his own sword upon the wounded man; but at the next moment a swarm of the enemy were charging up to the royal banner, and their leader had cut down Edward of York with his battle-axe. Henry bent over his cousin, and again his kindly impulse had well-nigh cost him his life, for down came another battle-axe on his head, and this time sheared away a piece of the crown; but again a rush of English made in, the leader was swept from Henry, but, stretching out his hand, called out to him, "I yield! I am the Duke of Alençon!" Henry grasped at the hand, but it sank from him—an unknown stroke had slain Alençon.

Up from the rear came frightful shouts, and cries of distress, and tidings were brought to the still panting King that the French reserve with the Duke of Brittany was upon them, to redeem the fortunes of the day. Henry looked round; small troops of French still hovered round, and seemed drawing together. His little band was hemmed in by a hedge of dead men, the heaps rising in some places above their heads, and every man had a crowd of prisoners, who had called for mercy in the stress of battle, but were ready to fall on their captors on the advance of their friends. "Kill the prisoners," was the stern sad dictate of self-preservation; and as he saw his knights and gentlemen hesitate to strike in cold blood, he repeated the command to the archers, who had become used to butchery in the short space since they had closed in. They seized the captives, rent away their helmets, and dashed out their brains; while Henry bade the trumpet sound, and turned his little unbroken corps round to meet the coming charge; but he soon saw merely a confused crowd running away, and word was brought him that the supposed attack had been only from a body of peasants from the neighbourhood, who had fallen on his baggage at Maisoncelles, and the cry had been raised by the priests and servants.

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He hastily revoked his decree of slaying the prisoners, but much of the best blood of France had already flowed ere the carnage could be checked; and he has incurred much blame by the unfortunate command that was only extorted by dire necessity. At the same time he sent a herald to the parties of French who were hanging round the field, and summoned them either to attack at once or withdraw, warning them that if they continued to harass his troops without doing one thing or the other he should show no mercy to them or to the prisoners. It seems rather strange reasoning, but the French leaders appear to have accepted it as fair, that, as they could not redeem the battle, they should leave the victory to be enjoyed, and they drew off towards the King at Rouen.

Henry then called the heralds round him, both French and English, and said to the French, "It is not we who have made this great slaughter, but the Almighty, and, as we believe, for the sins of the French."

Then he asked Montjoye St. Denis, the chief French herald, like the umpire of a game, whose was the victory, his, or that of the King of France. Montjoye could not but award it to the English. The King then asked the name of the castle near him. "Azincour," he was told. "Then," said he, "since all battles should be called from the nearest castle, this battle shall henceforth bear the name of Azincour." Then calling up the priests from the rear, he had the psalm "Non nobis" sung upon the plain: "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the praise!"

It was as yet but three o'clock in the afternoon, and the English began to unpile the fearful heaps of dead, and count their own slain. Gloucester's wound proved unimportant, but brave David Gam's knighthood had but gilded his last hour; and York had likewise perished, either by Alençon's battle-axe, or trodden to death, for he was a large and heavy man who could only rise with difficulty. The Earl of Suffolk was the only other man of rank who had perished on the English side; but most piteous was the roll of noble Frenchmen recognized by the heralds. The Constable d'Albret, brother to the Queen Dowager of England, was drawn out only to die of his wounds the next day; but her son, Arthur de Richemont, came forth alive and a prisoner. A squire named Richard Waller dragged out the Duke of Orleans, wounded, and in a deadly swoon. When he had recovered his senses, he would neither eat nor drink, till the King heard of his condition and with kindly words induced him to take some food.

The English returned at dark to their quarters at Maisoncelles, and held a council of war. In spite of the brilliance of their success, they were still but a handful of men in an enemy's country, and there was another fresh army collecting at Rouen. Henry therefore decided on continuing his march to Calais the next morning, taking all the prisoners, but none of the plunder; and it is a great proof of the ascendency that he possessed over his army that he caused all the spoil to be burnt.

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CAMEO XXVI.

The Field of Agincourt.

The English corpses too, as there was no time to bury them, were sprinkled with holy water and placed in a barn, to which fire was then applied, lest they should suffer indignity from the enemy.

The army then marched over the field, and in cruel kindness gave the *coup de grace* wherever an unhappy Frenchman was still living. There was little to choose between friend and foe, for no sooner were the English gone than hordes of barbarous peasants came down on the field, both men and women, stripping the dead, and paying no heed to the surviving wounded, who crawled away into the woods to die. The plunderers who had occasioned Henry's hasty command during the battle had really done much harm, and had stolen Henry's own richly-jewelled state sword, with which they repaired to the castle, where the heir of Burgundy, the Count de Charolois, was shut up to keep him out of the battle. They thought to gain his favour and intercession with his father, their liege lord; but Jean of Burgundy imprisoned the two principal of these marauders, though it is hard to see on what plea, since Burgundy had not yet declared himself an open ally of the English, and indeed two of his brothers were slain in the battle. The young Count was in an agony of grief and despair, and at first refused to take food; but he was the first person who thought of care for the dead, and sent the Bailli of Aire and the Abbot of Ruisseauville, who found 10,000 corpses lying on the ground as naked as they were born! Twenty-five roods of land were purchased, three great pits were dug, and all the unclaimed dead laid in them, after being sprinkled with holy water by the Bishop of Guignes.

Meantime Henry arrived at Calais, learning on the way that three hundred of the garrison had set out to join his army, but had all been cut off on the way by the people of Picardy. The clergy of Calais came out to meet him, singing Te Deum; and the people shouted, "Welcome the King, our Sovereign Lord!" He found, however, by no means sufficient provision for his army in the city, and therefore decided on at once returning home. It was a stormy day; and to his great amusement his captives, Orleans, Bourbon, and Arthur de Richemont, who were in the same ship with him, declared they had rather fight Azincour over again than go through such a voyage. Storm or no storm, however, all Dover was watching the homeward sails, and greeting the royal standard with shouts of ecstasy. The townsmen dashed into the sea, and carried the King in their arms to the shore.

At Canterbury the Archbishop and clergy met him, and led him with thanksgiving through the town; and at Blackheath was a gorgeous spectacle—the Lord Mayor and Aldermen all in scarlet robes, and 20,000 citizens on horseback in red, with red and white hose, to present greetings, and invitations to such a pageant as the City had never witnessed, to welcome the victorious monarch. The citizens had been preparing it ever since they were waked from their morning's sleep on the 29th of October to hear of King Harry's victory! Every guild was preparing its device; towers full of choristers were prepared to sing the

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CAMEO XXVI.

Triumphal entry into London.

praises of the victor; male and female allegorical statues, saints, and angels were ready at every turn; all the tapestry commemorating former achievements was hanging up, because this had surpassed them all; the fountains were to run wine; and the enthusiasm of the City knew no bounds! But perhaps we never had a more thoroughly downright English King than Harry of Monmouth, running into desperate peril with coolness that bore him safely through it, and then absolutely shamefaced at the applause he had won; and though too kind-hearted not to gratify his people by accepting their loyal welcome, yet using all his authority to prevent the Herod-like ascription of honour to himself rather than to the Giver of victories. He forbade the choristers to sing *his* praise; he refused to let his battle-helmet be borne before him, with its dinted steel and shorn crown; and he rode into the City amid this rapturous and gorgeous welcome in a simple dress, with a small retinue, and a grave calm set face, as if in contemplation of the mercy vouchsafed to him.

He rode straight to St. Paul's, where a Grand Mass and Te Deum were chanted, and he made his offerings. After this, he issued orders that there was to be no more display, and especially that he was to hear no more poetry about the battle. Perhaps, like many a truly brave-hearted soldier, the horrors of the battle-field were more present with him than the glories, and, like the Duke of Wellington, he would have said that a victory was the most dreadful thing in the world except a defeat. It is curious, however, that there are two contemporary ballads upon Agincourt, and likewise a song written out with the notes on vellum, the very first of which the music has been preserved:—

"Our Kynge went forth to Normandye
With grace and myght of chyvalrye:
There God for hym wrought marv'luslye,
Wherefore Englonde may calle and cry,
Deo gratias Anglia
Redde pro victoria."

These two Latin lines form the chorus after each English verse.

However, Henry was far from unmindful of his comrades in the victory; he caused a list of them to be drawn up, and endeavoured in all ways to reward them, always filling up the roll of Knights of the Garter from among them. St. John of Beverley, who had a lesser festival on the 25th of October, was made to share the honours of the day with SS. Crispin and Crispian by a special brief from the Archbishop; and the gallant words of Shakespeare have been realized:—

"This story shall the good man teach his son,
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered."

Young Arthur of Richmond was conducted to his mother, the Queen Dowager. He had been parted from her in his infancy, and had only once seen her since, twelve years previously, when he came to receive

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CAMEO XXVI.

investiture of the earldom of Richmond in Yorkshire. This earldom had been given by William the Conqueror to Alain Fergeant, Duke of Brittany, and had ever since been considered as a sort of honourable appanage to Bretons when in alliance with England. The Queen was curious to see whether her son would know her again, and placed one of her ladies in the royal chair, while she stood in the background with two ladies in front of her. He was deceived, and paid his respects to the dame in the chair, who replied, and then bade him pay his compliments to her ladies. When she came to his mother, she exclaimed, "Unhappy son, do you not know me?" and both burst into tears. She gave him one thousand nobles, which he distributed among his fellow-prisoners and guards.

Henry, however, followed the stern policy of his father towards his prisoners; he treated them with no indignity, but as long as the war should last he was resolved against permitting them to be ransomed, and Arthur of Richmond especially was the object of his suspicion. Not only was the young man a high-spirited warrior, of more skill and ability than was usual among the French, but, strange to say, there was a prophecy current that Richmond should come out of Brittany to reign in England, and this title, in union with the ancient royal Arthur so long expected to return to make the British race once more predominant, seemed to him to render his step-brother a dangerous enemy. Some intrigues were probably also suspected between Arthur and his mother, for he was sent under close supervision to Fotheringay Castle, and detained there for the remainder of Henry's reign.

The Duke of Orleans was likewise imprisoned, first at Groombridge, in Kent, and afterwards at the Tower, when he composed much beautiful poetry. It was a curious thing that Henry should have two captive poets of royal blood at the same time; for James of Scotland, who had now grown up, was a most graceful and accomplished gentleman, and in his honourable captivity at Windsor was writing sonnets on the loveliness of Joan Beaufort, the King's fair cousin, whom he had seen walking on the green slopes of Windsor.

The Christmas of this year, 1415, was bright with renewed thanksgivings for the victory in England. In France it was sadder than ever. The Dauphin Louis, with a constitution worn out by early excess, died of a short illness on the 18th of December; and the remains of the princes and nobility, untaught by the crushing blow they had suffered, continued to wrangle and tear the miserable realm to pieces.

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CAMEO XXVII.

THE COUNCIL OF CONSTANCE.

(1414—1417.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1413. Henry V.	1406. James I.	1380. Charles VI.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1411. Sigismund.	1410. John XXIII.
	1417. Martin V.

CAMEO XXVII.

The first Schism.

THE Great Schism had lasted forty years. It may be remembered that Philippe le Bel had in 1310 carried off the Roman Pontiff and his Court to Avignon; and that when, sixty years after, the Popes attempted to return to Rome, a party of the cardinals, who preferred Provence, elected one Pope, and the other cardinals held to another of Italian sentiments. Ever since that unhappy dispute, in 1378, there had been a Pope at Rome and an Antipope at Avignon—the first acknowledged by Germany, England, Portugal, and all their allies; the second by France, Scotland, Aragon, and all the countries of that party.

The uncertainty as to the headship of the Church had fatally relaxed the discipline of the clergy, since neither claimant of the Papacy durst enforce stringent measures, lest he should drive their object to espouse the party of his rival. On the other hand, the loss of half the revenues from the various countries of the Western Church had made the two Popes and their Courts infinitely more grasping and needy; and the doubts, the jealousies, and intrigues of the rivalship lowered the whole tone and temper of the antagonistic clergy, so that, especially at Avignon, the Papal Court seemed to be composed of the scum of the earth, and their conduct was a scandal to the whole Church. There had been, however, thus much gained—that the national Churches were resuming more independence and power; and the diffusion of learning was making the wiser and more thoughtful perceive that truth and morality are greater essentials to religion than superstition and pageantry. The displeasure at the flagrant abuses permitted and practised by the clergy had broken out in England in the teaching of Wycliffe and the Lollards; and, in Bohemia, John Huss and Jerome of Prague were extending the

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CAMEO XXVII.

Sigismund of Luxemburg.

same doctrines. And, at the same time, the really right-minded men among lay and ecclesiastical princes were filled with anxiety, both to put an end to the schism, to set the discipline of the Church on a better footing, and to rectify the various abuses in each country.

The only means to end this was the convocation of a Council, as the Roman Church arrogantly called her Synods; and vain attempts had been made for the purpose. In 1409 the cardinals of the two parties had been brought together, and had deposed both the rivals, electing a third; but as neither of the former ones chose to resign, there was only confusion worse confounded by rendering this a triangular controversy.

However, the cause was at length taken up by Sigismund of Luxemburg, Emperor of Germany. This prince was the grandson of the blind King John of Bohemia, and the brother of our good Queen Anne of Bohemia. He was a second son, but had reigned from his early youth over Hungary in right of his wife, the heiress of that kingdom; while his elder brother, Wenzel, was Emperor of Germany, and there proved himself such a furious madman as to be deposed and confined to his hereditary kingdom of Bohemia. After his deposition, Rupert, the Count Palatine of the Rhine, had reigned for a few years, but, dying in 1411, Sigismund had been elected. He voted for himself in these words, "There is no prince in the empire with whose merits I am so well acquainted as with my own. I am surpassed by none, either in power or in the prudence with which I have ruled, whether in adversity or prosperity. Therefore do I, as Elector of Brandenburg, give my vote to Sigismund, King of Hungary."

Convocation of the Council of Constance.

As might be expected from this speech, Sigismund was a vain and shallow man; but he was full of spirit and activity, and considered himself called upon as Emperor to reform the Church and preside at the Council, like Constantine at Nicæa. Even before he was crowned he sent forth a memorial to all the sovereigns of Europe to propose a Council to be held in his own dominions; and, on the other hand, the cardinals of Pisa were resolved on bringing their Pope, John XXIII., to the point, as probably they were ashamed of him, for he had been a pirate and lived the most scandalous life. They would not permit him to enter Rome, declaring that he had only been elected on condition of holding the Council; and his bulls were therefore sent forth, summoning the whole Western Church to meet in the city of Constance. Sigismund himself was indefatigable in collecting the members of it, and travelled about Germany, and to Italy several times, before he even went to Aix-la-Chapelle to receive the crown of Germany.

In the meantime John XXIII. had set forth, being conducted across the Alps by Duke Frederick of Austria, who promised to secure his retreat in case he should be deposed. It is said that his litter was upset, and that the Swiss peasants who came to help were much amazed by hearing the Pope swearing like the pirate he had once been. However, the other two Popes were swearing nearly as much, only in the more

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decorous form of excommunications against any one who should attend the Council—Benedict XIII. at Perpignan, and Gregory XII. at Rimini. On the 15th of October, 1414, John XXIII. rode into Constance with a canopy over his head; and a few weeks after the Emperor arrived with his second wife the Empress Barbara. On Christmas-night the Pope celebrated the midnight mass; and the Emperor assisted as a deacon and read the Gospel, wearing the dalmatica and the imperial crown.

A few days after he appeared in the Council, and made a Latin address to the members, saying, "*Date operam ut illa nefanda schisma eradicatur.*" One of the cardinals observed that *schisma* was neuter. "I am King of the Romans, and above the laws of grammar!" returned Sigismund. The present Council consisted of three Patriarchs, thirty-three Cardinals, forty-seven Archbishops, one hundred and forty-five Bishops—three being English, those of Salisbury, Hereford, and Bath—two hundred and twenty-four Abbots, one thousand eight hundred Priests, seven hundred and fifty Doctors of Theology; and besides these the city and its suburbs were filled with the most motley crew imaginable. It was like a huge prolonged fair; and buffoons, mountebanks, and money-lenders swarmed. Encampments and booths were spread on the shore of the lake, and the wild merriment of the scene was as unlike as possible to the solemnity befitting a synod of the Fathers of the Church.

Thither too had come two very different persons, namely, Johann Huss, and Jerome Faulfisch of the University of Prague, who had adopted and boldly preached doctrines like those of Wycliffe, with such success, that a large number of the Czechs of Bohemia were loudly entreating for a liturgy in the vulgar tongue, and for the Communion in both kinds. So fine an excuse did these opinions give King Wenzel of Bohemia for imposing fines on their holders, that, punning on the name of Huss, which signifies a goose, he declared that he must take good care of the Goose that laid such golden eggs for him. However, Sigismund summoned Huss to the Council to give an account of his doctrine, and granted him a safe-conduct to come and go unharmed; and trusting to this Huss arrived at Constance two days before the Pope.

The representatives of the various nations were in such unequal numbers, with such a preponderance of Italians and French, that it was decided that each language should form a separate chamber. The French declared that there were four chief nations—Italy, Germany, France, and Spain, and that the lesser ones might be ranged as belonging to one or other of these; but the Englishmen stoutly objected to be thus disposed of. They said they had four kingdoms and five languages in their island, and made their cause good, so as to have a chamber to themselves, though there were only twelve of them present. However, the nations were thus described:—"The Germans are enduring as well as impetuous; the French boastful and arrogant; the English prompt

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CAMEO XXVII.

Arrival of the Three Popes at Constance.

and sagacious; the Italians subtle and intriguing." Robert Hallam, Bishop of Salisbury, was an exceedingly wise and upright man, and was called the Emperor's right hand. The northern party was considered to consist of the Germans, French, and English, and to be really desirous of reform; and they formed a majority which decided that the Council was superior to the Pope, true or false.

And now Sigismund was extremely busy and self-important in his negotiations with the three rival Popes: and he informed the Council that Gregory had engaged to submit himself to their decision, provided John XXIII. did not preside; and that Benedict had promised to come with the King of Aragon to Nice in June, to treat with him and the Emperor. John was in much anxiety, and bribed all who would attend to him to tell him of any plans against him, always giving them absolution for any oaths of secresy they might have taken. By these means he discovered that a memorial had been sent in to the Fathers of the Council by some unknown person, supposed to be an Italian, accusing him of a tissue of the most horrible crimes, so shocking, that the English, German, and Polish bishops had all insisted that it should not be published, on account of the scandal it would bring, not merely on Pope John, but on the Holy See. This so much terrified Pope John, that he sent secretly to desire Frederick of Austria to help him away safely; and in the meantime tried to prevent inquiry by presenting himself to the Council with a voluntary confession, trusting to the maxim that a Pope can be only deposed for hesesy, and promising to resign, provided the other two would do the same.

So, on the 2nd of March, he rose up and made a solemn oath to resign the papacy on these conditions; whereupon the Emperor rose from his chair, took off his crown, knelt down and kissed the Pope's feet, thanking him in his own and the Council's name. But though this promise had been given by word of mouth, it was very hard to get the same pledge from the Pope in writing; and just after it had been given, the Duke of Austria came to Constance—it was said, to do homage to the Emperor for his fiefs. But he owed a grudge to the Emperor for approving of the armed independence of the Swiss; and it was soon whispered in the Council that he was come to assist the Pope in escaping without resigning.

Hearing this, Sigismund set forth one evening to call upon the Pontiff, whom he found lying on his bed.

"Holy Father, how fares it with you?" said the Emperor.

"I am not well," said John: "this air disagrees with me, and I cannot endure it."

"There are very pleasant and strong houses near the city of Constance," said the Emperor, "to which you may safely retire for your health. I am ready to accompany you wherever you may desire to go."

John protested that he had no idea of leaving Constance till the Council broke up; but the next day, March 21st, the Duke of Austria

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CAMEO XXVII.
Flight of John.
1414.

gave a great tournament, and kept the lists himself till unusually late in the day; and the next morning the Pope was missing! There was a great tumult; the merchants and pedlars expected to be pillaged, and began to strike their tents and roll up their wares; but the Emperor, on horseback, with trumpets before him, went up and down the streets proclaiming "Fear not! Be at rest. Whoever wants to follow the Pope, may follow!"

It began to be understood that all was to go on as before; and by and by came a small letter to the Emperor, dated from Schaffhausen, and saying, "We are here, thanks to Heaven, free and in good air; and we are come unknown to our son the Duke of Austria, not with the intention of failing in our promise touching our resignation, but in order to accomplish it in freedom and good health." At the same time, John ordered all his servants and all the bishops to come to Schaffhausen; but only seven cardinals complied with his request. It became known, that while the tournament was going on he had escaped in a grey suit, as a groom, and had ridden down to the Rhine, whence he had been conveyed in a boat to Schaffhausen. Upon this, the Emperor and the Council decided that he had, in fact, abdicated; and they laid the Duke, his friend, under the ban both of Church and Empire, absolving all his vassals from the oath of allegiance. Four hundred defiances were sent to Schaffhausen; and both Duke and Pope thought it high time to retreat, which they did on the wet night between Good Friday and Easter Eve. They rode to Lauffenberg, but thence were forced to retreat to Brisach, and there the loyal Tyrolese were ready to rally round their persecuted Duke. The Pope supplied him with large sums of money, and he might have made considerable resistance, but his spirit broke down, and he consented to deliver up the Pope and submit to the mercy of Sigismund.

That theatrical Emperor made a grand scene of his submission. He convoked an assembly of the representatives of the four nations, German, French, English, and Italian, and made them a speech on the misdeeds of the Duke of Austria, and his present willingness to submit; but added, that having taken an oath never to make peace or truce with him, he (Sigismund) desired their opinion whether an accommodation could be made without perjury. They agreed, that having conquered the Duke, the Emperor might rightly receive the submission; and accordingly, four bishops were sent to bring in the Duke, who was led by his nephew, the Burg-graf of Nuremburg, and his brother-in-law, the Duke of Bavaria. The Duke thrice prostrated himself; and there was a silence till the Emperor demanded, "What is your desire?"

"Most mighty King," said the Burg-graf, "this is Duke Frederic of Austria, my uncle; at his desire I implore your royal pardon, and that of the Council, for his offences against you and the Church. He surrenders himself and all his possessions to your mercy and pleasure, and offers to bring back the Pope to the Council, on condition that his person and property shall be inviolate."

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CAMEO XXVII.

Deposition of John XXIII. 1414.

"Duke Frederic, do you engage to fulfil these promises?" asked Sigismund.

"I do; and humbly implore your royal mercy," said Frederic, with an unsteady voice.

Oaths were exchanged; and then the Emperor, in the utmost self-complacency, took his victim by the hand, and said to the Italian prelates, "You well know, reverend Fathers, the power and consequence of the Dukes of Austria. Learn by this example what a King of the Germans can effect."

Poor Frederic was very severely treated, and his dominions were so parcelled out, that he never recovered the blow.

John XXIII. was at Ratolfred, a town in Swabia, where, on the 5th of May, a deputation from the Council brought him the acts of accusation against him, which he would not even read. Deserted by the Duke, he had no further hope, and said he only wished he was dead; he signed whatever was given him—and on the 29th of May was formally deposed, and shut up in the strong Castle of Gottleben, near Constance. Soon after arrived the resignation of Gregory XII.; but the third Antipope, Benedict XIII., still held out, and the indefatigable Sigismund undertook to go and meet him and the King of Aragon at Perpignan.

Wycliffe's bones burnt. 1428.

First, however, Sigismund took part in an affair which most deeply stains both his memory and that of the Council of Constance. Early in Lent, John Huss had begun to perceive, that, much as Frederic of Austria respected his own safe-conduct to John XXIII., that of Sigismund was not likely to be regarded; and he had tried to escape in a waggon of hay, but was overtaken and brought back to Constance, where he was put into close confinement in a noisome dungeon, and told he should not come out till he had paid the uttermost farthing. On the 4th of May a session was held for the condemnation of the works of Wycliffe, from which forty-five articles were elected as heretical; and sentence was passed, that if his bones could be distinguished from those of the faithful, they should be disinterred, and cast to a distance from the Church burial-ground. This sentence was carried out, though not till 1428; and no one can forget the eloquent words of Fuller, after describing the "ungraving" of the Vicar of Lutterworth after '41, the burning of the bones, and throwing the ashes into the Swift, the little stream hard by. "This brook hath conveyed his ashes to Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean: thus the ashes of Wicliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over."

Living bones were nearer at hand than the dead ones of Wycliffe; and the Council found it far easier to pursue with fury those whom their lives had made to doubt of their doctrine than to reform their own evil ways. John Huss was brought before the Council on the 7th of June. He attempted to speak, but such a clamour was made that he desisted, saying that he saw the only purpose was to drown his voice. The

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CAMEO XXVII.

Death of Huss. 1414.

articles of accusation were read, and were some of them so far twisted from their meaning, that he could not help smiling at them. The Emperor, however, sent for him in private, and told him that if he would submit to the authority of the Council, then, out of regard to King Wenzel and Bohemia, he should be safely dismissed. Otherwise Sigismund declared he would be the first to light the fire that should burn the heretic. John reminded him of his own safe-conduct, and declared he had come, not to persist in his errors, but to retract them, if he were taught anything better. Argument was, however, not in the line of the Council, and there was no opportunity given to him of explaining what he had said, or of being convinced. Only, on the 6th of July, he was again brought in, placed on a high seat before the Council, and silence was enjoined on pain of excommunication and two months' imprisonment; after which the sentence was read, condemning him to be burnt if he would not recant, or if he would, to be banished from Bohemia and forbidden to preach.

The Emperor's safe-conduct was appealed to; but Sigismund answered that it had no reference to a heretic, with whom no faith was to be kept. Huss appealed more solemnly to our Lord in judgment, but his enemies called this appeal scandalous and illusive; and the next day, the 7th of July, the Bishop of Riga conducted him to the cathedral, where Sigismund sat in full state, and after a long sermon the sentence was read. Huss knelt down and prayed for his murderers. Seven bishops then degraded him from the priesthood, by taking from him each emblem of Holy Orders, and then, according to the fiction that the Church never punishes with death, handed him over to the secular authorities, with the frightful words that they commended his soul to the devil!

"And I commend it to my Lord Jesus Christ," he said.

A paper cap, half an ell high, with three devils painted on it, was set on his head, and he was marched out of the city, singing a hymn as he went. After he was bound to the stake, Louis of Bavaria offered him pardon if he would recant; but he replied, that he had neither taught nor written the things ascribed to him; the truth that he had taught he was ready to seal with his blood. The flame enveloped him, and words of constancy and faith were heard from within it to the last. The Duke of Bavaria stayed to see his ashes thrown into the lake, and his clothes burnt, that nothing might be kept by his disciples to serve as a relic. His disciple, Jerome of Prague, was brought up for examination; and some of the Doctors called out, "To the fire with him!"

"If my death is what you seek, God's will be done," said Jerome.

"No, Jerome," said good Bishop Hallam, "it is not God's will that any sinner should die, but that he should be converted and live."

At this time, gained perhaps by Hallam's influence, Jerome showed willingness to recant, and was therefore left alone for a time.

One good decree was, however, passed in this month of July, namely, the condemnation of Jean Petit's horrible doctrine of the lawfulness of slaying tyrants, which had been brought forward in defence of the Duke

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CAMEO XXVII.

Deposition of the Antipope. 1415.

of Burgundy. This done, Sigismund, with four thousand horse, set off for his meeting with the only remaining Pope at Perpignan. With much difficulty the King of Aragon brought Benedict thither, and he inflicted on the Emperor and King a speech that lasted seven hours, in which he modestly requested that the Council of Constance should be annulled, and that he should only resign on condition of himself choosing his successor. Finding these terms not accepted, he pretended to think himself in danger, and fled to the Castle of Peniscola, which he called Noah's Ark, containing the only true Church.

However, even Spain deserted him, and agreed to acknowledge the Council; and Sigismund, greatly satisfied with this achievement, caused the adhesion of the three Kings of Castile, Aragon, and Navarre to be published at Perpignan on the Epiphany of 1416, in honour of the three kings, or Wise Men.

He then set off for Paris, with magnificent ideas of a general reconciliation which he was to effect between Armagnacs and Burgundians, English and French, but he did not gain much by this move; the Count d'Armagnac would make no concession, and Sigismund gave great offence by one of his theatrical acts of display. He was listening to a cause in the French parliament, which one party seemed likely to lose from not being a knight like his opponent—and by a sudden impulse, he seized his sword, and dubbed the man a knight. This was an interference with the rights of sovereignty of Charles VI. which ought to have been resented, had miserable France had any one to resent it; and it was the more unbecoming in the Emperor, as the imperial rights were not clearly defined, and it was an old tradition that the Cæsar had power in other kingdoms. So when it was intimated that Sigismund meant to carry his busy efforts at peace-making to England, Henry V. was resolved courteously to make him know his place, and sent the Duke of Gloucester to meet him at Dover.

Before he could set foot on land, Humphrey and the Constable of Dover waded into the water, and told him that "if he came as a mediator of peace they would receive him with honour due; but if as Emperor he challenged any supreme power, they must tell him the English nation was a free people, and their King depended on no monarch on earth, and they were resolved, in defence of the liberty of the people, and the rights of their King, to oppose his landing on their shores."

He answered politely, disclaiming all views of encroaching on English prerogatives, and was accordingly received with great distinction, conducted to Windsor, and on St. George's Day was made a Knight of the Garter. He attempted again to make peace; but in the midst of all the talk of treaties came the tidings that a French fleet was scouring the Channel, threatening the Isle of Wight, and then blockading Harfleur by sea, while the Count d'Armagnac besieged it by land. An opposing force was at once fitted out to relieve the Earl of Dorset, who was holding out with a small and unhealthy garrison; and Henry would have gone in person, but the Emperor declared such an expedition was

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not of consequence enough to be led by a sovereign—a remonstrance that Henry would not have seemed likely to attend to, but courtesy to his guest, or perhaps unwillingness to leave this overweening busy-body to his own devices in England, induced the King to give up his purpose, and put his brother John, duke of Bedford, in command.

Bedford, without the same spirit of enterprise, had much of the talent of his elder brother. He sailed on the 14th of August, and found a considerable French and Genoese fleet. The Genoese ships were a whole spear's length higher than the English, but all were taken by boarding, except a few that sailed up the Seine; the troops were landed, and the besieging army fled. Henry was at Smallhythe, in Kent, superintending the building of some ships, when he received the tidings of this victory; and he immediately returned to Canterbury, where he had left the Emperor, and they jointly gave thanks for the success.

This attack of the French seems to have disgusted Sigismund, for he made a league of amity with Henry, acknowledging his "just rights" to a considerable portion of France; and they went together to Calais, where they were met by the Duke of Burgundy, and it seems probable that they then obtained the promise of that prince to espouse Henry's cause for the future.

Sigismund then returned to the Council, having so much stirred up the English interest in the matter that both archbishops, seven bishops, and four hundred other persons, set out for Constance.

In the meantime, Jerome of Prague had repented of his recantation; and, retracting it before the Council, was sentenced to share his master's fate, and was burnt on the 30th of May, 1416.

After this act of barbarity, the Council seem to have done little for some months—whilst they were waiting for the return of the Emperor. The three Popes were now all disposed of; and the great desire of rightminded men was, that, during the vacancy, certain reforms should be carried out which the Popes might not be able to interfere with. The chief of these reforms were the abolition of simony, or traffic in presentations to the cure of souls; against indulgences, or selling the remission of so many years of purgatory; with many other abuses, which supplied the chief revenues of the corrupt clergy, but caused horrible evils to the Church.

Had Sigismund been equal to his position, perhaps these might have been carried out; and he and the excellent Robert Hallam were united in their attempts; but they were no match for the intrigues of the cunning Italians, who chiefly profited by the venal practices complained of. Moreover, the voices of reformers who were not even separatists had been stifled in flame, without the shadow of an honest inquiry—and what chance of hearing both sides remained?

A curious letter to Henry V. is extant, describing the return of the Emperor on the 27th of January, 1416, with "your livery of the collar" about his neck, to the great satisfaction of all good Englishmen.

On the next Sunday, Sigismund was entertained with a mystery

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CAMEO XXVII.

Conclusion of the Council. 1417.

play, representing the Nativity, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the Epiphany, performed by the trains of the English bishops. It was the first taste the Germans ever had of dramatic performances; and the mystery plays still performed in Bavaria probably spring from thence.

The arrival of the fresh importation from home seems to have done no good to the cause of reform. Sharp dissensions broke out between the English; and, moreover, their attendants seem to have been demoralized by the long residence in a corrupt atmosphere. A peremptory letter was sent by the King, calling them all to order; and after a year of inaction and squabbling, Cardinal Beaufort himself arrived in the dress of a pilgrim, on his way to the Holy Land, in August 1417.

Every one was growing weary of the endless discussions and mutual abuse; and Beaufort, as a cardinal, and an ambitious and greedy one, was sure to take the side of the Papacy—not reform first and then Pope, but Pope first, and reform to take its chance. Good Bishop Hallam sank under his long and earnest struggle to purify his Church, and died on the 5th of September, 1417. He lies buried before the altar in the Cathedral of Constance, with an English brass above him.

The Germans, now that the only English cardinal had influenced his nation against them, were forced to give way and permit the election of the Pope; and on the 11th of November, 1417, St. Martin's Day, an Italian cardinal was elected who took the name of the saint. There ended all hope or chance of reform. The new Pope gratified each nation with a repression of the scandal that most mortified it, but avoided all real and stringent measures, and hushed up all the complaints; except in Bohemia, where the Hussites had broken out into a fierce rebellion, which so alarmed and enraged Wenzel as to cause his death. Nor was the Hussite spirit in Bohemia ever extinguished until the period of the reaction after the Reformation.

But while the Council was still sitting, the sight of the persecution there had stirred up Archbishop Chicheley to further zeal against the Lollards. In July 1416 he put forth a command, that twice a year they should be sought out in every rural deanery, and that in each parish where suspicion of heresy existed persons should be sworn to denounce those who were known to hold private meetings or read suspicious books. They were to be cited before Convocation, and imprisoned or burnt. An Act of Parliament was likewise passed, requiring civil officers to take an oath to aid the bishops in suppressing heretics and destroying their books and translations.

The persecution was then carried on—always, however, with the most vigour when the King was absent. A currier named Claydon, who could not read, was accused by his apprentice of having a book read to him on festival days, containing the Ten Commandments in English. What else the boy knew not, but his fellow-servant heard his master say he would not be without the book for three times its price. The book was "The Lantern of Light," and is said to have much in it that is sound and pious, with much bitterness against the persecutors.

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CAMEO XXVII.
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Persecution of the Lollards.
1415.

Claydon had not heard the whole, but as he had once before been in trouble for Lollardism, this was sufficient to make him a relapsed heretic; and the accounts of the Sheriff of London mention the item of twenty shillings expended for the burning of John Claydon, skinner, and George Gurmyn, baker! The King was absent, besieging Harfleur, and no ratification of the sentence by him has ever been found.

William Taylor, a priest, was accused of a relapse into heresy, on the evidence of a private letter to another clergyman, who denounced him, and suffered death; but his doom was not completed in Henry's life-time. In fact, the Lollard trials during his reign were comparatively few; and there is every reason to believe that he exerted against them all the influence that could well be used by an ambitious young soldier who had the weight of the whole Church authority against him.

Perhaps if Henry had abstained from his attacks on France, and thrown the whole force of his clear head, strong sense, winning manner, and humane heart into the cause of truth—had he striven to do what Sigismund was disqualified for by vanity and shallowness—the Council of Constance might have been a blessing instead of a curse to the Church; and timely reform, commencing voluntarily from above instead of beneath, might have prevented the schisms and disunions of the Reformation.

As it was, Henry, pious and conscientious as he was, let his clergy think for him, willingly accepted their sanction to his wars, knew as little as he could about their persecutions, and pursued his views on France until the time should come when he would have peace at home in England and France, and recover the Holy Land.

And thus good Bishop Hallam died, exhausted by his efforts for purity in the Church; Huss, and many another struggler for truth, perished in the flames; the ambitious and venal clergy prevailed, and hollow tranquillity was purchased at the cost of corruption ever increasing.

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CAMEO XXVIII.

THE SIEGE OF ROUEN.

(1417—1419.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1415. Henry V.	1406. James I.	1380. Charles VI.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V.

CAMEO XXVIII.

State of France.

THE captivity of so many princes of the blood as had been taken prisoner at Agincourt might have seemed likely at least to remove some of the elements of discord; but it so happened that the captives were the most moderate and least ambitious men. The gentle, poetical Duke of Orleans, the good Duke of Bourbon, and the patriotic and gallant Arthur de Richemont, had been taken, while the savage Duke of Burgundy and the violent Gascon Count of Armagnac, Constable of France, remained at the head of their hostile factions.

Death of the first Dauphin. 1416.

The battle of Agincourt had been shortly followed by the death of Louis, the eldest of the three sons of the unhappy Charles VI. His brother Jean, who succeeded to his title of Dauphin, was, though only eighteen years old, married to a niece of the Duke of Burgundy, had chiefly lived in the Burgundian dominions, and was supposed to be altogether of that party. The Court meanwhile was swayed by the Armagnac faction, and the new heir to the throne showed no desire to trust himself among them. A meeting was proposed between Queen Isabeau and her son at St. Quentin; but the Queen, between indolence and love of eating, was so large and heavy, that travelling by litter or on the saddle was unpleasant to her, and she declared that she could come no further than Compiègne.

Jean's father-in-law, the Count of Hainault, did not like to trust him out of Burgundy; but was forced to comply, and brought him, in January 1417, as far as Compiègne, while the Queen came to Senlis; but the mother and son never met, only the Count of Hainault brought his daughter to pay her respects to her mother-in-law, and returned with the Queen to Paris, to plead the cause of the young Dauphin.

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Death of the second Dauphin. 1417.

A youth of nearly nineteen years old must have been of either sickly depressed constitution, or tame cowardly disposition, to sit quietly at Compiègne while the Regency for his mad father was being debated over; but Jean had at least given no cause of offence to any one, and the miserable country began therefore to call out for him as the right person to be at the head of affairs. The Count of Armagnac took alarm; and the Count of Hainault was secretly warned, that unless he could escape from Paris, he would be seized there and imprisoned until he should give up young Jean to the Armagnacs.

He escaped by night with only two attendants, and safely arrived at Compiègne, where he found his charge, the Dauphin Jean, in a dying state, which of course was attributed to poison. The poor lad died on Palm Sunday, the 9th of April, 1417; and his father-in-law did not survive him more than seven weeks, but died at Bouchain on the 13th of May.

The only remaining prince was but fourteen. His name was Charles, and he seemed of the same meek, dull, indolent mould as his brothers. The Count d'Armagnac already had the boy in his power, and resolved to make the most of him; since, during the unhappy King's illnesses, the only legal authority rested with the Dauphin.

As to the Queen, she grew more and more detestable. Few women in public station have ever been more disgusting by their self-indulgent vices than the coarse, dull, heavy, unfeeling Isabeau of Bavaria; and when the whole country was groaning with misery, the people were particularly incensed by the absurd exaggerations of dress worn by her and her ladies. Their head-gear had broken out in the wonderful variety of horns, and, with only too great appropriateness, of ears, so tall, that it was necessary to have the doorways of the houses altered to admit them!

Armagnac knew that public feeling was strong against her, and he was also afraid that she might begin to intrigue against his power. He therefore had her seized, and shut up in a sort of honourable captivity at Tours, with three of his councillors charged to watch over her and open all her letters. Almost all her money and jewels were seized; and her chief councillor, the Sire de Boisrédon, on a charge of not having bowed low enough to the King, was sewn up in a leathern sack, labelled "Let the King's justice pass," and thrown into the Seine.

The Count d'Armagnac now reigned supreme; no prince of the blood came to the councils, and the King and Dauphin were absolutely in his hands; but he was in great difficulties. Nobody would pay any taxes, and he was forced to raise supplies by any means in his power. Various hoards of Queen Isabeau's were discovered and appropriated by him; and he likewise stripped the churches of the reliquaries of the favourite saints, even those of St. Denis and St. Louis, and laid frightful exactions upon the bourgeois of Paris; besides which, he forced every three families to pay and equip one man-at-arms, under pain of being imprisoned, or even slain, as Burgundians.

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The Armagnacs at Paris. 1417.

The Duke of Burgundy was, however, advancing with his forces, and the Parisians were always far more inclined to him than to the other party; perhaps because he brought wealth from without, by which they profited, while the others looked upon Paris as a sponge to be continually squeezed for their own benefit. The Count d'Armagnac, and Tanneguy du Chastel, a Breton knight who was Provost of Paris, were constantly riding along in the streets and on the ramparts with armed men, to prevent any rising in favour of the Burgundians. Such was Armagnac's distrust of the citizens that every feast was attended by one of his sergeants to listen whether there were any murmurs; and no one was allowed to have in his window a flower-pot, lest it should be used as a missile against the troops below. For a whole day's ride round the environs of the city, every farmhouse had been sacked or burnt. Indeed, it was said that in Paris a man had only to be called a Burgundian, or anywhere else in the Isle of France an Armagnac, to be instantly put to death. All the soldiers who had been posted to guard Normandy and Picardy against the English were recalled to defend Paris against the Duke of Burgundy; and Henry V. could have found no more favourable moment for a second expedition.

He appointed his brother John, duke of Bedford, to govern at home in his absence, and sailed again for Normandy, with 1,500 vessels, and an army of 25,000 men-at-arms, besides archers and artillerymen. He landed at Beville on the 1st of August, 1417, and immediately sent all his fleet home again, while he issued proclamations forbidding his troops to plunder, or to comport themselves as if in an enemy's country, and inviting the inhabitants to submit to him, both as descendant of their ancient Dukes and as rightful King of France.

In neither capacity were they disposed to accept him. There was no one to fight, and everyone fled away—25,000 families into Brittany alone; so that in some districts there was a silence as of death; and in the city of Lisieux the English found but one old man and one woman. Such cities as had garrisons were forced to surrender, one by one—Caen not, however, till after a sharp assault, in which Henry lost many men; but he was unopposed by any troops in the field, for his step-brother, the Duke of Brittany, was neutral, and the Constable D'Armagnac and Duke of Burgundy were far busier in tearing France to pieces than in opposing her enemies. Burgundy was advancing to besiege Paris, when there came to him a secret messenger from the Queen, entreating him to come to deliver her from her captivity at Troyes; and feeling that an alliance with her, the only legally appointed Regent, was exactly what was wanting to give his party a colour of right, he sent her a favourable answer, with instructions how to proceed.

He then proceeded with his troops to Chartres; and on the night of the 1st of November galloped towards Troyes with the 800 best-mounted horsemen in his army. He stopped two leagues from the town, but sent sixty knights on with the Sires de Vergy and de Fosseuse.

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Escape of Isabeau. 1418.

The Queen had on her side told her three guardians that she would hear Mass on All Saints' Day, at the Convent of Marmourtiers, a little way outside the city. They durst not interfere with her devotions, and could only follow her; but no sooner had she entered the church than the sixty horsemen surrounded it, and half an hour after the Duke himself came up. Great civilities passed on either side, and the Queen was honourably conducted to Chartres, whence she and the Duke sent out letters to all France, declaring that the King and the Dauphin had fallen into the hands of persons of inferior rank, who exercised an intolerable tyranny, and calling upon all faithful subjects to assist in their rescue.

The newly-elected Pope sent the Cardinals Orsini and San Marco to try to reconcile all the belligerent Powers. Henry would listen to no proposals, and pursued his victorious course; but the Queen and Duke of Burgundy on the one hand, the King and Dauphin on the other, professed themselves willing to agree to the terms. But as this pacification would have been the ruin of the domination of the Constable d'Armagnac, he and his party prevented its being ratified, the Chancellor insolently declaring that the King might seal it if he chose, he should not!

This last rejection of peace filled up the measure. The Parisians could endure their misery no longer; and though there were 3,000 Gascons in the city on purpose to intimidate them, and to be denounced as a Burgundian was almost certain death, things had come to such a point that they preferred, that, if they *were* to be slain, it should be for daring something instead of only being suspected.

A tradesman who had the charge of the keys of the gate of St. Germain des Près, had been ill-used by the Gascons, and had obtained no redress. His son banded himself with half a dozen young men, and contrived to enter into communication with the Burgundian Sieur de Lisle Adam, who was in garrison at Pontoise, and who promised to be at the gate, with as many men-at-arms as he could collect, at two o'clock at night on the 29th of May. He could only get together 800 (the most notable of whom, one Sir Guy de Bar, had the strange soubriquet of the Calf), and they presented themselves with somewhat anxious minds at the gate. Perrinet had meantime stolen the keys from under his father's pillow; he and his friends met them at the gate, admitted them, and then locked the doors again, and threw the keys over the wall. They went on silently as far as the Châtelet, and there met 400 armed citizens, who had been forewarned by Perrinet, and upon this encouragement they rode forward crying "*Vive la paix! Vive le Roi! Vive Bourgoyne!*" a cry that seemed to the citizens to announce a deliverance from a hateful tyranny. They hastened to assume the white cross of Burgundy, and hurried out to arrest their chief enemies. Several of the Armagnac Ministry were seized in their beds; the Constable d'Armagnac just succeeded in escaping to the house of a poor mason; and Tanneguy du Chastel secured the person of the Dauphin, whom he snatched out of his bed, rolled him up in the coverings, and carried him to the door,

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Paris yielded to Burgundy. 1418.

where they set him on horseback and took him to the Bastille, then a considerable fortress, where he and his other friends shut themselves up.

Lisle Adam had made straight for the Hôtel St. Pol, where he found the poor King in a mild, gentle state, free from his raging fits of madness, but almost imbecile, and easily made to do whatever was required of him.

"How fares my cousin of Burgundy?" he dreamily said; "it is long since I heard of him."

He was put on horseback, and led in state about the city, by way of giving a sanction to the proceedings of the new-comers; and he was made to appoint Le Veau de Bar Provost of Paris instead of Tanneguy du Chastel.

Only three lives were lost on this first day; but when crowds on crowds were released from the prisons, with pale looks, ragged clothes, and dismal histories of their sufferings from the Armagnacs, an outcry for vengeance began to arise. Houses of persons suspected of being of that party were searched, and they themselves underwent all the tortures they had inflicted on the Burgundians, while a diligent search was kept up for the Constable himself, until the mason, afraid to conceal him any longer, gave him up to his enemies.

Lest the Dauphin should fall into the hands of the Burgundians, he was escorted to Melun, and the next day Tanneguy du Chastel, who in his Bastille still had a larger force of men-at-arms than Lisle Adam, to whom the Duke of Burgundy could not at that moment send reinforcements, resolved to try to retrieve his cause; and leaving the Bastille, at the head of 1,600 men, crying "Vive le Roi, the Dauphin, and the Count d'Armagnac!" forced his way to the Hôtel de St. Pol, where he expected to find the King; but Charles had been removed to the Louvre the night before, and Tanneguy in his disappointment could think of nothing better to do than to render himself doubly odious by letting his men disperse to pillage the houses, shouting "Death, death! Kill all, kill all!" The Calf of Bar, the new Provost, came out like a bull, armed the burghers, and was making such brave head against the enemy, even before Lisle Adam came up with his troops, that Tanneguy got back to the Bastille with only 1,200 out of his 1,600. He therefore felt obliged to give up the struggle for the capital, and followed the Dauphin to Melun.

The young Count de Clermont, son of the captive Duke of Bourbon, was only fifteen, and Tanneguy hoped to have taken him, too, away; but the boy resolutely refused to leave the place where the King resided; and in the absence of the Duke of Burgundy, who was detained by an appointment to meet the ubiquitous Emperor Sigismund at Montbelliard, this sole prince within reach was placed at the head of the Council that would fain have ruled Paris, but found it beyond their power, for fresh partisans continually flowed into the city, greedy for plunder. Wild free-companions came in troop after troop; and, worse than these, the butchers and others of the lower orders whom the Armagnacs had expelled from Paris, and who thirsted for vengeance.

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CAMEO XXVIII.

Slaughter of the Armagnacs.

A report arose that the prisoners of wealth were to be put to ransom for the benefit of the captains; and the populace became infuriated, as no other populace save that of Paris has ever been. Stories that the Armagnacs were returning to deliver their friends added fuel to the flame, and false alarms were constantly rousing the people to run from one gate to another expecting to see them. At last a brazier, named Lambert, on the night of the 12th of June, began to harangue the people, and exhort them to secure themselves and their vengeance by the destruction of all the Armagnacs. They assembled in multitudes, and rushed to the prisons of the Hôtel de Ville. Lisle Adam and his friends rode to the place with nearly 1,000 horse; but they beheld full 40,000 people, armed with mallets, axes, and clubs! "Away with your justice and reason!" cried the raging multitude; "the Armagnacs are dogs; they have ruined the kingdom and sold it to the English. They have even prepared flags of the King of England to plant on the walls!" The gentlemen thought themselves justified in not interfering, and only said, "Well done, children!"

The prison was forced; Armagnac himself was dragged out and slain in the court. His body was stripped, and a long gash from the left shoulder to the right side was marked on it, in derisive memory of the red scarf worn as a badge by his party. The court of each prison became a slaughter-house; the prisoners were called down one by one, and there murdered, till the assassins were up to their ankles in blood. The women were as savage as the men, and dragged the corpses about the streets in derision. The prison slaughter had but given a passion for further carnage; and the murderers broke open the houses in search of Armagnacs, killing not only men, but women, children, and even new-born babes, to whom in their diabolical frenzy they refused baptism as being little Armagnacs. The massacre lasted from four o'clock on Sunday morning to ten o'clock on Monday. Some say that 3,000 perished, others 1,600, and the Duke of Burgundy's servants reported the numbers as only 400. On the fourth day the bodies were all thrown into a trench together, without any funeral rites; but the reign of terror continued, and every suspected Armagnac was instantly slaughtered.

After nearly a month of this horrible state of things, the Queen and the Duke of Burgundy arrived; and out went 600 Parisians to welcome them, wearing blue jackets and the St. Andrew's Cross of Burgundy; carols were sung, and the Queen's litter was strewn with flowers as the Duke escorted her to the Hôtel de St. Pol, where the poor King received them with his usual fatuous courtesy.

Henry V. in Normandy assuredly deemed that the voice of Heaven had said, "Shall not My soul be avenged of such a nation as this?" But it was a dangerous thing, uncalled, to assume the part of avenger.

Each party had striven to negotiate with Henry; the Duke of Burgundy had proposed to come to terms, but had been startled by Henry's

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Siege of Rouen. 1418.

demand of all the old provinces held by the first Plantagenet, together with a million of crowns and the hand of Princess Catherine. Meanwhile, he had taken Falaise and Pont de L'Arche, and on the 19th of July laid siege to Rouen, the beautiful home of his forefathers. It was a populous place, well fortified, and had a garrison of 4,000 soldiers, and 15,000 citizens trained to arms under Sir Guy de Bouteillier, who had taken every measure for its defence. He had destroyed the buildings and gardens outside the walls, and made the country waste; and on the advance of Henry he drew out his forces to meet him in the field; and though driven back into the city, he continued gallantly to harass the English in all their siege operations.

Henry nevertheless encamped his troops in six divisions, one opposite to each of the six gates of the city. They were connected together by ditches with banks high enough to shelter a person passing behind them from missiles from the walls. The King was resolved to reduce the city by blockade, and therefore enclosed it with lines, strengthened by thick thorn-hedges, and on all the eminences placed towers of wood, batteries of cannon, and military engines. To close up the Seine from the inhabitants he threw a bridge of boats across it, and below were two booms, each consisting of three chains of iron; and from his near kinsman, the King of Portugal, then one of the chief naval Powers of Europe, he hired a fleet of 200 small vessels, which kept his camp perfectly well supplied with provisions from England.

He thus was not only starving Rouen, but Paris, for that city has always trusted greatly to its river for bringing supplies; and while the English blocked up the river below, the Armagnacs at Melun intercepted all provisions from above, so that even before Rouen felt the famine, Paris, with its wild, improvident populace, was reduced to terrible straits. Food was frightfully dear; the unburied corpses of the frequent murders brought the retribution of pestilence; and in a short time no less than 50,000 had died among them—some, favourite knights of the Duke of Burgundy. Some of the men who had been foremost in the massacres were brought by these horrors to a frenzy of remorse for what had really seemed a possession of the demon of bloodshed; they deemed that the ghosts of their victims pursued them; and, imagining themselves past hope, refused confession and the Sacraments of the Church. It is said that seven or eight hundred of these wretches died raving in the hospital called the Hôtel Dieu, and one rushed about the streets of Senlis, proclaiming his own condemnation, and then leapt head-foremost into a well. Others, however, tried to drown remorse by fresh outrages, accusing the Armagnacs of all the ills they suffered. Worst of all was Capeluche, the public executioner, who on the 21st of August roused the people to another massacre of all the prisoners who had been arrested since the 12th of June. It is said that the populace was further inflamed by "the false sermonizers and preachers of the University," who, some in the squares, some in the pulpits, declared that the princes would not execute justice, but only wanted ransoms for their captives. Thus excited,

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Fury of Paris.

the mob fell upon the prison of the Grand Châtelet, where the jailors shut them out, and permitted the inmates to defend themselves by launching stones and bricks, so that they beat off one assault; but in the night the murderers broke through the roof, and killed all they found there. After destroying all the prisoners in the lesser Châtelet, they hurried to the Bastille, and absolutely undermined part of the wall and effected a breach. The Duke of Burgundy would better have deserved his name of Jean Sans Peur if he had led his brave knights, however few, against this murderous rabble, instead of coming out peaceably to try to conciliate them. He even took by the hand the headsman, Capeluche, whom he did not know by sight, but he could not persuade the wretches to spare the prisoners; and fearing to lose his popularity, he did not bring in troops, but only made the mob promise that the prisoners should be taken to the Châtelet to be tried, and then surrendered those for whom there was most clamour. No sooner were the poor creatures brought to the Châtelet than they were all slaughtered; and about eighty or a hundred perished on these days. The Duke then proposed to the populace to go and attack the Armagnacs, who were cutting off their supplies, and they readily consented. Nearly six thousand accordingly marched out of Paris, and he instantly caused the gates to be closed, so that they could not come back again; after which he ventured to arrest Capeluche, the grasp of whose hand he remembered with loathing, and caused him to be beheaded by his own servant, whom Capeluche himself instructed how to conduct the execution—for to sweep off the head with a blow of the sword was an absolute art, for which the headsman of Paris enjoyed a grisly fame.

Jean Sans Peur need not have felt the touch of the executioner so great an indignity. His own hand was bloody enough; but, strange to say, unbeliever as he was, one of his most anxious cares was to force the Bishop of Paris to revoke the sentence of the Council of Constance against Jean Petit's sermon justifying the murder of the Duke of Orleans. It was done; but the Duke was soon to reap the seed he was sowing.

The Duke had sent the young Dauphine, Marie of Anjou, to join her husband, who held a sort of court at Bourges; and proposals were made to him to join his parents at Paris; but he was entirely in the hands of the Armagnac party, and besides, trusted neither his mother nor any one else. The young Count d'Armagnac, son of him who had been killed at Paris, had been defending Guienne against the English. He concluded a truce, came to Bourges, and used his influence towards treating with Henry; but Tanneguy du Chastel was the real head of the party, and was resolved against any accommodation with England or Burgundy, and the treaty came to nothing. Indeed, Henry had not been conciliating; he had disobliged the envoys by insisting that, at the conferences, English should be spoken instead of French; and when, shortly after, other messengers came from the Duke of Burgundy, he professed that as things stood there was no Government in France with

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Distress of Rouen.

which he could legally treat. The Cardinal Orsini came again to try to soften him, but to him Henry spoke of his supposed mission of vengeance. "It is the will of Heaven," he said. "God has led me hither by the hand to punish the sins of the land, and to reign in it like a true king. There is no sovereign, no law, in France. No one thinks of resisting me; I have just rights, and I shall go on, and put the crown of France on my head. It is the will of God!"

Poor Rouen was resisting in all loyalty and constancy, though unaided. The storehouses ought to have held provisions for ten months, but Normandy had been too long the seat of war for the garrison to have obtained all the food they had hoped; and the desolation was increased by a great band of wild Irish, who had been brought over to Henry's aid by the Prior of the Hospital of the Knights of St. John at Kilmainham. These spoilers were armed with targets and long knives, had one foot bare and the other shod, and the best off rode little active ponies. They did infinite mischief to the French, going out on marauding parties, in which they would catch up little children, and, leaping on the backs of the cattle, would ride back to the camp with child and cow together. What they did with the children does not appear, but it was long before slavery became extinct among the more remote Irish.

Many a brave deed of arms was done by the besieged Rouennois; but famine was threatening them, and in their distress they resolved to make known at Paris that unless they obtained speedy relief they could hold out no longer. Accordingly, an aged priest contrived to leave the town, pass through the English, and make his way safely to Paris. He took a most clerical way of making his errand known, for he obtained of the great University preacher, Master Eustache Pavilly, to set forth the need of patriotism in a sermon. In fact, not only were public addresses then usually in the form of sermons, but the priest had probably been debarred access to the Duke of Burgundy, who either would or could not relieve the city, and must have known its situation; and the only hope left was in attempting to stir up public feeling, to which the Duke might be forced to give way.

Accordingly, Pavilly took for his text the words, "*Domine, quid faciemus?*" "Lord, what shall we do?" and vividly set forth the miseries suffered by the brave men of Rouen for the sake of their country. The Rouennois priest followed with the force of an eye-witness, describing the loyal love of his fellow-citizens for the Crown of France, and adding, like a true Norman, that he was sent to cry the great "ha-ro!" (which they believed to be the cry for justice in the name of Rollo); adding, that if extremity should force them to swear fidelity to the King of England, no one would become a worse foe to France than they.

The sermon produced much applause; and Jean Sans Peur made plenty of promises; but all he did was to make fresh offers of the hand of Catherine and the cession of Normandy, to which Henry replied that

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CAMEO XXVIII.

The surrender of Rouen. 1419

the Duke of Burgundy had no right to bestow the inheritance of the Dauphin without his own consent. It was now November, and the besieged had been reduced to the most dire distress, but they were cheered by hearing that the King had taken the oriflamme at St. Denis, and that the Duke of Burgundy was on the march to Beauvais. They had eaten up their horses, and were feeding on rats, frogs, and vermin; but this news encouraged them to try to hold out longer; so they turned out their useless mouths, and the poor creatures wandered in a miserable state between the walls and the English lines. Disappointment was in store for the besieged. The Duke declared that his army was too small to break through the English, and at Christmas turned back to Paris, advising them to make what terms they could for themselves. So on the 3d of January, 1419, these brave men sent a deputation of two warriors, two citizens, and two ecclesiastics, to negotiate a surrender; but Henry answered, through the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Earl of Warwick, that in their present extremity they had no right to demand any terms, and must submit unconditionally. Upon this they resolved to undermine a part of the wall, set fire to the town, and, the moment the breach should open, sally out at it all together with their wives and children, and "march whither it should please God to lead them." They separated, intending to meet on the morrow for this fearful expedition; but in the meantime tidings reached King Henry of their design, and pity or policy, or both together, made him offer to receive the deputies again. He then promised most moderate terms. Three obnoxious persons were to be delivered up to him—the Archbishop's vicar-general, who had, without any authority, declared him excommunicate; a citizen who had been concerned in a murder; and a third, who had commanded the artillery. The knights and men-at-arms were to depart freely, on swearing not to serve against him for a year; and the citizens should be safe from all military violence on the payment of a fine of 300,000 crowns, and on swearing fealty to him. Those, however, who would not own him, nor take the Cross of St. George, were free to quit the town, but with nothing but their clothes.

These terms accepted, Henry entered the city in great splendour, attended by his brothers, Thomas and Humfrey, and by his chief nobles. Behind him rode a page on a handsome charger, carrying a fox's brush on the point of his lance, which, Monstrelet says, "afforded great matter of remark among the wiseheads." The best reason the wiseheads have yet devised is, that Henry had once, as a boy, unearthed a fox in an arbour which had been his favourite resort at Kenilworth, the home of his childhood, and that some one had called the event a token of good luck. Ever after the brush was his badge. He proceeded to the cathedral, where he gave thanks, and then took up his abode in the castle whence William the Norman had gone forth to conquer England. He established his head-quarters there, and soon won the hearts of the people. Only one even of his three prisoners was put to death, and Sir Guy le Boteillier swore allegiance to him.

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CAMEO XXIX.

THE BRIDGE OF MONTEREAU.

(1419.)

King of England. 1413. Henry V. | *King of Scotland.* 1406. James I. | *King of France.* 1380. Charles VI. | *King of Spain.* 1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany. 1411. Sigismund. | *Pope.* 1417. Martin V.

CAMEO XXIX. — *The truce.* 1419.

AFTER Rouen had been taken, there was again an attempt at peace-making by both the rival French parties. Each made a truce with Henry V., and the Dauphin Charles offered to come and meet him, and a place of conference was appointed; but Charles had no trust in any one's word, and seems to have taken a sudden alarm, for he never appeared. Jean Sans Peur felt, no doubt, that for the English King to come to a treaty with the Prince would be the ruin of his own supremacy; and therefore made offers in earnest to bring the King, Queen, and Henry's unseen lady-love, Madame Catherine, to meet him.

A great plain near Meulan was the chosen place. Henry lodged at Mantes. The French Court came to Pontoise, and between the two a square space was staked out, trenched round, and boarded in on three sides; the fourth being bounded by the Seine. Within was a mast planted in the exact centre; and at exactly equal distances on either side were two velvet tents, embroidered with gold, for the two Kings, who were to make exactly the same number of steps to the mast, and then proceed together to a third tent, where two thrones of precisely the same altitude were erected for them. The Queen's tent was blue, embroidered with gold fleurs-de-lys, with a silver flying hart at the top. Henry's tent was blue and green, with two antelopes embroidered on it, one turning a mill, and the other seated on high with an olive-branch in his mouth, and the motto, "After busy labour, victorious rest." An eagle with diamond eyes was above. A barrier cut off the neutral ground; and beyond, other pavilions were set up for the attendants, who were to be thirty knights on either side; and the day was fixed for the 30th of May, 1419.

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CAMEO XXIX.

The meeting at Meulan. 1419.

The English King brought his two brothers of Clarence and Gloucester; and the three noble-looking young brothers, with the excellent Richard Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, awaited on their side the arrival of the French royalty. It was soon known, however, that the poor King of France had been taken that morning with a paroxysm of frenzy, and had been left at Pontoise; but a splendid gilt barge was rowing along the river, and from it descended the corpulent figure of Queen Isabèau, the thin, dark, wiry, hard-featured Jean of Burgundy, and the veiled girlish being on whom Henry had set his vehement heart.

As they entered the neutral ground, he and his brothers stepped through the barrier. The two parties met at the mast in the centre, the English princes making respectful obeisance, after which Henry saluted first the Queen, then the Princess.

Was Catherine worth the prominence that the first knight and king in Europe had given to an alliance with her? Almost perfect were her features; her complexion was pure and colourless as ivory; her eyes deep, liquid, and dark. No doubt Henry did not observe a certain inanity of expression; and it might not have grieved him even had he had time enough to test the shallow nature that existed beneath that lovely face. Compliments passed in plenty; but Henry, though charmed, was only the more resolved to obtain the fair lady without abating one jot of the dower he demanded—namely, all the old Plantagenet possessions; and he took little pains to conceal his dislike and contempt for that factious murderer and infidel the Duke of Burgundy. However, they parted with fair words; a long speech being made in French by the Earl of Warwick, and the King showing every token of his admiration of Catherine.

The terms of the treaty were discussed on either side, and Isabeau sent in eight requests, which Henry was unwilling to grant; but he demanded a fresh meeting at Meulan, to take place three weeks after the first. To his great vexation, however, no fair Catherine appeared, only the fat Queen and the overweening Duke, who seem to have resolved that the lady's countenance should only be vouchsafed to her lover on condition of his bating his demands. They had, however, much too great a man to be thus trifled with; and he let them know that he was as determined as ever to accept nothing but all the English provinces with Catherine's hand, or else to conquer the whole of France for himself.

Meantime, however, the Dauphin and his advisers, Tanneguy du Chastel, young Armagnac, and De Barbazan, had taken alarm. Their object had been to hold off from treating with either party, till the death of the poor King of France, which could not be far distant, should throw the right indisputably into the hands of his son; but they began to apprehend that if a treaty were forced from Isabeau and the Duke of Burgundy by the English, a very large portion of the inheritance would at once be made over to hands whence they would not easily wrest it.

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CAMEO XXIX.

Reconciliation of Burgundy and the Dauphin. 1419.

Secret proposals of accommodation, and of uniting against the common enemy, were accordingly despatched to Jean Sans Peur at Pontoise, chiefly through the Dame of Giac, one of the Queen's ladies; and he, being displeased with Henry's manners towards him, lent a favourable ear to them, and promised to break off with the English. Henry had made an engagement to meet the Queen, Princess, and Duke, at Meulan, on the 30th of June; but when he arrived there he found the barriers torn up, the pavilions gone, and no one there but the Duke and his knights, ready for a mere business interview. Henry was much incensed at the insult, and spoke hotly to the Duke.

"Beau Cousin," he said, "we give you notice that we *will* have your King's daughter, or we will drive him and you out of his kingdom."

"Sire, you are pleased to say so," answered Jean Sans Peur, with a tone worthy of a better man and truer patriotism; "but before you have succeeded in driving me and my lord out of the kingdom, I make no doubt that you will be heartily tired."

Other high words passed, which Monstrelet considers as too tedious to relate, and the two princes parted in mutual displeasure; but Henry desired the Archbishop and the Earl of Warwick to continue the negotiations, and prolonged the truce till the 29th of July.

Tanneguy du Chastel had, however, come in person to Pontoise, to talk over the Duke; and Jean Sans Peur was really far more desirous of a union with the heir of the Crown than with the national enemy, and preferred lessening his own pretensions to dismembering the kingdom.

He therefore agreed to meet the Dauphin on the 11th of July. The place was to be a bridge over a little stream that flows into the Seine, between Melun and Corbeil. Here an arbour was erected, and adorned with tapestries and silken hangings; and the two princes met, leaving several guards at about a bow-shot distance on either side of the river; and each accompanied by only ten knights, dismounted, and advanced so as to meet in the middle of the bridge.

Jean Sans Peur bowed low several times, and knelt down before the Dauphin. Charles likewise bowed, took his hand, kissed it, and tried to raise him; but the Duke refused at first, saying, "My lord, I know how I ought to demean myself to you;" but Charles insisted, and pardoned him for all his offences, promising that the treaty between them should be framed to meet the Duke's wishes. Accordingly, Jean Sans Peur engaged to support the Dauphin as the second person in the realm; and Charles promised to treat the Duke as his nearest and most loyal kinsman, while both were to concert measures for the public security. The cousins themselves, and their chief servants, swore to the observance of these articles; and on parting, there was a great exchange of courtesies, the Duke offering to hold the Dauphin's stirrup, and the Dauphin refusing to permit him to condescend so far.

If this reconciliation had been sincere on both sides, it would have

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CAMEO XXIX.

Storming of Pontoise. 1419.

been by far the best hope for France; and Henry V. was much disconcerted by hearing of it. He immediately caused Pontoise to be stormed, the attack being led by one bearing a familiar title, namely, the Captal de Buch. This Captal was Gaston de Foix, great-grand-nephew to the friend of the Black Prince, and, like him, a Knight of the Garter. The Sire de Lisle Adam, the same who had taken Paris, was in command of Pontoise, and was fast asleep in bed, when, between daybreak and sunrise on the morning of the last day of July, there was a shouting of "St. George!" at the gates of the town, and three thousand English began mounting the walls by means of scaling-ladders.

Lisle Adam wakened, but finding the walls already gained, he returned to his quarters, packed up his goods, forced open the gate on the Paris road, and with about ten thousand of the townspeople set off towards the capital, while the unfortunate city suffered the treatment of a town taken by assault. The Duke of Burgundy was at St. Denis, only fifteen miles off, but not strong enough to interfere, and the English foraging parties became so alarming, that he decamped from thence, carrying off the Queen and Madame Catherine; otherwise her knight-errant might really have borne off his lady as the spoil of his own good sword. Almost all Normandy was now his own, except the strong Castle of Gaillard, which was besieged by the Earl of Huntingdon. The governor, Sir Olivier de Manny, held out sixteen months, and was only forced to surrender when the ropes in the castle were all worn out, and he could obtain no more water!

Much had happened outside the walls before that time. The Duke of Burgundy had left the Marshal de Chastellux to defend St. Denis, with a party of the most savage and lawless soldiers, who preyed on the inhabitants, and even drove the monks out of the cells of their abbey—the prime abbey of France, of which the King was the sworn defender—and lodged there, practising such vile debauchery, that the people's cry was, "How can the English be worse than this!"

There was no garrison in Paris; the governor was the young Count of Luxembourg, a boy of fifteen; and it is even supposed that Jean Sans Peur purposely left it undefended, because it was in such a state of anarchy and disorganization that it was more likely to ruin a garrison and absorb it into its own confusion than to be capable of defence. Henry might have taken it with a thousand men; but he too avoided the miserable place, and only took and garrisoned the intermediate cities, so as to plant each foot firmly ere making another step.

Nothing seemed to have come of the reconciliation of the Dauphin and the Duke. The young Prince had been in Touraine and Maine, and had collected twenty thousand men there; and two months after the first meeting he sent to invite the Duke to a second conference at Montereau. To this the Duke answered, that it would be more natural for the Dauphin to come and join his parents' councils at Troyes, since there could be no danger in so doing. There was no quarrel between them, and peace had been sworn by both.

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CAMEO XXIX.

Treachery of the Armagnacs.

It is very difficult to understand the motives on either side. It seems probable that all the French princes at heart wished to drive away the national enemy from France, but that the Duke of Burgundy was hampered by the unwillingness of his Flemish subjects to make war with England—since in no other country was property secure enough to keep sheep in sufficient numbers to afford the wool needful for the manufactures of the great Flemish towns. Age, power, rank, and standing gave Duke Jean such an influence over the councils of the kingdom, that so long as he did not act, nobody else could do so effectually; and the advisers who had the ear of the Dauphin, now a youth of seventeen, had besides a long score of vengeance to settle with this violent and unscrupulous man, for the murder of the Duke of Orleans and the permitted slaughter of the Count d'Armagnac and his partisans. They therefore might easily persuade their young master, that to sweep away this half-hearted prince from the steps of the throne gave the only chance of dealing with the foreign enemy; and that, after all, it was scarcely unjust to deal with him as he had dealt with Louis of Orleans, and as he maintained was righteous and needful, by the mouths of preachers of religion. Whether the Dauphin assented or not, or was even privy to the scheme, is an open question. He denied it; but no one ever had much faith in his word, and the balance of probability was against him, though, of course, he was far less guilty than Tanneguy du Chastel and the other nobles, who originated the design, in hopes, when the Duke was removed, of governing through the Dauphin.

Every attempt was made to bring the Duke to come and meet his nephew. The Lady of Giac, and his favourite Jossequin especially, busied themselves in persuading him; and at last he consented to give Charles the meeting on the 10th of September, 1419, at the Bridge of Montereau. Barriers were set up at either end of the bridge, through which only the two princes, with ten attendants each, might pass; and in the middle was a wooden erection, where the conference was to take place, with a narrow passage admitting to it from either side. This work had all been done by the Dauphin's people, and the Burgundians viewed it with a vague distrust, frequently entreating the Duke not to venture too far.

He had, however, made up his mind. "Whatever may happen," he said, "I wish for peace. If they kill me, I shall die a martyr! When peace is made, we will conquer the English. The Dauphin's men are brave and sage captains. Tanneguy and Barbazan are valiant knights. Then will we see who is the better man—Hannotin of Flanders, or Harry of Lancaster:" Hannotin (or Jacky) being his own nick-name.

On the very day of the conference, just as the Duke was setting forth from his night's lodging at Bray sur Seine, three of his servants, who had ridden on to look at the bridge, came back and told him that some fresh barriers had been erected on the Dauphin's side, and beseeching him not to go forward.

Sir Tanneguy du Chastel had already come to conduct the Duke to the

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CAMEO XXIX.

Murder of Jean of Burgundy. 1419.

place of meeting. Jean turned to him and said, "We rely on your word; but in the most holy Name, are you sure of what you have promised us?" to which the Breton replied, that he was quite sure, and would rather die than see any harm befall the Duke of Burgundy. "Well, then," said the Duke, "we will go, trusting in you and in God."

Close to the bridge, more of his servants ran up to him, assuring him that there was a gathering of armed men in the houses on the other side, and insisting that treachery was intended. He then sent a person across to see, but the messenger was the husband of the Lady of Giac, and returned saying that there was nothing of the kind. He then entered on the bridge, where, as he passed the first barrier, some of the Dauphin's men told him their lord was waiting for him, then closed and locked the barrier behind him. Instead of observing this, he pointed out to Du Chastel and the rest how lightly he and his companions were armed, and laying his hand on Tanneguy's shoulder, said, "This is what I trust to." Without making any reply, Tanneguy hurried him through the second barrier, which was again locked behind him; but he went straight on to where the Dauphin in full armour stood waiting, leaning over the third rail. The Duke, thus led on like wild-fowl in a decoy, was still unsuspicious; he bent his knee before the young prince, and doffed his velvet cap, but the youth made no gesture of courtesy, and only reproached him for not having fulfilled his promises. At the same time Sir Robert de Loire took him by the right arm, saying, "Rise, sir; you are too great a man to kneel." The Duke's sword had slipped backwards as he knelt; he put his hand to set it right, and at that moment a sign passed between the attendants, there was a cry, "Your sword before the Dauphin!" and Tanneguy du Chastel raised his battle-axe. The Sire de Navailles strove to defend his master; but the Viscount of Narbonne cried, "He who moves is a dead man!" and as the Duke tried to draw his sword his hand was almost severed; blows from swords, battle-axes, and daggers fell upon him from all sides in the space where he stood as it were penned up for the slaughter; and he and his follower, De Navailles, lay dead men at the foot of the railing over which the Dauphin had been leaning.

The lad looked very much frightened, but did not try to interfere, and let himself be led back to his lodgings, while his men crossed the river, overpowered the Duke's scanty escort, and forced the garrison in the Chateau of Montereau to yield to them. The corpse of Jean Sans Peur was stripped to the shirt and drawers, and thus lay on the fatal bridge till midnight, when it was carried to the mill, laid on a table, and in the morning buried in the church of Montereau.

So died Jean the Fearless—an unscrupulous man, with, it may be suspected, even less of the fear of God than of the fear of man. He had been a fairly just and beneficent ruler in his own hereditary states, but as a prince of the blood, forced to come forward by the incapacity of the sovereign, he had been a mere element of anarchy, and seems to have been more prompt to gratify his own hatred and ambition than to

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CAMEO XXIX.

Excuses of the Dauphin.

attempt aught for the public good. In the defence of the country against the invader, he did far less than any other prince, even than the feeble, inanimate Dauphin; but here difficulties with his Flemish subjects were probably his apology. It is hard, however, to pity a man for being thus murdered, when he had not only been guilty of such a deed in his own person, but had twice deliberately justified the action, and had even sought to reverse the sentence of the Church which condemned it. Who knows how much he had done to confuse the sense of right and wrong in the murderers, and in the miserable lad who was consenting to his death!

A lame account of the affair was sent off the next day by the Dauphin —not to the Court, but to the city of Paris, and the other chief places of the kingdom. He there stated that, "We reproached the Duke with not having waged war against the English;" whereupon he "answered some foolish words, and sought his sword to invade and do wrong to our person, which same, as we have since heard, he intended to seize and put in subjection. Whence, by Divine pity, and the goodness and aid of our loyal servants, we were preserved; and, through his own folly, he died on the spot." This was the best exculpation Charles could offer; and his friend, Sir Tanneguy du Chastel, likewise endeavoured to free himself from the imputation by declaring that, as soon as the tumult began, he had taken the Dauphin up in his arms and put him over the barrier; but most of the Dauphin's followers gloried in their successful fraud and murder.

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CAMEO XXX.

THE TREACHERY OF CHAMPTOCEAUX.

(1420.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1413. Henry V.	1406. James I.	1380. Charles VI.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V.

CAMEO XXX.

Jean of Brittany

BRITTANY was at peace with Henry V. The Duke, Jean V., surnamed the Good, was thirty-one years of age, a gentle-tempered man, and greatly beloved. He had many causes of complaint against the English. Henry had accused his mother of treasonable practices, kept his brother Arthur a close prisoner, and had treated the Duke himself with bluff abruptness when they had met; and the heart of Brittany was ever against the "Saozon." But Jean was bent on keeping the peace, and would not break his alliance with England; though his wife, Jeanne de Valois, daughter to Charles VI., had chafed extremely against it, even while Henry IV. still lived.

"Am I not a wretched woman?" she said.

"How so, dame? Have you not the fairest jewels, the finest palfreys, and silk and gold kirtles fairer than any queen or empress?"

"Ah! I would give them all if you would not become the vassal of an usurper."

"Speak better, lady; that king is my mother's husband."

"And my father is King of France. I hate the English more than death."

"Silence! this is no affair of women. There is reason for everything."

"Ay, and for treason!"

The lady had the last word, but was requited with a blow, and there was a cry that the Court of France must avenge the injury; but greater wrongs than this daily befell the blood of France unattended to; and as Jeanne really loved her husband, the stroke was soon forgotten.

She had worse to weep for in after times. It should be remembered that her husband, Jean V., was the son of that Jean de Montfort whose brave mother, Jeanne la Flamme, had made good his claim by the aid

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CAMEO XXX.

The Constable De Clisson.

of Edward III. Charles de Blois, count de Penthièvre, the rival candidate, who had been killed at the battle of Auray, had left a son, who had married Marguerite, the only daughter and heiress of the fierce old Constable, Olivier de Clisson, called the Butcher. Their possessions were enormous, with the united lands of Blois in Poitou, and of Clisson and Penthièvre in Brittany; and, from her youth up, Marguerite had nourished the hope of regaining the dukedom itself for her son.

When Jean IV. had died, leaving four young children, the eldest only twelve years old, she had actually come to her father, the old Constable, as he lay on his couch, and besought him, "for the sake of her fair children," to get the little boys put out of the way privately. Old Clisson, who though rugged and violent had always been honourable, really thought it was a temptation of the devil in his daughter's shape, so well did her suggestion chime with his own hatred of the Montfort. He shut his eyes, and crossed himself three or four times; but looking up, and finding her still standing at the foot of his couch, he leapt up, crying, "Wicked and perverse woman, if you live longer, you will be the ruin of your children's honour and welfare!" and he kicked her down stairs, so that she broke her leg, and went lame ever after.

Shortly after, the Constable was summoned to the parliament of the duchy at Rennes. It was the year 1401; the church was in full splendour, and thronged with nobles. On a platform stood the three little brothers, with long fair hair on their shoulders. The service for inauguration began. The Constable was called for, and Olivier, with a free and loyal heart, stepped forth, and as the eldest boy knelt before him he dubbed him knight.

"Brother, brother!" cried the little eight years old Arthur, "our father said that when the sword of knighthood was once received, one might give it to others. Give it to me, I pray you, that I may wield it in defence of our good land of Brittany."

There was great applause, as with much difficulty the little Duke Jean heaved up the great sword and knighted the still lesser Arthur.

The good understanding did not last, however; there was a foolish accusation of sorcery set up against Clisson, and in extreme old age he was forced to purchase peace by a large fine. He died peacefully in his Castle of Josselin, in 1407; and honour seemed to have died out of France with the generation of Du Guesclin; while Marguerite, now a widow, was like the revengeful hag of a romance, continually inflaming the minds of her four sons against the Duke.

Tanneguy du Chastel, the friend of the Dauphin, was induced to promise her that if by any means the Duke could be removed, the Dauphin would own her son, Olivier de Blois, count de Penthièvre, as the rightful Duke of Brittany.

Arthur de Richemont, the brave second brother, was a prisoner in England; Richard, the next in age, was very young; the Duke's children were infants, and the time seemed favourable—for treason as well as reason.

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CAMEO XXX.

The invitation to Champtoceaux.

1420

In the spring of 1420, Olivier de Blois went to visit the Duke at Nantes, and there made himself so agreeable that Jean created him Marshal of Brittany, asked him in case of his own death to become guardian to his infant children, and accepted the urgent invitation he brought on the part of his mother to spend Shrovetide with her at her Castle of Champtoceaux, whence Olivier engaged by all possible oaths to escort him safely back to Nantes.

The Duke's advisers were averse to his thus trusting the sworn enemies of his family, but he would listen to no remonstrance; and desiring not to be burdensome to his hostess, took with him as few attendants as possible—only his brother Richard and a few knights.

It was in February, 1420, when the Count de Penthièvre went to call him in early morning at his tower at Nantes, and taking him by the hand to wake him, said, "Ha! quick, quick, it is late; the ladies are expecting us at Champtoceaux; the chase and the sports are ready: we must hasten." That day they went as far as Loroux Bottereaux, where they slept; and in the morning the attendants set forward with the Duke's plate, without which no prince ever travelled.

After Mass, the Duke and his brother mounted, and Olivier guided them to the bridge of La Tuberde, over the little river Divette. He had had all the planks unfastened, so as to be able to remove them quickly, and as the bridge was very narrow he dismounted, and advised the Duke and his brother to do the same and cross on foot. No sooner were they on the other side, than some of Olivier's attendants pretended to be in joke, as they knocked down the boards, and challenged one another to leap across the space left open. The Duke was amused at the frolic, till he perceived that almost all his suite were left behind; and at the same time Olivier's brother, Charles de Blois, came out of a wood with forty lances, and many men on foot. "St. Yves, fair cousin," cried the Duke, "who are these?"

"They are my men," said Olivier, at the same time laying hold of the Duke. "We have you at last; and, before we let you go, you must restore our inheritance."

The troop of Charles de Blois then came at full charge upon the Duke and his few friends; a blow was aimed at his head with a sword, which was intercepted by Jean of Beaumanoir, at the cost of a severe wound; his other gentlemen were thrown down, and he was captured. Charles galloped off with the news to his mother, who at once threw all the attendants already arrived into dungeons, and seized the plate; whilst the elder brother, fastening leading-reins to the horses of the two princes, dragged them on into the city of Clisson, first warning them that if they made any attempt to appeal to the people, or to escape into a church, they should at once be put to death, were it in the very arms of the crucifix.

Though brave men in battle, the two princes were completely cowed, and made no sign while in the city, so that they passed unrecognised. When out of sight of inhabited places, Count Olivier caused their right

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CAMEO XXX.

Imprisonment of the Duke. 1420.

legs to be bound to their horses, and made a ruffian ride on each side with a drawn sword. Thus they came to a house, where Olivier went into the hall to rest, eat, and warm himself, leaving his unfortunate captives at the gate, still tied on their horses, in the bitter wind, with neither food nor drink.

One of the guards went into the hall to entreat for some slight relief for them. "Let them die of it," said Olivier, brutally, "and feed the dogs." "Then I had better kill them at once," said the officer, "for they will not live."

However, the Count relented so far as to let the guard take them into a sort of cellar, where they were allowed to share with him the bones of a cold goose, and a pot of bad cider. They were then again bound upon their beasts, and carried on to Palnau; whence by long byways they were after several days' journey brought to Champtoceaux, where they were put for a few minutes into the room of a chaplain, who gave them a meal off a piece of cold pork, the best dinner they had had since their capture. They saw no one else, and fancied the fortress deserted, as they were led along galleries and up staircases, to a high tower, where the bolts were drawn behind them.

By and by, in came hobbling the old Countess Marguerite, and her daughter-in-law, the young sister of the Duke of Burgundy. They threw themselves at her feet, saying, "Noble lady, are we in danger of death? Is there no hope for us?"

"By St. Mary, I neither know nor care," she said. "Have you not taken my children's inheritance? Such crimes deserve the gibbet, you know."

The Duke pleaded his innocence; but she did not answer, and only appeared again on Ash Wednesday, taunting them with its being the time of repentance and restitution.

Jean implored her to spare their lives, promising to yield everything on that one condition.

"I know not," said the old hag. "My children have acted by the express command of Monseigneur the Dauphin, Regent of France—they have good fair letters from him, sealed with his seal, and we must go by his orders. Death, dungeon, torture—all can be taken patiently. Cease lamenting; kings and princes have had their troubles. *Deposuit potentes de sede:* you understand. Good Christians like you know their Psalter."

"I heed deposition little, so that we have but our lives," said the unfortunate Duke.

"We shall see," answered the Countess: "only pray Heaven to have mercy on your souls. For my part, I am leaving this noble castle; women understand only their distaff, and are afraid of war; I fear your knights may besiege us, and if they are as brave as you, we shall see fine sport."

It was false that she was going to leave the castle. Their window had been walled up, all but an air-hole covered with a bit of waxed cloth; but making a little hole through this, they saw her walking about

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CAMEO XXX.

Captivity of the Duke of Brittany

in the court; and they hardly knew whether it boded them death or safety when they learnt from a servant that the States of Brittany were assembling to set them free.

The Duchess, a daughter of the King, had at first imagined that her husband had been murdered; and it was only through the report of peasants who had seen him dragged away that he was at length traced to Champtoceaux.

The States assembled at Vannes, and there the Duchess brought her two little children, and with many tears and promises besought that her husband might be rescued. She had written in vain to her father and brother; no answer came from either, except that there were orders in the King's name that no one should take up arms in behalf either of the Duke or the Count of Penthièvre.

This edict made little difference to the faithful barons; but their difficulty was to find some one whom every one would obey as their leader, and they actually sent to Henry V. to ask him to lend them Arthur, Count de Richemont, his prisoner, the brother whose age came between those of the two captive ones, swearing all manner of oaths that they would send him back as soon as he had delivered his brethren. To this, however, Henry would not trust; and at last Raoul de Coëtguen, Marshal of Brittany, was appointed their leader, and marched into the lands of Penthièvre four months after the imprisonment of the Duke.

The first measure taken by the Penthièvre party was to dress an unfortunate young groom in garments of the Duke's, and with just mystery enough to be remarked, to drown him in the Loire; but this cruel trick only occupied the barons for a short time, and they besieged Lamballe. Then Olivier came into the tower with his brother, and in the most brutal language threatened the Duke with instant death unless he caused the siege to be raised. He answered, that he had had no communication with any one for five months, and had certainly not ordered the siege; but if two of his imprisoned gentlemen, Pierre Eder and Jean de Kermelles, could be despatched, some terms might be made.

The next day the Count returned, and brought with him two gaolers, who loaded the unfortunate princes with fetters.

"Well," he said, "have you found means of stopping this, or are you willing to die? Poor caitiffs who cannot send a courier, I'll let you send to your *preux* defenders this Jean de Kermelles whom you talk of; but if he come not back again, so much the worse for you! Besides, he must take some token to your wife, to show these are not idle words."

Eder and Kermelles were then brought in, and were assured by Penthièvre, with the most frightful oaths, that their master's life hung on a thread. The Duke then wrote to his wife, telling her that if she loved him she would cause the siege of Lamballe to be raised, or else his head and his brother's would be hooked up to the highest tower of Champtoceaux. As to the token, the Duke had been stripped of everything; but his own casket being brought him, he selected from it a little Agnus Dei, with a gold chain, to send to his duchess. Kermelles swore

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CAMEO XXX.

Siege of Champtoceaux.

to return at a certain time, and Eder was detained as his pledge; but in the meantime the barons had gained such successes that the Count no longer durst keep his prisoners at Champtoceaux, whither Kermelles faithfully returned, while he removed them, heavily ironed, to the Castle of Clisson, assuring them continually that he intended to have their limbs cut off piecemeal.

The barons advanced and besieged Champtoceaux. Old Countess Marguerite and one of her sons prepared for defence, putting great faith in the strength of the castle, which stood upon a steep rock, and had hitherto been considered as impregnable. The barons, learning that their Duke had been removed, at first doubted whether it would not be better to follow in his track; but recollecting what a hostage the old lady would be, and how dangerous her garrison might become in their rear, they decided on attacking her, and opened trenches in the new fashion, employing some cannon that had been presented to the Duke by Henry V. These soon made an impression upon the walls of Champtoceaux; and though Count Olivier sent his brother Charles to relieve his mother, the barons beat him off, and at length effected a breach. All the roofs were already shattered; and Marguerite, who had all this time been confident in the aid of the Dauphin and Tanneguy du Chastel, lost heart, and began to expect that she should suffer torments from the revenge of the victorious party; but in spite of her crimes, there were many among the barons who, for the sake of her brave father's fame and of the good Charles de Blois, were only anxious to extricate her from the situation into which she had brought herself. At last she sent down a trumpet requesting a parley, and, after a short consultation, consented to deliver up the two princes, make compensation for the injuries that they and their servants had suffered, pay all the expenses of the war, and submit herself to the judgment of the Parliament of Brittany. She made no difficulties, signed the treaty, and wrote to her son: "If you wish to see me alive, send back the Duke and his brother; but make haste."

Olivier saw the game was played out; but he still delayed, hoping to gain something still from the Duke's weakness. He relaxed the severity of Jean's captivity, and then told him that he would release him but for the fear of the wrath of his mother. "But," said he, "if you would secure me from her anger, by giving me your daughter in marriage, I might brave her indignation, for you would give your son-in-law fortresses such as would make up for what she would deprive me of."

The Duke actually fell into the snare, and swore to give his gaoler whatever he demanded; and as soon as Penthièvre thought himself thus sure of pardon, he gave the two princes to one of his kinsmen, by whom they were safely brought to the camp before Champtoceaux.

Then the Countess was allowed to leave the castle, with children, servants, and garrison, only leaving, as hostage, her youngest son Guillaume. The prisoners were found in a lamentable state, one actually dying; and Kermelles and Eder had had a narrow escape, as

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CAMEO XXX.

Release of the Duke of Brittany.

they had been purposely placed in the tower where they were most likely to be killed by the shot of their friends.

Champtoceaux was levelled with the ground; and the Duke, in the midst of the rejoicings of his friends, wrote to Pope Martin V. to ask how far he was bound by the variety of promises and vows he had made in the time of his captivity. The Pope answered, that all his promises to the Penthièvre family had been made under compulsion, and were of no effect; and that as to his vow to go on pilgrimage to Jerusalem, he might be acquitted of that by giving the Church 20,000 florins, and remitting all the dues with which it was charged.

On that Ash-Wednesday when Marguerite had preached so piously about death, dungeon, and torture, he had promised his own weight in gold to our Lady of the Carmelites at Nantes; and on the day when he had been put into chains he had promised his weight in silver to St. Yves. Both these vows he carefully fulfilled, and each shrine received a whole treasury full of coin, plate, and jewels. Other churches had their share, and among them that of St. Catherine de Fierbois. Those offerings may have aided in impressing the heart of a young girl who was growing up in the village of Arc to do a mighty work.

He amply rewarded the faithful men who had aided him; but he showed his right to the title of Jean le Bon by the great leniency with which he was disposed to treat his enemies. He offered a full pardon, provided the two eldest of the Blois family, Olivier and Charles, would come in person before the Parliament, and make the following confession—without being haltered, going on hands and knees, or any of the signs of humiliation so frequent in the Middle Ages: "Our redoubted sovereign lord—Through evil counsel and through our youthful folly, we have taken you, laid hands on you and Richard, my lord your brother, and long detained you, against your will, foolishly and ill-advised; for the which we grieve and do heartily repent; we cry mercy, entreating you to pardon us of your grace and pity." The Countess Marguerite and her two younger sons were to appear by proxy, and say, "We had no share in the taking and detaining of your person and that of my lord your brother, for which we grieve and repent; but in so far as we were consenting thereto, we supplicate you to pardon us of your grace and pity, and we cry you mercy."

Nothing could have been more lenient, and Olivier signed the treaty; but his mother could not believe in the Duke's magnanimity, and withheld him and the other brothers from appearing, so that it became impossible to release Guillaume, the youngest, who was in the Duke's hands; he spent twenty-five years in captivity, in different fortresses, and wept so much that he lost his eyesight.

As the family remained contumacious, the Parliament decreed the forfeiture of all the great estates of the houses of Penthièvre and Clisson. They were so extensive that the Duke was able to enrich a hundred and forty-two nobles out of the division. Jean de Blois, the third brother, infuriated against the Duke, attempted revenge; and collecting

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thirty-nine more conspirators in Poitou, dressed them in long coarse garments concealing coats of mail, knives, and swords, and travelling only by night, they entered Brittany, and closely followed the Duke in all his journeys. But just as the design was on the point of execution, one was discovered and arrested; and their chief joined his mother in her last refuge, a castle in Poitou.

Olivier had escaped into his Viscounty of Limoges, part of the Blois inheritance; but he found himself in danger from the barons of Aquitaine, who were friendly to Brittany, and setting out in disguise, made his way through Lyons, Geneva, and Basle, towards Avesnes, his estate in Hainault; but when he had almost arrived he was pounced upon by the Markgraf of Baden, and imprisoned. The Bretons offered twenty-five thousand gold crowns to have the prisoner in their hands; but the Duke of Burgundy, and, strange to say, Henry V., bid thirty thousand for his liberty, and he was released, reached Avesnes, and never durst leave the place again.

The most adventurous Breton knights set out, determined to catch him and destroy him, or bring him back a captive; and among the means they hoped to find effective was a gold chain, wrought under such a baneful influence that it would gradually burn away the flesh of the unfortunate wearer, and it could not be filed off, as the touch of the file produced unquenchable flames. So cautious, however, was the Count, that no stratagem ever succeeded in making him put on this unpleasant ornament, nor could his enemies ever reach him; but he was obliged to linger out his days in Hainault, as did his mother in Poitou; and the words of old Olivier de Clisson were accomplished, that the cruel and perverse Marguerite had become the ruin of her sons.

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CAMEO XXXI.

THE AVENGER OF FRANCE.

(1420.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1413. Henry V.	1406. James I.	1380. Charles VI.	1406. Juan I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V.

THE saying in France was that the great wound in the skull of Jean Sans Peur of Burgundy was the door that admitted the English; but considering how far in they were already, this seems a good deal like a salve to national vanity.

What Sir Tanneguy du Chastel and his comrades, who surrounded the Dauphin Charles of Touraine, could have proposed to themselves, is by no means clear. They might have hoped that Queen Isabeau would rejoice to be freed from the supremacy of the man who had murdered her lover, the Duke of Orleans; but that murder was twelve years old; and, to Isabeau, Jean Sans Peur appeared in the light of a deliverer from the restraint she had suffered from the Count d'Armagnac; and in her terror and dismay it was not to her own son, the friend of the murderers, that she turned, but to the son and heir of the slaughtered Jean, the husband of her elder daughter Michelle.

Philippe, the new Duke, was twenty-three years of age, and was of a kindly nature, that won for him the title of "the Good." He was certainly a better and less ungodly man than his father, and, though licentious in private life, kept on good terms with the clergy, and desired to promote the cause of religion. From perfidy and murder like those of his father he stands clear; and he was also a far more able and discreet man. With the exterior of a gallant knight, he had magnificent tastes, and was so liberal and free of gifts that his little court became the most splendid in Europe; and his knights were the most chivalrous and best equipped that France or the Empire could show; and withal he was so skilful an economist, and knew so well how to preserve the friendship of the Flemings, that his long reign became the golden age in the history of the Low Countries.

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CAMEO XXXI.

Alliance of Burgundy and England.

He was at Ghent when tidings of the treachery at Montereau were brought to him. He read the letter in the presence of his wife, and turning to her, said, "Michelle, your brother has murdered my father!" She was in great fear at first, lest he should include her in his wrath against the Dauphin; but he quickly reassured her on that score, and took her with him to Arras, where he received letters from her mother which virtually placed herself and the King at his disposal, and where he received deputations from Paris and many other of the cities of France, making it evident that the sympathy of the greater part of the kingdom was with him and not with the Dauphin; and it was agreed to make proposals of friendship to Henry V. as the most ready means of punishing the Dauphin. More than ever did Henry believe himself the destined avenger. His first step when he learnt at Gisors the death of the Duke of Burgundy had been to desire his French captives, Orleans and Bourbon, to be strictly watched, so that no new leader might appear on the scene and prevent him from fulfilling that knight-errant part of lover and avenger that had taken possession of his imagination. He indignantly rejected the proposals of accommodation sent him by the Dauphin, who, having failed to secure the support even of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Brittany, drew off into the south of France, which for the most part was influenced by the Armagnac party, and regarded Henry, as he styled himself, the Regent of France.

Queen Isabeau, in concert with Philippe of Burgundy, next sent to inform Henry of her willingness to grant all he had demanded the previous year. It is said that Henry answered, he had been so often deceived and baffled that he would treat with no one save Madame Catherine herself, whose innocence he was sure would not deceive him. So Isabeau sent back the Bishop of Arras with a promise, that if he would come to Troyes Catherine would espouse him there, and even caused the young lady to write with her own hand a love-letter, with which he is said to have been highly delighted.

The Court of France was at Troyes, where Philippe of Burgundy arrived on the 20th of March, 1420, paid his homage to Charles VI. for his duchy of Burgundy and his counties of Flanders and Artois, and sent preachers to assure the Parisians of the many excellent qualities of the King of England, whose party they were called on to espouse. The preliminaries of the treaty were signed on the 9th of April. Henry was by it to renounce the vain title of King of France for the present, but on his marriage with Catherine he was immediately to become Regent; and the Dauphin Charles being declared to have forfeited the kingdom by his treachery, the Princess Catherine was to inherit his rights, and on her father's death was, with Henry of England, to mount the throne in his stead. It was a monstrous injustice, passing over as it did the claims of the captive Duke of Orleans, the son of the King's brother, and husband of Catherine's eldest sister, and those likewise of the Duke of Burgundy himself, of the Duke of Anjou, and, further off, of the House of Bourbon. Henry's upright character had been warped by ambition into believing

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CAMEO XXXI.

Treaty with Queen Isabeau.

himself already the representative of the old claim of Edward III., and he probably viewed it as rather a generous concession to leave the crown to the imbecile Charles for the short remnant of his life; but Philippe of Burgundy must have been frantic with desire of revenge when he thus consented to give away the rights of himself and his children. However, no doubt every one was sick of anarchy, and glad enough to hail a veritable king when they saw him, and such a king as Harry of Monmouth. So high stood the fame of the House of Lancaster, that the miserable kingdom of Naples, torn to pieces by the disputes and crimes of Queen Giovanna, actually sent to offer the reversion of the crown to John, duke of Bedford; but he and Henry seem to have thought they had quite enough upon their hands, and the negotiation came to nothing.

Early in May, Henry, with his two brothers, Thomas and Humphrey, set out for Troyes with seven thousand picked men, who were freshly instructed to maintain discipline; to secure which they were commanded to mix water with the fiery wines of Champagne, through which they were to pass. They marched so near the walls of Paris that the citizens could see them, and hailed them with loud cheers and acclamations.

The Duke of Burgundy met them at a short distance from Troyes, and conducted the King to the Hôtel de Ville, where he slept; and the next day, May 20th, clad in complete armour, and with his favourite fox's brush in his helmet, he repaired to the Church of Notre Dame, where Queen Isabeau and her daughter awaited him, and apologized for the absence of poor King Charles. The articles of the treaty were read and signed; and fair Catherine, with a kingdom for her dowry, was betrothed to the warrior who had won her, and now committed the custody of her person to the good knight, Sir Lewis Robsart, who was to guard her person while she was in France. The betrothal ring that Henry then placed on the finger of his "fair Catherine, and most fair," is believed to be that which is still used at the coronation of our Queens Consort.

The Emperor Sigismund—always found wherever we least expect to hear of him—was present, and signed the treaty that proclaimed Henry of England Regent and Heir of France, and outlawed Charles, duke of Touraine and Dauphin of Vienne, as a traitor, guilty of crimes by which he forfeited the throne. The consent of the Emperor as the premier sovereign in Europe, and not yet divested entirely of the traditional glory of Rome, no doubt was felt as an additional sanction—when he was on Henry's side; though, if he had attempted to revive the claims of the Earl of March, nobody would have been so ready as Henry to disavow all regard for the Kaiser or his empire.

On the 3d of June, Trinity Sunday, 1420, the marriage itself was solemnized with such splendour as the time permitted—Monstrelet says, as great as if he had been king of all the world. The Archbishop of Sens blessed them; and in the middle of the night, according to old

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CAMEO XXXI.

Marriage of Henry and Catherine.

French custom, a grand procession came to visit the bedchamber of the royal pair, and bring them soup and wine. The English were in ecstasies. Sir Hugh Luttrell, Lieutenant of Harfleur, wrote letters declaring it a special providence of Heaven that his king had set at one, with a perpetual peace, two realms which had been always in dissension. Rejoicings hailed the proclamation of the peace all over England; and the Great Seal was cancelled in order that another for both England and France might be minted. All the French cities where anything was known of the personal qualities of Henry were enthusiastic for him—no doubt feeling his steady hand, upright justice, and consideration, an infinite relief. No conqueror, save Alexander the Great, was ever so beloved by the conquered.

The nobles, French and English, expected that the marriage would be celebrated by tilt and tourney, for which no disaster seemed to diminish their appetite; but Henry was far too much in earnest for such sports; "I pray," said he, "my Lord and King (the poor cipher, Charles) to permit, and I command his servants and mine, to be in readiness to-morrow morning to go and lay siege to Sens, wherein are our enemies. There every man may have jousting and tourneying enough, and may give proof of his prowess, for there is no finer prowess than that of doing justice on the wicked, in order that the poor people may breathe and live." However, he was not so devoted to war as not to care for the enjoyment of music with his bride; for just at this time he sent home for two new harps for his own use and his Queen's. On Trinity Tuesday he marched from Troyes, taking with him his bride, with her father and mother, and the Duke of Burgundy. The city was taken in two days.

From Sens the army proceeded to Montereau, which was still held by the Dauphin's party. The town was almost immediately taken by assault, on Midsummer Day; and afterwards the poor women of the town led the Duke of Burgundy to his father's hastily made grave. All he could do that night was to lay a black pall over it, surrounded by wax candles; but in the morning, some of the Burgundian knights and squires were sent to disinter the corpse. No man could refrain from weeping at the spectacle of the remains of the once powerful Duke. None of the jewels that he had had about him could be recovered, only his breviary; and after a fresh embalmment the body was re-coffined, and sent off to the tomb of his father at the Carthusian church at Dijon; while the body of Sir Butor de Croy, a valiant Burgundian knight who had been killed in the siege, was put into the vacant grave.

The castle of Montereau was harder to take; and Henry sent eight prisoners he had made in the town to entreat the Governor, the Sieur de Guitry, to surrender, otherwise they were to be hung before the moat. The Governor answered that they must do the best they could, for he would not surrender. They then begged to speak with their kindred who were inside the walls, and took leave of them with many tears; after which they were led back to the camp, and all hanged. Useless

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cruelty was not Henry's wont; and it is probable that some notion of justice for Jean Sans Peur's murder was connected with this execution.

Eight days after, Guitry surrendered, and was much blamed for having sacrificed his comrades' lives to so little purpose. Villeneuve le Roi was then taken, and Melun besieged. The place was commanded by the Sieur de Barbazan, and threatened to hold out long. So Henry established his court near the camp, where Margaret Holland, the daughter of the Earl of Kent and wife of the Duke of Clarence, and many noble ladies, came to form an English train for their new queen. The poor old King Charles was, Monstrelet says, "without his former pomp and state, so that it was a poor sight to see him; but Henry took good care of him; built him a house out of hearing of the cannon, and sent "eight or ten clarions and divers other instruments" to play before it, at sunrise and nightfall, as the best means of diverting his melancholy. Probably he had never been so well taken care of since he had lost his senses.

The siege was severe, and lasted eighteen weeks; Henry attacking one side, and the Duke of Burgundy the other, while a bridge was thrown across the Seine to secure their communications. Mines were made beneath the walls; and the besiegers finding this out, made countermines, in which both parties encountered; and Henry himself had a sharp fight with lances with the Sieur de Barbazan. The English gentlemen seem to have been tired of the siege; for one of them wrote to his friends at home, bidding him pray that they might be speedily delivered from this "unlusty life of lying in trenches." Here Monstrelet records a curious interview between Henry and the Lord de Lisle Adam, the same who had taken Paris, and was now Marshal of France. He had been fighting against the Dauphin's men at Joigny, but had to come for orders to Henry as Regent. He appeared in a plain suit of light grey; and Henry, "by way of joke," said, "What, Lisle Adam, is this a dress for a Marshal of France?"

"Sire," said Lisle Adam, looking him full in the face; "I have had it thus made to cross the Seine in the boats."

This was probably an insolent satire on Henry's conduct of the siege, in not assaulting, but following the more skilled recent method of making trenches; and the bold look was a sample of the manner in which royal personages had come to be treated in France. The King rejoined, "How dare you thus look a prince full in the face when you are speaking to him?"

"Sire," said Lisle Adam, "such is the custom of us Frenchmen. If any one address another, whatever may be his rank, and look on the ground, he is thought to have evil designs, and cannot be an honest man, since he dares not look in the face of him to whom he is speaking."

This sounds like a manly speech; but it was vitally necessary to Henry to keep himself respected and feared in a land that had so long been lawless; and replying "Such is not our custom," he dismissed Lisle Adam, and shortly after deprived him of his office of Marshal of France.

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CAMEO XXXI.

Henry V. enters Paris.

There was a severe epidemic disease in the besieging army, and both men and horses were dying by wholesale; but within the city, men were "living on dogs, cats, horses, and other food unbecoming Christians," and a message sent by Barbazan, to inform the Dauphin of their plight, only received for answer that he could do nothing for them, and that they must make the best terms they could.

The men-at-arms and inhabitants were to be safe in life, limb, and property, provided they would swear never to serve against Henry. Those who would not so swear were to be treated as prisoners, except such as had been concerned in the murder of the Duke of Burgundy. Several persons were executed for this cause; a squire of Guyenne, named Bertrand de Chaumont, who had joined Henry before the battle of Agincourt, was convicted of taking a bribe to connive at the escape of one of the guilty persons, and was accordingly beheaded. The Dukes of Clarence and Burgundy both interceded for him in vain; Henry would hear nothing, saying he was resolved to have no traitors in his army, and must make an example, though he would have given five hundred thousand nobles rather than have found Bertrand de Chaumont disloyal.

He had now cleared the way behind him to Paris, and resolved to enjoy at length the triumph of a public entry. The city was in a wretched state; children ran about screaming for bread, and people were actually dying on dunghills; but a grand display was prepared to greet him; the houses were hung with tapestry, and the wealthier citizens came out to meet him in red garments, which was then considered as the English colour. King Charles was able to be set on horseback and ride side by side with his son-in-law; Clarence and Bedford rode behind them, Burgundy in deep mourning on the opposite side of the street, and all the other nobles in due order. Near each church they met a procession of the clergy, chanting, "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," and presenting the *chasses* with the relics of their chief saints to be kissed. They gave them first to their own king, who turned towards the King of England with a sign offering him the precedence; but Henry returned by putting his hand to his hood, bowing, and insisting that his father-in-law should kiss them first. At Notre Dame they dismounted, and had a thanksgiving service, after which Charles was lodged at the Hôtel de St. Pol, and Henry at the Louvre. The two queens came in with great rejoicings the next day; and as for both days all the fountains ran with wine, it is to be hoped that the poor starving people had food in proportion.

Being now in the seat of government, and Charles VI. being capable of representing the royalty of France, a solemn court of justice was held in the Hall of St. Pol, where Philippe of Burgundy appeared in deep mourning to sue for judgment against the slayers of his father. His advocate requested that Charles, calling himself Dauphin of Vienne, the Vicomte de Narbonne, the Sieur de Barbazan, Sire Tanneguy du Chastel, and the rest, should be sentenced to be placed in

CAMEO XXXI.

Sentence against the murderers of Jean Sans Peur.

tumbrels, and carried through all the squares in Paris on three Saturdays or festival days, bareheaded, and holding wax-candles in their hands; and that in every square they should publicly confess with a loud voice that they had cruelly, wickedly, and damnably put the Duke of Burgundy to death. The same public penance was to be repeated at Montereau; and on the spot where the murder had taken place they were to erect a church, furnish and endow it, and set up an inscription recording their guilt, both there and at Rome, Paris, Ghent, Dijon, Compostella, and Jerusalem. Of the accused, only the Sieur de Barbazan was really in the hands of the judges; but he had always expressed his horror of the murder, and Henry, who admired his courage in the mines at Melun, protected him from the vengeance of the Duke of Burgundy. Therefore this elaborate sentence remained empty words; but the doom of forfeiture was again pronounced against the Dauphin; the treaty of Troyes was renewed, and Philippe obtained a secret article making him independent of France, so that the Low Countries were in a fair way of becoming a separate kingdom. Christmas was spent at Paris, when, as usual, the attendance at Henry's court far exceeded that upon the poor old King; and he then set off to introduce his young queen to his native kingdom. Isabeau was appointed Regent of France in his absence; but the real management of affairs remained with Thomas, duke of Clarence, Henry's favourite brother, and a most blameless, stainless knight.

On the 1st of February, 1421, the King and Queen, the pride of their rejoicing country, landed at Dover. On the 24th, Catherine was crowned Queen of England by Archbishop Chicheley, and a banquet was given that Monstrelet considers to have been unrivalled, save by King Arthur. Lent had begun, so the feast was entirely of fish: but they were of many kinds, and were adorned in the quaintest fashions, with *sotilties*, or subtleties, representing Catherine's patron Saint, blazonings, or her motto and Henry's; and, most splendid of all, a cavalier taming a tiger by presenting a mirror to him, a means which was considered to be effectual with wild beasts, and further, was a boast of the effect Henry was supposed to have had on the young Dauphin, by holding up his own iniquities to him! The motto was

"Gile che Mirrour,
Ma festa distour."

But as the tiger was as yet far from being caught, the motto must have been more accordant with the pride of London than with Henry's good sense.

Henry was now at the summit of his glory. He had fulfilled the scheme of his youth when still little more than thirty. He had severely punished the guilty realm of France, and had been hailed in the capital as deliverer and righteous judge. He held in his grasp more than his first Angevin ancestor had claimed; and his warlike skill and discipline

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CAMEO XXXI.

Return of Henry to England.

were bringing rest to a long-distracted land. At home he was passionately loved by a people who were ready to give their lives and their wealth to one who thus maintained their glory; and the dearest wish of his heart was fulfilled—the bride he had won with his own good sword was his, and the heiress of a kingdom. No wonder he thought he had done the work of Providence, and was a chosen instrument of Heaven, with no more to do but to lead the forces of both united and pacified countries to win back the long-lost Holy Land. The good knight Sir Gilbert de Lannoy was sent by him to Jerusalem, to bring him a full report of the state of the city and all its dependencies. The military report drawn up by this gentleman is still in existence; and it further appears that Henry was fond of reading Crusading books, for he had borrowed, from the Countess of Westmoreland, "Cronikels of Jerusalem," and "Le Viage de Godfrey Boylion."

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CAMEO XXXII.

THE LAST CAMPAIGN.

(1421—1422.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1413. Henry V.	1406. James I.	1380. Charles VI.	1406. Juan I.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V.

CAMEO XXXII.

Captivity of James I. of Scotland.

ONE of the chief iniquities by which Henry IV. had sown the wind for his children to reap the whirlwind, had been the capture and imprisonment of the young Prince of Scotland in time of truce.

This had been in 1405: the next year, the death of his broken-hearted father, Robert III., had rendered the boy King James I. of Scotland, but without obtaining his release. His uncle, the Duke of Albany—the murderer of his elder brother, the unhappy David, duke of Rothsay—had assumed the chief power over Scotland, and only requested Henry IV. to keep him safe. Indeed, it is most probable that James's life was really saved by his captivity; and he was growing up at Windsor Castle under careful and diligent culture, such as rendered him one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time; a musician, a poet, and well skilled in all martial exercises; on terms of personal friendship with the princes, and associating with the fair daughters of the Governor of Windsor, John Beaufort, earl of Somerset, the son of John of Gaunt by his last marriage.

In the battle of Homildon Hill, as has been before said, Murdoch Stewart, the eldest son of the Duke of Albany, had been made prisoner, and closely kept, after the usual Lancastrian policy; but soon after his accession, Henry V. permitted Murdoch to be exchanged for Henry Percy, the son of Hotspur, and allowed many young Scots nobles to visit his court, and become acquainted with their king. They were infinitely charmed with him; and a negotiation was set on foot, by which Henry was to let him make a visit to his own dominions—a large number of nobles and bishops offering security for his being safely returned. It is not improbable that this seemed to Henry the best chance of securing his life from his uncle, who would have mounted the throne

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CAMEO XXXII.

Alliance of France and Scotland.

could he have destroyed James. At any rate, Albany prevailed to prevent the plan from being carried into effect.

Henry had learnt, from the example of the two warlike Edwards, that to be at war with France and Scotland both at once was more than England could successfully contrive; and he did his best to be at peace with his northern neighbours: but Albany, in 1416, thinking all the English force absent with the King in France, made a sudden attack on Roxburgh. On hearing, however, that the Duke of Bedford was rapidly marching to its relief, he made a precipitate retreat, and thus earned for his expedition the title of "the Foul Raid," so ashamed of it were his manly Scots. A much fouler raid was made by way of reprisals, by the Warden of the Marches, Sir Robert Umfraville—that is, if "foul" be a word applied to the desolation inflicted instead of the cowardice manifested.

This was in 1419; and immediately afterwards came an entreaty from the much-distressed Dauphin Charles, that some Scottish troops might be sent to his aid. France and Scotland had been allied by common hatred to England ever since the days of Bruce; and whatever education the Scots obtained was usually at the University of Paris. There it had been that "the twa clerks' sons o' Owsenford" had been executed for their unlawful love of the daughters of the "Mayor of fair Parish," as the ballad calls him. They afterwards appeared to their mother at home:—

"The hallow days of Yule were come,
And the nights were long and mirk,
When in and cam her ain twa sons,
And their hats made of the birk:
It grew in neither dyke nor ditch,
Nor yet in ony scheuch;
But at the gates of Paradise
That birk grew fair eneuch."

In spite of the fate of the "twa clerks' sons," Paris continued very popular in Scotland; and when the Dauphin's letter was received, Albany's second son, John Stewart, earl of Buchan, the Earl of Wigton, and many more brave men whose powers could find much better scope in France than in tearing their own country to pieces, volunteered for the French service; and so much at ease did they make themselves, that the French called them "Wine-sacks and Mutton-eaters."

Henry, learning what was in hand, sent orders to the Duke of Bedford to collect all the ships he could find in the ports, and intercept the forty vessels that had been lent by the King of Castille to carry the Scots; but the command came too late, for seven thousand of the bravest Scots had already been landed in the south of France, there to become the rescuers of the French monarchy.

Old Albany died in his eightieth year, just after his son had left him. Murdoch, a much feebler person, succeeded to the regency. When Henry arrived in England, James, the true King of Scotland, now in the fifteenth year of his captivity and the thirtieth of his age, obtained

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the intercession of the fair bride, Queen Catherine, at her coronation feast. It is said to be the only time on record of Catherine's interceding for any one; but her cold selfish heart may have been stirred by the graceful mien of the captive King, and the romantic poetry he poured forth in honour of the Lady Joan Beaufort, the sister of his gentle keeper, Lord Somerset; and she begged the King to consent to his return to Scotland, and marriage with his lady-love.

Henry showed some signs of relenting, and invited the King of Scotland to accompany him and his queen on a progress through the midland counties; when he took them to Kenilworth, the chief abode of his early boyhood, and the scene of the famous fox-hunt, when he had acquired the brush that was his favourite cognizance. He now built an arbour over the scene of the fox's death; and inspected the great improvements that had been made by planting and draining; so that what had once been wild bog was now termed the "Pleasance in the Marsh." It was on this progress that he showed his strong disapprobation of duelling. Two men came to demand his permission to fight in single combat. Their neighbours entreated him to bind them over to keep the peace; but he answered, "No; they were welcome to fight it out; but if one were killed, he should at once hang the other for murder;" and this put an end to the defiance.

He left his queen at Leicester, and rode on with James on a pilgrimage to the great shrine of St. John of Beverley—not so very far from James's own dominions but that a daring ride might have gained them, had not James been a man of honour on his parole.

The Earl of Douglas, too, was negotiating for him, offering to lead two hundred knights and squires and two hundred mounted archers to the assistance of Henry in France, provided King James were but restored to Scotland; and holding out hopes that all the others in the service of the French would change sides and join him.

In the midst of these negotiations came news like a clap of thunder. Those same seven thousand Scotsmen had indeed made their presence felt. They had brought about Henry's first and only reverse; and, what was more, they had slain the brother whom he loved so well, Thomas, the brave Duke of Clarence.

The matter came about in this wise. The French, under the Sieur de La Fayette, had drawn together with the seven thousand Scots in Anjou. Clarence, deceived by the reports of the country people, was unaware of their real numbers, and set out to attack them at the town of Beaugé, so swiftly, that he left behind him all the archers, the solid strength of the English army, and took only the mounted knights, squires, and men-at-arms. No tents or baggage were taken; and Clarence spent the last night of his life sleeping under an apple-tree, with a log of wood for his pillow.

He came upon the enemy the next day, March 21st, 1421, forced the passage of the bridge, but found himself in the midst of much larger numbers than he had expected. The Scots and French charged his

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The battle of Beaugé. 1421.

force before he had time to re-form; and as he rode, conspicuous by the gold coronet over his helmet, Sir John Swinton rode full against him and unhorsed him, and the Earl of Buchan dashed out his brains with a battle-axe. Twelve hundred English were slain, and the Earl of Somerset, with many others, made prisoners. Clarence's body was recovered by the desperate valour of the Earl of Salisbury, and brought home to be buried in England.

"Truly," said Pope Martin IV. when he heard of this battle, "the Scots are the only antidote to England!"

And such was the effect of the news in Scotland, that the Earl of Douglas decided to take the men he had offered to Henry to fight on the French instead of on the English side. The Scots enthusiastically joined him; and his old friend, Sir David Home, who had at first decided to stay at home, at the last moment found it impossible to part, and sailed with him.

How Henry heard the tidings we are not told; we only know that the news met him at York, in the midst of his progress through his kingdom, and that he addressed himself to James of Scotland, and requested him to forbid his subjects on their allegiance to attack the English. James replied, with spirit, that as a captive he neither could issue such commands nor expect them to be obeyed; but that he should esteem it a great favour to win renown as a private knight, and learn war from so great a captain as King Henry: and that his presence in the English host might perhaps bring his subjects to the same side. Possibly he was desirous of breaking a lance against the enemy who had captured the brother of his beloved Lady Joan. Henry freely acceded to his wish, and promised that James should accompany him on his return to the seat of war.

He was first, however, obliged to summon a Parliament to raise supplies. The Bishop of Durham, Thomas Langley, being Chancellor, made an opening speech in the curious sermon-like fashion of the time: saying how the King had always ascribed all the glory of his conquests to Divine aid, *after the example of Julius Cæsar;* and so, after the (more appropriate) example of Job, he had piously returned thanks when he heard of this disaster, and of the death of his brother. The Bishop dwelt on the King's desire of rectifying the horrors and disorders of France; and clergy and laity were so entirely of the same mind, and so full of confidence in his cause, that the clergy granted him a tenth, and the Parliament guaranteed the payment of all the loans he might obtain.

By the 27th of May, Henry had collected a larger army of Englishmen than he had ever yet commanded; and he sailed for Calais on the 10th of June.

Henry's first attack was upon Dreux, where he showed his confidence in James of Scotland by leaving the conduct of the siege to him, whilst he himself attended to other calls.

The Duke of Burgundy at the same time gained a great victory over

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CAMEO XXXII.

The siege of Meaux. 1421.

the Dauphin's people at Blanche-taque. Dreux was taken, and Meaux besieged. This place was in the hands of a terrible freebooter, called the Bastard de Vaurus, who plundered the very suburbs of Paris, and made the comings and goings of the citizens so perilous, that they entreated King Henry to deliver them—since those who could not ransom themselves were sure to be hanged, if not also tortured. A great elm outside the walls had often borne such evil fruit.

It was while he lay before this town that the tidings came to Henry that his queen had given birth to a son at Windsor Castle, on the 21st of December, 1421. It is said that he had especially wished this event should not take place at Windsor, this being esteemed an unlucky birthplace; though, as the only monarch there born had been Edward III., it is hard to see on what the saying was founded. Report further declared that he exclaimed to Lord Fitzhugh, that there was an old prophecy—"Henry born at Monmouth shall small time reign, and much get; Henry born at Windsor shall long reign, and lose all."

If Henry said any such thing, it was under the depression caused by illness, brought on by the hardships of the siege; for, though continuing as active as ever, he was far more unwell than he would confess. Meaux was taken, and Vaurus hung up to the elm-tree on which he had been wont to hang ransomless prisoners. Other castles also were taken—the Dauphin's army hovering always about two days' march distance from Henry's, but never daring to offer battle.

Queen Catherine, as soon as Meaux had fallen and she could safely travel, left England; and Henry met her at the Bois de Vincennes, on the 21st of May—receiving her, says Monstrelet, as if she had been an angel from heaven. No doubt he had longed for her in the weary languid hours before Meaux. But she had not brought with her the babe, whom he was never to see. The Duke of Bedford escorted her; and there was another pompous entrance into Paris, where Whitsuntide was kept in great state. The Parisians, however, were displeased that King Charles was almost solitary in his Hôtel de St. Pol; and still more displeased that Henry did not make distributions of bread and meat to all the world, as the Kings of France used to do at great festival times; but they only murmured a little, for their condition was infinitely ameliorated, and they were beginning to recover from their miseries.

Bedford, who seems to have been very much afraid of witchcraft, had caused his stepmother, Joan of Navarre, to be arrested on that ground; and in a letter written at this time Henry orders her release, the restoration of her furniture, and stuff for the making of five or six gowns to be given to her. It is well to find him thus reconciling himself, for the end was drawing near.

Henry took the field again as soon as the festival was over, though his suffering was increasing. The Dauphin had attacked the town of Cône, on the Loire; and it had engaged to surrender, if it were not relieved by the Duke of Burgundy within a short time. Philippe entreated help from Henry, who sent the Duke of Bedford to him at

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Illness of Henry. 1422.

once, and promised to follow in a few days. At Senlis he took leave of his wife and her parents, and proceeded as far as Melun; but there he became unable to ride, and was forced to betake himself to a litter, in which he intended at least to be carried through his beloved army; but even to this he was not equal, and was taken back to Vincennes. John of Bedford, who had without a blow forced the Dauphin to raise the siege of Cône, rode off at full speed on hearing of his brother's illness, and arriving at Vincennes, found him even worse than he had expected.

Henry himself had given up the struggle that his indomitable spirit had for months kept up, against a surer foe than the Dauphin. He had fought against pain as long as he had strength to master and conceal it; and now he had lain down to die as manfully as he had lived. One last flash of "Prince Hal's" humour is recorded. Some one told him that the French attributed his disorder to his men having wasted the shrine of the Scotch or Irish Saint Fiacre, near Paris. "What," he said, "Scotsmen everywhere—above and under ground?" But in general his mood was deep and serious.

Bedford, Exeter, Warwick, Robsart, stood round his bed as he spoke solemnly to them. "I am come," he said, "to the end of a life which has been glorious, if short, and spent on the honour and good of my people. It has been spent in war and blood—but these were *for my just rights*. I had tried milder means, and the misery they caused is chargeable on my enemies. I never feared death in battles nor sieges; nor do I fear it now, as it comes slowly upon me. Since it is the will of God my Maker thus early to end my days, His will be done." He lay thinking over the hopes for his boy, and examples of other minorities. "Some," he said, "have hated the father, and loved the child; some, true to the father, have hated the child."

He then said that his only causes of regret were that his son was still a babe, and that the war was not ended: but that his hope and comfort were in his brother John, under whose care he placed the welfare of his kingdom and of his child. "Comfort my sweet wife," he added to his brother; "she will be the most afflicted creature upon earth." Then he begged the true and brave John Beauchamp, earl of Warwick, to undertake the fatherly care and godly discipline of his little son: "You cannot love him for his own sake as yet," he said, "but if you think you owe me aught, repay it to him:"—a trust most faithfully fulfilled. And to his brother Humfrey, who was absent in England, he sent an earnest charge to rein in his hot and fiery temper. "Let him keep from quarrelling, for my sake," he said; "and allow nothing to sow dissension between him and John, nor to cause any separation between them and the Duke of Burgundy." He enjoined them not to release the Duke of Orleans, and the other chief French prisoners, till his son should be grown up—"lest," he said, "more fire should be kindled in one day than can be quenched in three." He decreed that John and Humfrey should be Regents of England and France, allotting the care of each country to whichever the brothers might think best, but

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Death of Henry. 1422.

stipulating that they should never both be absent from either land. He then revised his will, adding legacies to his faithful friends and servants: and then demanded of his physicians how long they thought his time would yet be. They avoided reply, till he exerted that resolute will which none had resisted; and then one of them, kneeling down by his bed, said, "Sir, think of your soul, for, without a miracle, in our judgment you have not two hours to live."

His confessor was present, with other clergy, and he devoutly received the last rites of the Church; and when these were ended, begged that they would recite the Penitential Psalms. All this time he lay still, until, when, in the fifty-first Psalm, they came to the verse, "Build Thou the walls of Jerusalem," he interrupted them to say, "I protest, on the faith of a dying king, that had it pleased the Lord God to lengthen my life, it was my full purpose, after restoring peace to France, to have gone forth against the Infidels, and to have delivered Jerusalem from their tyranny." He then bade them proceed; and, soon after the close of the last psalm, passed away in sleep, on the morning of the 31st of August, 1422.

"The most Christian champion of the Church—the bright beam of wisdom—the mirror of justice—the unconquered king—the flower and pride of chivalry." So termed him his mourning Privy Council, when their brave king had passed from them, in his thirty-fifth year, leaving them an infant in his place. It was almost as great a blank as when the ring and crown of Alexander were laid on his empty throne!

Bedford durst not quit his charge in France; but James of Scotland rode close to the coffin as chief mourner. Upon the coffin was placed Henry's effigy, royally robed and crowned; and while passing through any town, a rich canopy was borne over it. Five hundred knights and squires in black armour, with reversed weapons, formed the escort; while all the clergy of each place joined the procession within their own precincts.

The corpse rested awhile at St. Denis, and then at Notre Dame, amid the tears and lamentations of French as well as English. Catherine was at first kept ignorant of the death of her husband, and then gave way to the passionate grief of a weak woman. She met the funeral train, escorted by the Duke of Bedford, at Rouen, and accompanied it, following in a litter at a league's distance behind, to England; where the nation mourned and wept over the day of glory that was past, though they little knew the day of trouble that was at hand.

Henry was one of those great men whose nature it is hard to fathom; and he has had no contemporary chronicler who either grasped his character, or gathered up personal traits enough to enable others to enter into it. All about him is contradictory. Shakespeare's madcap Prince, idling for want of occupation, then shining forth as a gallant hero, is a true human character; but is he Henry of Monmouth? Modern defenders have, on the other hand, drawn Henry a stern, grave, precise youth, kept back by his father's jealousy, till the moment came

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CAMEO XXXII.

Henry's character.

when, free to act, he rode like a stern reformer over prostrate France, carrying out with unswerving confidence what he believed to be his divinely appointed mission.

Perhaps the latter character is nearest the truth. It agrees with the calm, stern purity of Henry's countenance, so youthful, with the short chin, proud lips, flashing blue eyes and ample brow, as though his whole being were aroused by hatred of iniquity, and contempt of the base, low, and mean.

Religious he ever was; but it is not unlikely that his contempt for the mean intrigues of Court, and his open joyous temper, had led him into freaks and frolics that, without positive evil, excited the reprobation of his anxious, jealous father. After his accession, his genuine devotion, high purpose, and enforcement of religious observance and practice on his men, were like those of Gustavus Adolphus. And, hard as it is to bring ourselves to the same point of view, there is no doubt that he looked on his interference in the broils of France as a righteous act. He saw his neighbours cutting each others' throats; he rushed in to the rescue; and when they questioned his right, he remembered that his great-grandfather had once claimed to be master there, bade them submit, and declared that, if they were hurt in resisting, it was their own fault, not his.

So he fought, and deemed himself striving for the glory of God. In that confidence he showed an iron will, merciful to the submissive, but sternly obdurate in carrying out his policy at the expense of any suffering it might cause; bitterly scornful to those whom he despised, but most attractively free and loving with his friends; hated and loved more than falls to the lot of most men. Confident in himself, unswerving in accomplishing his purpose, few have ever been so mighty over themselves and others as Henry V., no one more true, or more free from one imputation either of falsehood or of violated word. Great and fearless, he is one of the grandest, sternest, brightest shades that history presents —mysterious and half seen in his own bright yet lurid light, sword in hand, as the avenging angel, pouring forth desolation on the prostrate land of France, that she might yet rise up once more in the zeal of a renewed and patriotic nation.

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CAMEO XXXIII.

DAME JAKE.

(1417—1436.)

Kings of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*Kings of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1413 Henry V.	1406 James I.	1380 Charles VI.	1406 Juan II
1422 Henry VI.		1422 Charles VII.	

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1411 Sigismund.	1417 Martin V.
	1431 Eugene IV.

CAMEO XXXIII.

Jaqueline of Hainault.

IT may be remembered that Jean, the second of the three successive Dauphins of France, was married to the daughter of the Count of Hainault. Her name was Jaqueline, and she was the sole heiress of the Netherlandish county which had been the home of Queen Philippa and the cradle of Sir Walter Manny and others of the best knights of Edward III. Of very different omen was the present Princess of Hainault to England. At the death of her husband he was but seventeen years old; and she was younger, so that she must have been a mere child. Her father only survived her husband a fortnight; and on his death, in 1417, the widowed girl became Countess of Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Hainault; but the succession was disputed by her uncle, Jean the Merciless, bishop of Liège. Henry V. had then stood her friend, brought about a reconciliation, established her rights, and proposed a marriage between her and his brother John, duke of Bedford, who was then a fine young man of five or six and twenty, graver than Henry, and less handsome, having, instead of the straight Plantagenet outline of feature, a retreating forehead and extremely aquiline nose. Whether the young widow had the opportunity of taking a distaste to his hooked nose, or whether she thought his age too venerable, does not appear; but she was a high-spirited, wilful damsel, and preferred her first cousin, the Duke of Brabant, whose father was a brother of Jean Sans Peur, and had been killed at Agincourt.

The young Duke was only sixteen, and was a weak-minded, passionate youth. Sharp quarrels took place between the young pair; the Duchess was violent and headstrong, and accused her husband of allowing himself to be governed by favourites of low degree. The Duke of Burgundy interfered in vain. All the ladies and servants whom Jaqueline had

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CAMEO XXXIII.

Escape of Jaqueline. 1421.

brought from Holland to her new home at Valenciennes were dismissed by her husband; and, shortly after, his low-born associates were massacred by an insurrection of the people. After three years of quarrelling, in the July of 1421 Jaqueline rode out early one morning, met a knight of Hainault called Escaillon, "who had long been an Englishman at heart" and who brought her sixty horsemen, and galloped off for Calais, whence she came to England, where Henry received her with the courtesy due to a distressed dame-errant, and she became a most intimate companion of the Queen. The treasurer of the Exchequer was directed by King Henry to pay "his dearly beloved cousin, Dame Jake, duchess of Holland," no less than 100*l.* per month out of the then confiscated dower of his stepmother, poor old Joan of Navarre. She was the godmother of the infant Prince, and was treated with the utmost honour. She loudly gave out that she intended to obtain a separation from her husband on the plea of consanguinity, although a dispensation had been granted by the Council of Constance, and "that she would marry some one who would pay her the respect due to her rank." This person soon presented himself in the shape of Humfrey, duke of Gloucester, the King's youngest brother, handsome, graceful, accomplished, but far less patient and conscientious than any of his three elders.

Benedict XIII., that Spanish Antipope who had refused submission to the Council of Constance, and was pleased to call himself the whole Church, was only too glad to have any papal function to perform for anybody, and pronounced the marriage null and void between Jean of Brabant and Jaqueline of Hainault: but Henry V. knew that this was a vain sentence, and intimated to his brother that he would never consent to his espousing the Duchess of Brabant; showing him that the wedlock could not be legal, and that to claim the lady's inheritance would lead to a certain rupture with the Duke of Burgundy, who could not but uphold the cause of his cousin of Brabant. It was this that weighed so strongly on Henry's mind when he sent Humfrey that dying message "for his sake to keep from quarrelling," and it is said that he added a special warning against this perilous unlawful matrimony.

Just at first Gloucester had other matters to think of. He was to be Regent of England, his brother had said; and his ambition was gratified for the present. He posted off to Windsor, and called the Council together, and there presented to them

> "Henry, 'him' of holy birth,
> 'Him' to whom his Windsor gave
> Nativity, and name, and grave."

A little, fair, small-featured babe of nine months old was held up to the Lords of England; and Thomas Langley, the Lord Chancellor, laid the Great Seal in his lap. The Duke of Gloucester then took it up, and delivered it, in the little King's name, to Simon Gauntstede, the Master of the Rolls, until a Parliament should meet in November.

In that meantime much had taken place. The autumn was a time of much death and mourning. Michelle, the Queen's sister, and wife to

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CAMEO XXXIII.

Death of Charles VI. 1422.

the Duke of Burgundy, died at Ghent, after so short an illness that her confidential lady, Ourse de Viefville, was accused of having poisoned her; but this was by no means probable. Moreover, just as Queen Catherine was parting with the Duke of Bedford, and embarking for England with her brave husband's corpse, quartan ague had seized on the enfeebled frame of her father; and on the 21st of October, 1422, he died, at the Hôtel de St. Pol, after thirty years of madness. In spite of the exceeding miseries of his reign, his death was passionately deplored by his people. "Dear lord," they lamented in the streets of Paris, "never shall we have so good a king! never shall we see thee more. Accursed be thy death!" It was no doubt partly a tender recollection of the gracious manners of Charles VI. in his lucid moments that prompted these lamentations, but far more their grief must have been caused by the passing away of the sceptre from their native monarchs to an unknown foreign babe. For though, at the Castle of Espally in Auvergne, the surviving son of the late King, after one day's mourning, put on a vermilion robe, and was proclaimed as Charles VII., King of France, yet, on the 10th of November, when the body of Charles VI. was laid in full state and ceremony in the sepulchre of his forefathers at the Abbey of St. Denis, when heralds and officers broke their staves, and Berri, King-at-Arms, cried aloud, "May God have mercy on the soul of the late most puissant and most excellent Charles VI. King of France, our natural and sovereign lord!" he instantly added, "May God grant long life to Henry, by the grace of God King of France and England, our sovereign lord!"

On that same 10th of November, the same scene was enacted in Westminster Abbey. There the English bishops, mitred abbots, and clergy, were singing the funeral Mass; and while John of Bedford and Philippe of Burgundy stood by the bier of Charles VI., Humfrey of Gloucester and James of Scotland stood at the grave where Henry V. was laid, near the Confessor's feet, and Garter King-at-Arms proclaimed the same Henry VI. King of England and France. A monument was erected by Catherine, with Henry's effigy covered with plated silver, the head silver-gilt; and for many years his tomb received veneration from the people, as though, said Monstrelet, it were certain that he were a saint in heaven.

Meantime, Gloucester met the Parliament he had summoned, and claimed the Regency, as being nearest of kin to his nephew in the absence of his elder brother Bedford, and as having been appointed by King Henry, his brother.

To this the House of Lords, having consulted the Judges, replied that his demand was not according to the constitution, and that the late King had no power to make such an appointment without the consent of the other estates of the realm. However, they would satisfy him as far as they could by appointing him President of the Council in the absence of the Duke of Bedford, with the title of "Protector of the Realm and Church of England," which they said would remind him of his duty.

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CAMEO XXXIII.

Coronation of Henry VI.
1421.

The personal charge of little Henry was bestowed upon the Earl of Warwick, as the King had desired, but conjointly with Henry Beaufort, Cardinal Bishop of Winchester, his great-uncle. Immediately after the funeral, the little King was shown to the Londoners, being carried through the streets in a car, seated on his mother's lap, drawn by white horses, and surrounded by all the great officers of State. They were wise enough to defer his coronation till he could hold his head up under his crown.

"The meek usurper's holy head" was unconsciously usurping no less than two crowns; but his cousin, Edmund, earl of March, had fully acquiesced in the substitution of the House of Lancaster, and was one of the props of the English throne; and his uncle, Charles VII., was king only of the Armagnac party, and was only acknowledged by the unwarlike population of Berri, Touraine, and the neighbouring counties. His first royal appearance might have seemed ill-omened. It was at La Rochelle, where such a concourse of people came to the apartment where he sat in state, that the floor gave way, several persons, among them a gentleman of the House of Bourbon, were killed, and Charles himself injured, though only slightly. Charles was at this time twenty years of age; indolent, elegant in his tastes and manners, and pleasure-loving—the last prince in the world who would have seemed likely to retrieve a lost kingdom. Nor did he retrieve it; he merely profited by the patriotic spirit that gradually awakened in his subjects, and made them "cleave to the crown though it hung on a bush," though in this case the bush had the merit of putting forth no thorns to disgust its partisans, and the more positive one of a certain wariness which bided its time and acted at the right moment. Tanneguy du Chastel was still his prime leader and counsellor, and with him were other high spirited knights—the Count de Harcourt, the Bastard of Orleans, Pothon de Xaintrailles, and a brave captain called La Hire, of whom it is related that on going into battle his rough and ready prayer, in no spirit of irreverence, was—"My good God, do Thou act this day by me, as Thou wouldst have me do if I were God Almighty, and Thou wast La Hire." Besides these native supporters, Charles had the assistance of John Stewart of Albany, earl of Buchan, brother of the Regent Murdoch, duke of Albany and first cousin to James I. On the accession of Charles, the Constable's sword was given to this ally; and all the Scots who wished for a respectable field of adventure were continually flocking to his standard, so that his force amounted to several thousands.

About Christmas of this year, some of the Armagnacs seized the town of Meulan, and others entered into a plot with some citizens of Paris for obtaining an entrance into the capital; but the conspiracy was discovered, and the Parisian plotters put to death. Bedford besieged Meulan, and the Earl of Buchan, with other Armagnac chiefs, marched to its relief; but they quarrelled among themselves just as they were going to offer battle, and marched off again, to the rage and indignation of the garrison, who tore off the red scarfs of Armagnac, uprooted the fleur-de-lys standard,

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CAMEO XXXIII.

Marriage of Bedford. 1423.

and admitted the English. John Talbot, earl of Salisbury, Sir John Fastolfe, and Sir Richard Widville, were among the commissioners who treated for the surrender.

The Regent Duke of Bedford felt the necessity of cementing his alliance with the great princely vassals of France; and early in April, 1423, he had a meeting at Amiens with the Dukes of Burgundy and Brittany. The latter, only lately released from his captivity, had little reason to be favourable to King Charles, and he was accompanied by his brother Arthur, count de Richemont, who had quitted England on the death of Henry V., considering his parole as cancelled by that event. Philippe of Burgundy brought with him his two sisters, Anne and Marguerite; and a treaty was concluded by which all three dukes engaged to be at peace among themselves, and to do all in their power to pacify the kingdom of France, cementing their union by a double wedding, Bedford being married to Anne, and Richemont to Marguerite, of Burgundy, who was widow to the eldest of the three dauphins.

Bedford's wedding journey was signalized by the taking of the fortress of Pont sur Seine and putting every one in it to the sword; and, at his arrival at Paris, the Armagnac knight, Pothon de Xaintrailles, requested permission to fight a single combat with lances and battle-axes with one Lyonnet de Wandomme in his presence. The fight ended with one scratch to Lyonnet's face, and feastings of great splendour on Pothon's part.

Another wedding soon followed. The royal brothers felt that James Stewart's good service in France had earned his liberty; and they hoped, too, that on his throne he might be able to control his subjects so as to prevent them from swelling the ranks of the French enemy. Moreover, Cardinal Beaufort was the uncle of James's lady-love, and was interested in seeing his niece a queen. So James was permitted to meet a deputation of Scots at Pontefract; and they afterwards came to London, where they agreed that, upon his release, a ransom of 40,000*l.* should be paid, in instalments of 10,000*l.* every year. This determined, James and Joanna were married in the church of St. Mary Overy at Southwark, and a magnificent feast was held in the palace of Cardinal Beaufort. The next day, the first 10,000*l.* was remitted to him, as his wife's dowry; and after due feasting, he set out on his return to his own country, after twenty years of captivity.

His return, however, was far from recalling his countrymen. Indeed, as it soon proved, Scotland was the last place that was safe for a Stewart of Albany; and the Earl of Buchan was making a great effort to open a way of communication between King Charles's partisans in the south and those in Champagne and Picardy. The key of the road which he wished to open was the fortress of Crevant sur Yonne, which was held for the English by the Burgundian Sire de Chastellux; and Buchan and the French Count de Ventadour, with a large number of Scots and French, were despatched to seize it. The governor sent in haste for succour; and Bedford despatched the Earls of Salisbury and Suffolk to

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CAMEO XXXIII.

The Battle of Crevant. 1423.

his aid, with orders continuing the strictest discipline of the last reign. Not so much as a loaf of bread was to be taken without payment, and every straggler was to be put to death. Every archer carried a stake to plant before him, as had been done at Agincourt; and in the event of a battle, all were to fight on foot, and the horses were to be led half a league to the rear of the army. On account of the inferiority of numbers, no quarter was to be given till the battle was over At Auxerre, the English troops were joined by a Burgundian force, yet still without raising their numbers to anything like an equality; but the French must have been very badly officered, for they were unable to prevent the English, even after their march, from forcing the passage of the Yonne; and in the battle that ensued, the English against the Scots, the Burgundians against the French, were both victorious; and Buchan and Ventadour, each with the loss of an eye, were made prisoners, as well as Pothon de Xaintrailles and many others.

This was the destruction of the only army then possessed by the King of Bourges, as the English in derision called Charles VII.; but shortly after, the Duke of Milan sent some aid to him, and the Count de Harcourt therewith fell upon Sir John de la Pole, brother to the Earl of Suffolk, who had been on a plundering expedition into Anjou, and was driving off 10,000 head of cattle from the enemy's country. His archers formed and planted their stakes, but they were out-numbered, and encumbered, and De la Pole himself was made prisoner. This fight was at Crotoy, and was the first success the French had gained since Beaugé. Bedford did not keep up the rule of his father and brother of not allowing important captives to be ransomed; and the Constable Buchan and Xaintrailles were quickly at large again. The King of Scotland was —as shall be told elsewhere—revenging the long evils of his realm on the Albany family in Scotland; and Buchan became a naturalized French noble. Another Stewart of Darnley obtained the lordships of Concressault and Aubigné, and founded a family that became noted in France. Archibald Douglas, too, the old Earl who had succeeded the "gallant knight of Otterburn," and about whom Hotspur had quarrelled with Henry IV. after Homildon Hill, now found that his savage treatment of David of Rothsay was not forgotten, and embarked for France with a large reinforcement of his countrymen, who had reason to dread a king bred in the school of Henry V. Charles hailed him gladly, and created him Duke of Touraine. Perhaps he would have been less welcome if the King had known his native nickname of Earl Tyneman, or Lose-man, from his constant ill-fortune. Indeed, the French looked with jealousy on their King's favour given alike to Scots and Milanese, and were always on the verge of a quarrel with their allies.

It was now the spring of 1424, and the English began the campaign by the siege of the town of Ivry in Normandy. It was garrisoned by Bretons, who so bitterly hated the English name, that, on the first report that the Count de Richemont thought of going over to the French, they set up the royal standard, and held out for King Charles. Bedford

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CAMEO XXXIII.

The Battle of Verneuil. 1424.

besieged it in person; and the Constable Buchan marched to its relief with seven thousand Scots, and as many French and Italians; but the French called the Scots adventurers, and would take no orders from him, and the same thing happened as had occurred at Meulan, the army marched away, and the besieged surrendered. The governor showed Bedford a letter signed by eighteen nobles who had engaged to relieve him, and had broken their words.

However, old Douglas was contemptuous towards "that sober boy, Lord John of Lancaster," who had never yet commanded in a pitched battle, and whom he was wont to call John with the leaden sword. Marching on to the city of Verneuil, about thirty miles from Ivry, the shrewd Scot made as if he had just been victorious over the English, and by this means obtained admission into the city. Bedford marched to retake it, and sent a message to Douglas that he intended to come and drink wine with him; to which the Earl replied that he should be welcome.

The command of the army was now in the hands of Jean, the young Duke d'Alençon, the same whose father had been killed at Agincourt, and who would not leave the poor old king when Paris was mastered by Lisle Adam. He was the only prince of the blood at liberty who was loyal to Charles VII.; and as that strangely indolent personage preferred loitering at Bourges to heading his own army, he was placed in command, that his rank might override the disputes between the Scotch Constable and the Gascon nobles.

This expedient so far succeeded that the battle was offered on the 17th of August, 1424, and with a little more unanimity. The French and Scots imitated the English by leaving all their horses in Verneuil, and only keeping their Italian allies as cavalry under La Hire and Xaintrailles. But Douglas, keeping to his old Homildon Hill tactics, wished to remain stationary, and receive the English charge; and whereas Bedford had planted his stakes, and likewise stood motionless behind them, the two armies would apparently have remained stock still, like the embattled pieces on a chess-board, had the fierce French spirit brooked such tardiness. The Viscomte de Narbonne was far from being able thus to wait. Accusing the Scots of cowardice, he with all the French rushed upon the English with shouts of "Montjoie St. Denis!" while the English stood firm, crying, "St. George for Bedford!"

The French were out of breath by the time they reached the stakes; but their larger numbers forced a band of archers to retreat on the camp, which they reached just in time to encounter and beat back the attack of the Italian cavalry. Inch by inch, hand to hand, the battle was fought for full three hours; and yet the English lost no distinguished person, though they slew the Constable Buchan, old Douglas Tyneman, his friend Home of Wedderburn, and almost destroyed the whole band of Scots. They also made prisoner the Duke d'Alençon, and slew among many other Frenchmen the Viscomte de Narbonne, whose corpse—as that of one of the murderers of Jean Sans Peur—Bedford caused to be

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CAMEO XXXIII.

Richemont Constable 1424

hung on a gibbet; and he also hung two Burgundian gentlemen fighting on the French side, as rebels to their duke.

The cause of Charles VII. seemed irretrievable, more especially as he did not appear to take any pains to retrieve it—even though his consort, Marie of Anjou, had just borne him a son, for whose sake he might have desired to obtain the inheritance of his fathers. But there were other ladies whose society he perferred to that of his wife; and one of these Agnes Sorel, the Dame de Beauté, was regarded by the French as one of the first influences that awakened in him a more national spirit. He was not quite as indifferent as he appeared; he had much keenness of apprehension, and trusted to the league between England and Burgundy falling to pieces of itself. In the meantime, there were reports that the young Count de Richemont was much affronted with Bedford for having entrusted no command to him; and Charles, remembering what the two Breton Constables, Du Guesclin and Clisson, had done for his grandfather and father, sent to offer the sword now vacant by the death of the Earl of Buchan to Count Arthur, against whom the French could make no such objections as they had raised against the Scot. However, the consent of the Duke of Brittany was needful before his brother could accept the charge; and Charles's chancellor, the president Louvet, was deputed to ask his permission. Probably he had been concerned in the plot that encouraged the House of Penthièvre to seize Duke Jean, for his reception was most unfavourable. "Away with you!" said the Duke; "you are no better than a traitor; I hate them all to the death! and but for the respect I owe to the King you shall never see his court again."

Louvet went home in dismay, and told his master that the Duke of Brittany was a devil incarnate. "Not quite so bad," said the King, laughing. "Why did you not take your lady? Agnes tells me her charms would please the Bretons."

However, the negotiation was entrusted by the King to his mother-in-law, Violante of Aragon, duchess of Anjou and titular Queen of Sicily, who took with her the King's Breton knight, Tanneguy du Chastel. The Duke was partly persuaded, but still chose to consult his States whether he should permit his brother openly to espouse the French cause; and, in spite of all their hatred of the English, the power of Burgundy cast such a weight into the scale that they made it a condition that Duke Philippe should give his consent to his brother-in-law's engaging his service to King Charles. And Philippe was in no mood to oblige one at least of the English.

Contrary to commands from his brother Henry when in health, and to his death-bed entreaty—contrary to all law, Divine or human—Humfrey of Gloucester had, early in 1424, married the equally self-willed Jaqueline of Hainault. As Monstrelet dryly says, "This marriage astonished many persons." He then sent to demand from the Duke of Brabant the possession of the lady's inheritance; and on his refusal the Hainaulters espoused whichever party they preferred, and began a war-

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CAMEO XXXIII.

Marriage of Humfrey and Jaqueline. 1424.

fare among themselves; while Humfrey, finding his hot-headed counsels opposed by his uncle, Cardinal Beaufort, at home, prepared to diversify his protectorate by raising five thousand men, and setting forth with his Dame Jake for Calais, intending to seize her inheritance at the sword's point. At Calais, however, he was obliged to wait; for the two Dukes of Bedford and Burgundy had agreed to meet at Paris and endeavour to arrange matters amicably. They proposed to refer the validity of both the marriages to the real Pope, Martin V.; and to this the Duke of Brabant agreed; but Humfrey and Jaqueline, pretty well knowing which way the decision must go, declared that they would not consent to any such reference, but would obtain the Duchess's own property by force of arms.

Bedford was exceedingly grieved and displeased with his brother's selfish obstinacy, and disclaimed it as much as possible; nor does Philippe of Burgundy appear to have been displeased with him personally, though telling him that, since the Duke of Gloucester would accept no reasonable terms, he should think himself bound to support the cause of Jean of Brabant by force of arms. The uncle of Jaqueline, the Bishop of Liège, dying about the same time, bequeathed the rights he pretended to have to Hainault, not to his niece, but to the Duke of Burgundy.

Gloucester in the meantime invaded Hainault, and carried on a "bitter war there." Burgundy assembled men-at-arms for its protection; and letters passed between the Dukes, ending in a challenge—not between Jaqueline's two husbands, who would have seemed the fittest persons to have fought out the quarrel, but between Gloucester and Burgundy. On the St. George's day next ensuing, namely, in 1425, they were to meet in the presence of Bedford, to whose uprightness both seemed fully to have trusted, and to fight a single combat, by way of deciding who had a right to Hainault. Meantime all hostilities were to cease, and the unfortunate county to be left at peace. And it was while in this mood of displeasure that Philippe of Burgundy gave his consent that his brother-in-law of Richemont should become Constable to King Charles of France. Moreover, Philippe set the armourers of Hesdin to work to make him new and magnificent armour, and got himself into training in jousting and wrestling, submitting to the most abstemious diet to strengthen his breath. Humfrey went back to England to make his preparations. The Countess-dowager, Jaqueline's mother, and the Hainaulters, all made a great point of her remaining behind; and he left her at Mons, after receiving their oaths to guard her from the Dukes of Brabant and Burgundy, parting with many tears and lamentations on her part, and auguries that no good would come of the separation. Indeed, she had already reason to doubt the constancy of the husband whom she had so wilfully wedded; for one of her ladies, Eleanor Cobham, had attracted his attention, and now incurred her distrust by choosing to return to England at the same time as the Duke.

No sooner was he gone, than the old Countess and the partisans of

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CAMEO XXXIII.

Desertion of Jaqueline. 1424.

Burgundy began to negotiate with Philippe to give up the lady into his hands, while the citizens at Mons came to her in a body, and told her, that if she did not make peace, they should deliver her up to her first husband. The unlucky lady sent off in haste a letter to Humfrey, addressing him as her most redoubted lord and father, and calling herself "the most doleful, most ruined, and most treacherously deceived woman living," and entreating him to come or send to her aid, dating her letter from "this false and traitorous town of Mons." Her letter never reached Humfrey; it was intercepted by the Burgundians; and shortly after, she was delivered over by her mother and the citizens of Mons into the hands of Duke Philippe, who placed her in a house at Ghent, and gave the Duke of Brabant possession of her county.

As to Gloucester, he had little chance of doing anything to help her, for no sooner had he arrived in England than he was summoned before the Council, presided over by his little two-years-old nephew, in whose name and presence he received a serious and far from unmerited rebuke for his proceedings, and an intimation that he must not look for aid from King Henry in either men or money—a disappointment that no doubt he ascribed to Cardinal Beaufort.

John of Bedford had in the meantime another meeting at Hesdin with the Duke of Burgundy, in hopes of accommodating matters; but though the two dukes were extremely friendly, and during the six days they were together there was continual feasting and balls every evening, there was no relinquishing of the single combat; and some of the Burgundian gentlemen appeared with silver rings ornamented with a radiant sun on their right arms, as a symbol of their support of the claims of the Duke of Brabant. It was understood that they hoped to bring about a challenge from some of the English knights; but Bedford's prudence and good management prevented any mischief from arising; and he still succeeded in confining the quarrel to personalities between Humfrey and Philippe, without involving the nation in it. In fact, Bedford's conduct in all these difficult circumstances proves him to have been one of the wisest men whom our royal line has ever produced. Lord Salisbury and others of the English leaders were anxious to espouse Gloucester's cause, but with great difficulty he restrained them, until in September came a bull from the Pope declaring the English marriage null, and excommunicating Humfrey if he persisted in holding to it; giving orders to all Christian princes to prevent the duel from being fought within their confines.

As a graceful way of bringing off Gloucester with honour, the two queens, Isabeau and Catherine, were requested to try the question of the challenge as a matter of chivalry; and they decided that it had been given without sufficient ground, and ought not to be fought out.

In the meantime, however, Jaqueline and one of her women had disguised themselves in male attire, galloped out of Ghent, made their way to Antwerp, and revived the war in Hainault. Indeed, one gentleman vowed to her to bring her the Duke of Brabant with an iron collar

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round his neck, but he was seized and put to death. Gloucester managed to send her five hundred men, and for some time she kept up a desultory warfare with the Burgundians. The Duke of Brabant died, and reports reached her that Gloucester had married Eleanor Cobham; but she continued to battle for her county till 1428, when she finally came to terms with Philippe, let him garrison her fortresses, appointed him her heir, and promised not to marry without his consent.

CAMEO XXXIII.

Last Marriage of Jaqueline.

A year or two after, however, she married a gentleman of Holland called Frank of Burslem, upon which he was seized by the Burgundians. To purchase his liberty she yielded all her dominions, and only received an annual pension until 1436, when she died, having brought about as much strife and dissension as any woman of her time.

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CAMEO XXXIV.

THE PARLIAMENT OF BATS.

(1424—1426.)

King of England. 1422 Henry VI. *King of Scotland.* 1406 James I. *King of France.* 1422 Charles VII. *King of Spain.* 1406 Juan II.
Emperor of Germany. 1411 Sigismund. *Pope.* 1417 Martin V.

CAMEO XXXIV.

The two characters of Plantagenet.

THE *Planta genista* may be viewed in two lights. It is one of the hardiest, firmest plants of the heath; yet its brilliant blossom is so frail and fleeting, that a rough blast shakes it from the stem, and leaves no remnant behind. The family who bore the broom flower as their badge, and latterly called themselves after its name, partook of both characteristics, and widely, as individuals, differed; but they always followed one or the other type.

The firm, daring nature appeared in Edward I. and his grandson of Windsor, and in the two Henrys—the Fourth and Fifth; the feeble, frail brightness, in Henry of Winchester, Edward of Carnarvon, Richard of Bordeaux, and Henry of Windsor; and around these recurring royal characters there are branches of the same stem, still showing the same repeated resemblances.

Thus there is a curious, almost confusing, likeness between the sons of Edward III. and Henry IV. In each family the warlike first-born left a feeble heir; the second, entitled Clarence, died sonless still earlier; the third, named John, was his nephew's best support; the youngest, bearing the title of Gloucester, was turbulent and mischievous, and perished mysteriously. The advantage in ability and force of character was on the side of the younger generation: Henry V. was a man of greater talent, wider views, and more beneficence, than the Black Prince; Thomas of Clarence was far superior to Lionel; John of Bedford infinitely surpassed his grandfather of Gaunt in disinterestedness and ability; and even Humfrey of Gloucester was cleverer, stronger, and braver than his prototype, Thomas. He had considerable talent, and such popular manners as won him the appellation of "the Good Duke Humfrey,"—a title which has adhered to him, and done him great service with historians and with Shakespeare, in after years—as with the people in his lifetime. He had considerable learning, collected

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CAMEO XXXIV.

Daughters of Henry IV.

books, sought deep into science, and was the patron of the first book on heraldry, the work of Sir Nicholas Upton.

But a blight seemed to be on all the children of Henry IV., however nobly endowed. The daughters did not escape it. Blanche, the beautiful eldest daughter, was married to the heir of the Emperor, Rupert, Count Palatine of the Rhine, and was exceedingly admired and beloved, but she died in her eighteenth year, at the birth of her son; and her sister Philippa, for whose wedding we saw Whittington providing part of the wardrobe, had a far sadder fate.

Her husband, Eric, was the son of the Semiramis of the North, who had united the three Scandinavian kingdoms. As long as the great Margaret lived, Philippa was valued for her noble qualities; but on the elder queen's death, in 1412, she became exposed to the brutality of her half-crazed, tyrannical husband. For a time she endeavoured to influence him for good, and she was passionately beloved by his subjects. The poets wrote of the gentleness that restrained his harshness, and called her his guardian angel; but he continually became more savage and licentious, and was so passionate, that when a papal letter was brought him, the contents of which displeased him, he flung it into the face of the messenger, commanded him literally to eat it, and, failing to force him to swallow it, threw him into prison.

Philippa was fourteen when she was given to this wretch in 1406, and she had been seventeen years a childless wife, when—to the universal relief of the three kingdoms—he set out on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, leaving her the regency. She ruled like the sister of Henry V.—purified the coinage, put down all the many libellous songs circulating against her husband, some of which accused him, among many veritable crimes, of preventing the herrings from coming to the coast of Denmark; and she had brought back respect for the royal authority by the time her husband returned. He had run great perils; for while travelling through Turkey, in disguise, he was recognized, and forced to buy his safety with all the money and jewels he carried with him.

Soon after his return, the Holsteiners made a sudden attack on Copenhagen, while he was visiting the Monastery of Sora. The brave Philippa rose at once to the occasion, and, girding on a sword, placed herself at the head of the citizens, and directed their defence so that the enemy were beaten off in confusion and disgrace.

She presided at a brilliant Easter festival, full of rejoicing and thanksgiving, and was completely the heroine of Denmark. The next year, fired by her newly acquired martial ardour, and by the example of her brothers, she hoped to secure a welcome surprise for her husband by fitting out, in his absence, a fleet and army to besiege and take Stralsund: but she did not herself accompany it, having, at last, in the twenty-third year of her marriage, the long-delayed hope of offspring. Alas! the expedition was a total failure; storms damaged the fleet, the Holsteiners attacked them, and took forty ships with three hundred men; and other disasters happening at the same time, the brutal King was enraged to

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CAMEO XXXIV.

Death of Philippa, queen of Denmark.

such a degree, that he not only reproached his wife with savage fury, but absolutely beat her severely. A terrible illness ensued, her child was born dead, and she only recovered enough to be carried to the Convent of Wadstena, where she devoted herself to religious exercises; but the consumptive tendency that all the family had inherited from their mother, Mary Bohun, showed itself, and in less than a year she died, on the 5th of January, 1430; her husband bitterly reproaching himself for his ungoverned passion.

She was one of the most brilliant of this noble but short-lived family. Another offshoot of the House of Lancaster was at this time visiting England, Pedro, duke of Coimbra, the second of another band of five brothers, who bore a sort of likeness, in character and fate, to their uncles and cousins. They were the sons of Joao, once Master of Avis, and of Philippa, daughter of John of Gaunt, who had reigned in Portugal ever since the battle of Aljubarota. The five brave youths, in 1415, stood round the death-bed of their excellent mother, and each received from her a sword, while she charged them to use it in defence of the widow, the orphan, and, above all, of the true Faith. Then, with their father, they set out to win their spurs on the battle-field, and well deserved their knighthood by the valour that conquered Ceuta from the Moors. Two years after, in 1417, Henry V. sent the Order of the Garter to Pedro, the second brother, who, after having, with his brother Henrique, saved Ceuta from another attack of the Moors, set out on a sort of knight-errant expedition by land, while Henrique did the same by sea.

Don Henrique of Portugal, duke of Viseu, was, in fact, one of the greatest men of the time; he was a profound mathematician and astronomer; had an observatory at Cape St. Vincent, and directed the first efforts in naval discovery, sending out the expedition which first found the Island of Madeira, and prepared the way for Columbus. But while Henrique sought new lands to the West, Pedro's heart turned back to the old lands of the East, and his journey was a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and even, it is said, he went to Babylon, and was well received by the Sultan. In 1425 he came to England, and there saw a scene of dissension that was, unhappily, in after-years to be copied in his native land.

In 1433 his father died; and Duarte—the Black Prince, or Henry V. of the family—succeeded, and, like them, showed himself a brave, true-hearted, but short-lived warrior. He was far less fortunate than they were, for his expedition to Africa resulted in a miserably lost battle, and the capture of his youngest brother Fernando, that noble youth who, from his steady refusal to let himself be ransomed by the surrender of the city of Ceuta, earned for himself a martyr's death and the title of "the Constant Prince."

Duarte, while striving to collect an army for his deliverance, caught the plague, and died in his thirty-eighth year, in 1438, leaving a six-years-old son, named Alfonso, and three brothers to repeat the storms that

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CAMEO XXXIV.
—
The Portuguese Royal Family.

had raged round Henry VI. in England. Wise Henrique's influence placed the regency in Pedro's hands; and he gave his young nephew an excellent education, and governed with great wisdom, till, at fourteen, the young king was declared to be fit to rule, and was married to Pedro's daughter. Joao, the youngest brother, died; and an illegitimate brother, who had lately been created Duke of Bragança, stirred up a great division in the family, and at last persuaded the young King to believe the admirable Pedro guilty of having poisoned his brother! In 1449 he was driven to take up arms, after having first confessed, and heard high mass, at the Abbey of Batalha; but in the first battle he was slain by an arrow, and his nephew would not allow his corpse to be buried. However, some peasants secretly interred it; and all Europe rang with indignation; the Pope tore up young Alfonso's letters without reading them, and Pedro's memory was completely vindicated; even the King repented, after a long lapse of years, and caused his uncle's corpse to be laid in his own tomb at Batalha.

Little thought Pedro that he was seeing a rehearsal of his own difficulties and struggles, when he was gallantly welcomed by the regency in England, on his arrival there in 1425. The foremost person then at home was Henry Beaufort, bishop of Winchester, who was carrying on the government while Humfrey of Gloucester was gone on his expedition to obtain Jaqueline's duchy of Hainault. Beaufort was Chancellor again; and, whether from his own character, from the growing dislike to political clergy, or from the insinuations of Gloucester, he was extremely unpopular, and was universally regarded as covetous, rapacious, and ambitious—the type of the violent and licentious ecclesiastic of high birth.

Ambitious, no doubt, he was, and probably he would have made a better knight than priest; but for his attention to secular matters he had the precedent of his almost sainted predecessor, William of Wykeham; and, as a prince of the blood royal, he no doubt thought it his duty to withstand the imprudence of Humfrey of Gloucester. The report of his covetousness arose from his possession of very large revenues and the frugality of his personal expenses; and no account was made of the enormous sums that he advanced to support, first the wars of the late King, and then of the Regency; besides which, he was completing Wykeham's work at Winchester Cathedral, repairing Hyde Abbey. Alfred's foundation, and almost renewing the Hospital of St. Cross, the foundation of his namesake and predecessor, Henry de Blois, King Stephen's brother, and a prince-bishop of much the same reputation as Henry Beaufort himself. He rebuilt the whole hospital, excepting the exquisite Norman church, which he had the good taste to leave almost untouched—save for the tower that he added. But he built the gateway, with a chamber above it, still called by his name; and formed the quadrangle, with a simple cloister on one side, supported by wooden posts, and with a large, airy, fair chamber above, for the accommodation of the sick, with windows opening on the downs, and another window

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CAMEO XXXIV.

Henry Beaufort.

communicating with the south transept of the church, so that the sick could hear mass from their beds. Three hospital nurses were endowed to nurse them; and the maintenance of thirty-five brethren and two chaplains was further provided at his expense.

This green retreat was the Bishop's favourite resting-place, when he could escape from the turmoils of the court and city. He probably was devoid of that conciliating manner that gained the hearts of all to the Duke of Gloucester.

On Humfrey's departure for Hainault, Beaufort gave the custody of the Tower of London to Sir Richard Wydvile, with orders that he was to admit no one "greater than himself;" and when, in 1425, Gloucester deserted Jaqueline, on finding that his brother, Bedford, would not break with Burgundy on her account, and came home with his new love, Eleanor Cobham, he found the gates of the Tower closed against him. Attributing his exclusion to the malice of his uncle Beaufort, he went off to the Lord Mayor, and obtained from him that the gates of the City should be closed, and that he himself should be attended by a guard of five hundred men—without whom, he pretended, he could not safely visit the little King, his nephew, at Eltham.

When, however, the next day, the 30th of October, he would have set forth on this visit, he found London Bridge crowded by Beaufort's retainers, who had blockaded the road, filled the houses with archers, and loudly protested that, if my Lord Bishop was shut out of the city, my Lord Duke should be shut into it.

Archbishop Chicheley called the Duke of Coimbra to his aid, in the endeavour to reconcile the uncle and nephew without bloodshed; and together they made eight expeditions to and fro, between Beaufort and Gloucester, before they could be persuaded to lay down their arms and wait for the return of Bedford to decide between them.

Beaufort wrote that very evening to Bedford the following letter:—

"I recommend me unto you with all my heart: and as ye desire the welfare of the King our sovereign lord, and of his realms of England and France, and your own health and ours also, so haste ye hither; for by my troth, an ye tarry, we shall put this land in jeopardy with a field, such a brother as ye have here. God make him a good man! For your wisdom knoweth that the profit of France standeth in the welfare of England. Written in great haste on All Hallow Even, by your true Servant unto my life's end, "HEN. WINTON."

Bedford could ill be spared from France, but the crisis was too great for him not to obey the summons at once; and he instantly set forth, travelling with so much speed that he was in England by the 20th of December. He marked his displeasure with his brother by riding into London with Beaufort at his side; and when the citizens presented him with two basins, of silver-gilt, containing one thousand merks, he scarcely vouchsafed a word of thanks to these fosterers of Humfrey's presumption. Nor would he summon the Parliament to meet so near London as Westminster, but convened it, for February 1426, at Leicester—as among more impartial spectators—and gave strict commands that no one should appear there with weapons of any kind.

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CAMEO XXXIV.

The Parliament of Bats. 1426.

The last Parliament had been a very grand one. The little King had been brought to its opening, on his mother's lap, on a tall white horse. Gloucester and Exeter had led him to the choir of St. Paul's, where he had been made to kneel before the high altar "looking gravely and sadly about him." He was then refreshed with food at Westminster Palace, and was taken to the House of Lords, where, instead of the present speech from the throne, the Chancellor preached a sermon on the text—"Glory, honour, and peace, to every man that worketh good;" and, after inculcating obedience even to imperfect councillors, described a real good councillor, by whom he was thought to intend himself, as resembling an elephant for three properties—"the first, that he wanted a gall; the second, that he was inflexible and could not bow; and the third, that he was of a most sound and perfect memory."

After this edifying discourse, the little King was taken, on a fair white horse, to his manor at Kennington; and thence was several times carried to Parliament, the people crowding round his horse to bless him all the way thither. The Queen sat on her throne, and he sat on her lap; and he was formally made over to the care of a governess, Dame Alice Boteler, with orders, as from himself, "from time to time reasonably to chastise us, as the case may require;" and many little nobles from among his subjects were brought to the palace to grow up in companionship with him.

He was again taken to the Parliament of 1426, that the presence of the five-years'-old sovereign might impress respect on the stormy meeting. It was called the Parliament of Bats; for the retainers of the nobles made up for not being allowed to bring their swords and daggers by carrying clubs or bats over their shoulders, and when this was forbidden, they hid stones and plummets of lead in their sleeves; but Bedford's wisdom seems to have prevented any actual conflict from taking place.

The Duke of Gloucester absolutely refused to come to Leicester; and it was necessary to send a deputation to him at Northampton, to assure him that violence was impossible, and that, if he had any accusation to make against Bishop Beaufort, he must make it in person, and in due form of law, if he expected any proceedings to be taken in consequence.

Still Humfrey remained sullen, and Bedford was obliged to send him a royal order to appear in his place in Parliament; and so he did, but with an impeachment against his uncle, not merely for shutting him out of the Tower and into the city of London, but for having attempted the life of the late King when Prince of Wales, and having instigated him to take the throne from his father. These two most inconsistent and improbable stories Humfrey professed to have derived from a witness who could not be appealed to—namely, his brother Henry; and nobody seems to have believed a word of either.

Beaufort proved, temperately, point by point, that he had good cause for the personal offences that had so angered his nephew; and as to the

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CAMEO XXXIV.

Quarrel of Beaufort and Gloucester.

other two outrageous charges, the confidence and the employments with which King Henry had honoured him were, he said, quite sufficient reply.

Bedford and the nobles swore to judge impartially, and took three days to conduct the trial—of which, unfortunately, there is no record; but at the end of that time the Duke and Bishop were persuaded to put their cause into the hands of the Archbishop, and eight other arbitrators. These wrought with them, so that, on the 12th of March, when the little King was placed on his throne, Beaufort standing before him solemnly declared his own innocence; and Bedford truly replied, for the unconscious little fellow, that the King's grace had no doubt of it. Then Beaufort turned to Gloucester, and protested that he had never intended any injury to him, or to his greatness; and Gloucester made the very cold compulsory answer—"Fair uncle, since you so declare you such a man as you say, I am right glad that it is so, and for such I take you."

Then they shook hands before all the Lords: but Beaufort seems to have resolved to leave Humfrey to himself, for the next day he laid down the Great Seal and asked leave to travel, but he remained in England as long as the Duke of Bedford did; and John—a much harassed man—found that he could scarcely be spared from either kingdom. Queen Catherine, who her true knight had fondly believed would be the most desolate creature on earth, seems to have ceased to pay attention to her son. Her name appears no more on State occasions; and the child was entirely left to Dame Alice Boteler and the Earl of Warwick. The truth was, that Catherine had given away her heart and hand to one of the private gentlemen of her son's establishment, Owen ap Meredith ap Tudor—a Welsh gentleman, who claimed to be descended from one of the many Welsh princes, by name Theodore. His father had been a follower of Owen Glendwyr, from whom he had received his Christian name; and he himself had been among the brave Welshmen who fought so gallantly under David Gam at Agincourt. Henry V. had made him squire of the body to himself, and he continued in the same office to the infant Henry VI. While dancing before the little King and his mother at Windsor, Owen contrived to overbalance himself, and fell down with his head in the Queen's lap. Catherine's manner of apologizing for him was so strange as to startle her ladies; and when they saw her continuing to give him every token of favour, they remonstrated with her, and said, among other objections, that Master Tudor was not even an Englishman, but belonged to a barbarous race of savages, beneath even an English yeoman.

Of course the Queen told her lover; and he, in reply, declared himself a descendant of Arthur, Brute, Priam, and immeasurably more royal than were such mushroom kings as the Valois or the Plantagenet; and to show how noble-looking were his kindred, he brought her two handsome cousins of his from the guard, John ap Meredith and Howel ap Llewyllyn, to whom the Queen tried to talk in all the languages she

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knew, but finding they could answer her in none, she pronounced them the goodliest dumb creatures she had ever beheld.

CAMEO XXXIV.

Marriage of Queen Catherine to Owen Tudor.

But one of the many troubles prepared for Bedford, in this brief visit to England, was to find his noble brother's widow absolutely married to this "clerk of her wardrobe," the highest position Owen ever acquired. When or where the marriage had taken place is unknown, but Humfrey seems to have been already convinced of it; and Bedford appears to have decided that the scandal would be least felt, if—without making known the private marriage, or attempting to separate Catherine from her husband—he merely set her aside from all public functions, and removed her son from her influence. With Catherine's mother before his eyes, he was probably thankful that it was no worse. But an Act of Parliament laid heavy penalties upon any bold man who, in future, should marry any royal lady without permission from the King.

Preparations were making for John of Bedford to return to his French Regency—when, behold, it was reported to him that Humfrey of Gloucester had been saying, "Let my brother govern as him lusteth, whiles he is in this land. After his going over into France, I woll govern as me seemeth good."

Upon this, Bedford, the upright and honest, subjected himself to an almost humiliating ceremony, in order that, by placing himself on an equality with his turbulent younger brother, he might cause him to be reminded of his duty. On the 29th of January, 1426, the nobles of the Council of Regency summoned both the royal Dukes to the Star Chamber to be admonished. Bedford appeared, but Gloucester did not come, being confined to his "inne" by sickness, which probably was not feigned; for all the children of Mary Bohun inherited her consumptive tendency; and though both Henry and John preserved health and activity until their brief final illnesses, by means of a temperate, hardy life, Humfrey, the only dissolute member of the family, was continually in bad health.

Though Bedford was alone, the Chancellor, John Kempe, made him a speech, setting forth that the young King, the true lord and master of England, was entitled to the obedience of all his subjects, of whatever degree; and that, he being represented by the Council appointed by Parliament, "no one person might, or ought to, ascribe to himself the said rule and government."

To this Bedford cheerfully agreed, and signed a declaration fully and freely setting forth his determination to be as entirely ruled by the united Lords in Council, and to obey them "as lowly as the least and poorest of his subjects;" and he confirmed this by a solemn oath.

The Lords then proceeded to Humfrey's inn, where the Chancellor read to him the very same exhortation, and he found himself obliged to follow his brother's example; but he made the declaration, which he signed, as brief and grudging as possible, and he took no oath of obedience.

With this scanty concession, Bedford was forced to leave the affairs of

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CAMEO XXXIV.

Bedford's character.

England, for his presence was greatly needed in France. He was a man for whom one cannot but feel much respect and compassion; his purpose seems to have been always so pure and high in the endeavour to carry out faithfully the intentions of his gallant brother, without one sign of selfish aim, of personal ambition or jealousy, or violated faith; and in spite of all his wisdom and forbearance, he was so cruelly thwarted by all who surrounded him—one failing him after another—that he was absolutely harassed to death. His portrait—in the most exquisitely illuminated Prayer-book which he caused to be written and painted as a choice gift to his little nephew—shows his keen aquiline face, worn, thin, and weary, as one who had more than all the cares of royalty in two kingdoms at once, and none of the compensations in either.

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CAMEO XXXV.

THE BATTLE OF THE HERRINGS.

(1424—1429.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1406. James I.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V.

CAMEO XXXV.

The Dance of Death.

VERY significant indeed was it of the times, that the favourite spectacle of the French people was the *Danse Macabre*, as they called it—namely, the Dance of Death; that dance which we know only as depicted by Albert Durer, and other masters, and carved in one rib of the vaulting of beautiful Roslin Choir, but which was gazed on as acted out by living performers, by the Parisians of the fifteenth century, when one would have thought the involuntary Dance of Death supplied them with quite horrors enough. For more than six months of the year 1424 a multitude assembled every evening in the charnel-houses of the Cemetery of the Innocents at Paris, to see Death, as a grisly skeleton, leading off behind him emperors, popes, kings, cardinals, knights, and ladies, down to the very lowest of the people. It was as if all the satisfaction left to the unhappy populace was in being reminded that their oppressors would be levelled with them in the grave.

The King of Bourges, as Charles VII. was called by the English, while even his adherents only termed him Dauphin, had, however, given a new character to his councils by bestowing the Constable's sword upon Arthur of Brittany, Count de Richemont.

He was an able man of resolute nature, with hardly any weakness or softness in his composition; and if he had the honour of chivalry, he had none of its tender grace. He had no pity for any folly in others, and followed out his resolutions unsparingly. A true Breton, his most ardent desire was to free the kingdom from the English; and he was clear-sighted enough to perceive that this could only be done by a reconciliation with Burgundy, the first step to which could of course only be that the King should cease to identify himself with the murderers of Jean Sans Peur.

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CAMEO XXXV.

Arthur of Richemont.

He himself was the husband of Marguerite, the daughter of the murdered duke, and formerly wife of King Charles's eldest brother Jean; and he had obtained the consent of his brother-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, before he took service with Charles. This consent, given when Philippe was very angry at Gloucester's marriage with Jaqueline of Hainault, was a sort of token of placability towards the King; and all the way to Bourges, Arthur and his bride were enthusiastically received by the people of the country; all the gentlemen of Maine, Touraine, and Anjou hastened to his standard, and all the cities petitioned him to rouse the King from his bondage.

Stout La Hire was past his patience. He told the King he had never seen a kingdom so merrily lost; for it seems to have been the fashion of the court of Bourges to use each supply, as it came in, upon a great feast, and then to starve. Once, when La Hire and Pothon de Xaintrailles were invited to dine with the King, they found nothing to eat but two chickens and a sheep's tail.

Festivals were, however, the order of the day on the arrival of the Count de Richemont, who was lodged in the Abbey of St. Florent, which rung with joyous music, Charles affectionately receiving Marguerite of Burgundy, and actually apologizing to her for having murdered her father, as an act of youthful indiscretion prompted by evil counsellors.

These evil counsellors, Richemont saw, were the ruin of the King, and must be got rid of. Tanneguy du Chastel, though the foremost in the murder, had some patriotism, and moreover, as a Breton, was ready to listen to one of his native princes. "Heaven forbid," he said, "that he should be an obstacle to so great a boon as peace;" and he not only retired from the court himself, but gave his personal assistance in turning out his fellows, even killing with his own hand one who resisted. He was made Seneschal of Beaucaire, the others were exiled; and there only remained of all the murderers that guilty pair, the Seigneur and Dame de Giac, who had lured the victim to Montereau; and, strange to say, Giac was made the head of the council. Probably they were such favourites that the King was loth to part with them; and the Constable seems to have gone upon the principle afterwards followed out towards Louis XIII. by Richelieu, of giving his contemptible master an insignificant playfellow, who might pay him the attentions that his mighty tyrant guardian disdained. The plan did not always answer with either the Constable or the Cardinal.

Arthur's influence brought his brother, the Duke of Brittany, to authorize the levy of troops for the King in his dominions, and to promise that he would openly join the King when the Duke of Burgundy would do so.

These were the tidings that brought the Regent, John of Bedford, from England in haste, and Beaufort with him. At Calais they met the tidings that Beaufort had been named a cardinal by the Pope; and the scarlet hat and mantle were bestowed on him in the presence of a numerous assembly, on the Feast of the Annunciation 1426.

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CAMEO XXXV.

Richemont assumes the command.

To punish the Duke of Brittany was Bedford's first object; and he sent the Earl of Suffolk into the duchy, which he ravaged up to the walls of Rennes. Richemont hastened to the assistance of his brother, and made reprisals in Normandy, by taking Pontorson, and laying siege to St. James de Beuvron. He had taken measures for the supply of his army with money and provisions; but suddenly all failed him, and it was evident that the Lord de Giac must have played him false. He was starved into precipitating the attack, which he hoped would not be very arduous, as there were only seven hundred English in the town, under Sir Thomas Rampstone. He divided his force, sending a body of Bas Bretons to coast between the walls and a large pond, so as to reach a bulwark they were to attack; but after they were on the way he thought their numbers too small, and sent two hundred more after them.

The English on the walls, seeing this fresh troop, thought it was the vanguard of their own army coming to their relief, and began to shout, "Suffolk! Salisbury!" with all their might. The Bretons below took it on their word that the enemy were behind them, thought themselves hemmed in, and fell into confusion; the English sallied out, and between their swords and the water of the pond there was such a destruction, that the Constable was forced to raise the siege.

He fought his way back, paying and feeding his soldiers by the sale of his jewels; and hastening to Bourges in a far from placable mood, he entered the King's apartment, and disclosed to him the abominable peculations of the Lord de Giac; to which Charles, who did little to deserve his soubriquet of the "Well-served," made hardly any answer.

"Well, Sire," said the stout Constable, "if you will not act, I shall act without you."

Next morning Richemont rose before daylight, and, after hearing Mass, proceeded with his men to the house of De Giac. Six men-at-arms ran upstairs, caught the unlucky seigneur in bed, and without giving him time to dress, dragged him downstairs, tied him on a horse, and carried him off to prison. As he went shrieking past the King's lodgings, the Constable went up to satisfy the King, who was asking what all the noise signified. "Only doing you a service," said Richemont; and Charles went to sleep again.

In prison, the Lord de Giac was sternly interrogated, and apparently was bewildered and confused into thinking he must confess something. So, without a word of his real crimes of treachery towards the Duke of Burgundy and peculation of the King's treasures, he accused himself of poisoning and sorcery, saying that he had thus destroyed his first wife, and had presented one of his hands to the devil, which, it may be feared, was figuratively if not literally true. Richemont thereupon condemned him as one sold to Satan, but, out of consideration for the Lady of Giac, did not have him burnt alive, but *only* sewn up in a sack labelled, "*Laissez passer la justice du Connétable*," and thrown into the Loire by George de la Tremouille, count de Guines.

Charles showed some grief at first; but as soon as Richemont had

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CAMEO XXXV.

Favoritism of Charles VI.

gone back to assist Brittany, which was again invaded, he attached himself to another favourite, a squire called "Le Camus," or the Snub-nosed, De Beaulieu, under whose influence the scanty revenues were lavished, even more wastefully than before, upon splendid and luxurious feasts. The consequence was, that Arthur was again left destitute of all means of supporting his army, or of assisting his brother; and Jean V. of Brittany was obliged to make a treaty with Bedford, by which he acknowledged Henry VI. as his lawful sovereign, and undertook to pay homage to England for his duchy. His young sons, his barons and prelates, signed the treaty; but not, it may well be supposed, the Constable, who went off to Poitiers to have his revenge, and to ask the King "how long he meant to dance on the fragments of his throne?"

The King showed his usual carelessness and inattention. "So, Sire," said the Constable, "you mean to ruin France, and disgust all your faithful servants. That shall you not do; or, at least, the traitors shall perish first!" Then, throwing open a window in the castle hall, he added, "Sire, will your Grace trouble yourself to come to this window for a moment?"

The King walked across the room, and leant against the window-seat, but immediately he gave a cry, for he saw his favourite, Beaulieu, in the hands of two men, who were stabbing him with daggers.

Charles was at first angry; but finding that the whole court approved of Richemont's proceedings, he fell back into his ordinary easy mood, and quietly said to Richemont, "You are right, since the court approves; but, at least, let me have a minister whom you will not be obliged to hang or stab."

With this meek request the Constable complied, by giving him George de la Tremouille, who, he thought, could be trusted, as a dependant of his own; but Charles gave an ironical smile as he heard the name, and said, "Well, be it so, my fair cousin; but remember that it is your own doing, for I know him better than you do."

Charles was right. Tremouille had just married the Lady of Giac, whose husband he had so lately sewn up in a sack; and he pursued the same course as the two former favourites, of poisoning the King's mind against the Constable, only he took precautions against meeting their fate. The Counts of Clermont and La Marche, finding the old mal-administration as rife as ever, agreed with Richemont that they would go and do justice upon the reigning favourite; but on their march to the court they found the gates of the city of Chatelherault closed against them, and they were obliged to keep at a distance, since they had at least public spirit enough not to embroil the miserable remnant of a kingdom by civil war.

Charles VII. bears the title of the "Well-served." It should be "the Well-served in spite of himself." He had been five years king, though uncrowned, and usually called dauphin; and the state of the two parties remained much as it had been at the death of Charles VI. and Henry V. The English had secured all the north of France,

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CAMEO XXXV.

The Scots in France.

and had broken the force of the Scottish allies who had espoused the cause of the French king. Scots still swarmed in France, and were some of the most efficient soldiers in the service of Charles; their King, now on his throne at home, though still at peace with England, had betrothed his infant daughter to the little Prince Louis, and given six thousand soldiers as her dowry, under the leadership of Sir John Stewart of Aubigny, but their hatred to the English was a much more lively sentiment than their love to the French. The nobles and gentlemen indeed learnt courtesy and breeding, and either carried them home to their own land, or became possessed of lands and lordships in France, where their names underwent such changes that their shields alone show their connection with their home cousins. Coqueburne showed himself a Cockburn by his proud cocks. Acquet retained nothing of Halket but the field sable, three water bouqets or; and the Williamsons, though still bearing azure, an eagle displayed argent, beaked and membered or, perched on a barrel or, hooped argent, and the English motto, "Venture or win," changed their names to Ouillençon, Oleançon, and de Oillençon! And some even of less noble birth found nobility in France, such as the Sieur de Salmonet, whose grand title, it was whispered at home, merely meant that salmon-nets were spread by his father at the mouth of the Forth of Clyde. These Scots were great pillagers, and were much hated by the peasants, who often repeated the uncivil proverb, that there was no place without a Scot or a flea.

Several councils were held by the English and their allies at Paris, and it was resolved that as all was now entirely tranquillized in the north, it was time to take advantage of the disunion between the King and the Constable, and to push on into the country south of the Loire. The regent, Bedford, it is said, was averse to this project, and only gave his consent in deference to the strong opinion of his colleagues. The event certainly showed him sagacious; and yet the English could hardly have desisted from fresh conquests without occasioning all the evils of an inactive, discontented army, and a restless nation who required victories as the price of their subsidies. It was not a moral question between peace and war, only of how the war should be carried on. The crusade of Henry against French crime was as much called for as ever; the plight of the House of Valois had never been more wretched or disgraceful; and though perhaps Bedford apprehended the effects of driving the high national loyalty to extremity, he could never have foreseen the marvel which really wrought the deliverance of France. Accordingly, Thomas Montacute,* earl of Salisbury, who had arrived from England with six thousand men—and whom the chroniclers describe as 'more like an ancient Roman than a modern knight,"—William de la Pole, earl of Suffolk, and Lords Scales and Talbot with four thousand more, marched to the banks of the Loire, took several small places, and laid siege to Orleans.

* Or Montagu. "The pointed mountain" was the meaning of the name; but whether the adjective was *aigu* or *acute*, was never settled in the time of the Salisburys.

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CAMEO XXXV.

Siege of Orleans. 1428.

The Duke of Orleans, a prisoner ever since Agincourt, had entreated that his appanage might remain inviolate, as he was not making war; but Bedford considered that he had no power to enforce neutrality on his domains, and that they were therefore liable to attack. In fact, the Orleannois were by no means disposed to neutrality; their national spirit was strong, they had exercised themselves in arms, had laid in stores of provisions and ammunition, and had destroyed their beautiful country houses and suburbs, burning altogether twenty-six churches, and laid the land waste for miles around their city, in order to deprive the enemy of shelter and provisions. The Sire de Gaucourt was governor of the town, and several of Charles's best captains threw themselves into the place for its defence.

Meantime, though Tremouille gave advice to these defenders, he actually made the King take the Countess de Richemont, Burgundy's sister, out of her own castle, and send a body of troops against the Counts of Clermont and La Marche, the only remaining princes of the blood who preserved their loyalty. And, to their eternal honour, they preserved it still.

The city of Orleans covered a triangular piece of ground, with the base, the longest side, on the north bank of the river, and a fortified bridge crossing it, having a fort at the extremity called Les Tournelles. Salisbury arrived on the 12th of October, 1428, crossed the Loire above the town, took up his head-quarters in a ruined convent, and raised huts for the shelter of his men. His first attack was on the Tournelles, but he was more than once repulsed by the resolute defenders, assisted by the women, who brought caldrons of scalding water and oil to pour on the English. On the 23rd the fort was won; but in the meantime, the defenders had broken down an arch of the bridge, and set up another fort behind the breach.

Cannon were much used on both sides; each gun having its own establishment of gunner and his valets, with horses, and with bullets suited to its calibre, and most had names. The favourite on the French side was cast in Lorraine, and called Maître Jean: it was light enough to accompany the besieged on all their sallies, and was regarded as a sort of hero, but at last it was captured by the English, and turned against its friends, from the Tournelles.

Salisbury gave up the hope of entering by the bridge, which seems to have been always an unpromising place for an assault; and about the same time the Count de Dunois, the illegitimate brother of the Duke of Orleans, entered the town with a reinforcement of French, Scots, Italians, and Spaniards. Salisbury saw that he must blockade the town, and began to take measures accordingly. Sir William Gladsdale, or, as the French called him, Glacidas, managed, however, to surprise the new fort on the bridge; but, while Salisbury was reconnoitring the town from the Tournelles, a cannon was fired at a venture from the wall by a child; and though he saw the flash and stepped back, the iron-work of the window, torn away by the ball, so lacerated his face that he died in a few days. He was the last of a gallant and chivalrous family,

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CAMEO XXXV.

Death of Salisbury. 1428.

and was much lamented by the English, who esteemed him as their ablest captain.

The Earl of Suffolk took the command, by order of Bedford; and finding that the French continually threw supplies of men and provisions into the town, he began to erect round it temporary forts, called *bastides*, or *bastilles*,* from *bastir*, to build, but without preventing De Culant, admiral of France, from entering; and the winter passed in chivalrous skirmishes between the besiegers and the besieged.

In the February of 1429 the Duke of Bedford collected all the carts and waggons in the neighbourhood of Paris, five hundred in number, and storing them with provisions, especially salted herrings, for the Lenten diet of the army, sent them off under the escort of Sir John Fastolfe, with one thousand five hundred men, on Ash Wednesday.

The Count de Clermont, heir of the imprisoned Duke of Bourbon, undaunted by his King's ill-treatment, resolved to intercept the red herrings, and sending notice to Dunois, appointed to meet him at Yenville, since the river was open to the passage of troops. Accordingly, from Blois on one side and Orleans on the other, there coalesced no less than five thousand cavalry, among them La Hire, La Fayette, Stewart of Aubigné with his Scots, all the best warriors of France except Richemont, who held aloof at Parthenay.

Fastolfe heard of their coming when he had reached the little village of Rouvray en Beausse, at nightfall, and there he entrenched his little body of men in a square within their waggons of herrings, leaving only two openings, each defended by a body of archers, and firmly awaited the assault of more than three times the number of his own army, without a thought of turning back or deserting his convoy.

La Fayette, as an old general, knighted the Count de Clermont; and a night attack was intended, but was delayed for two hours by a dispute between the French and Scots. Sir John Stewart thought it would be much wiser to attack the herring carts on foot; but the French knights were inseparable from their horses, and at three in the morning it was resolved that each nation should take its own course.

The artillery fired upon the waggons, broke the barrels, and covered the field with red herrings; the Scots forced their way towards the openings, but were shot down with the arrows; the cavalry charged confusedly, but the unfailing arrow-shot demolished all who came near. By the time the sun rose, the Scottish leader and his son had both been slain, Dunois was badly wounded, six hundred men lay dead on the French side, Clermont was forced to retreat in disgrace; and Fastolfe safely carried the remnant of his herrings to the camp, where he was

* The great Bastille of Paris was so called, as the Tower of London is the Tower *par excellence*, from its pre-eminence over other bastilles. When Gray wrote of

"Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,"

as a mere poetical reminiscence of the old horrors of our great arsenal and national monument—the delight of every country visitor to London—the Bastille was verily the shame of Paris, and soon the news of its ruin was to fill Europe with ecstasy.

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CAMEO XXXV.

The Battle of the Herrings. 1429.

most joyously received; and his combat was dignified with the title of the "Battle of the Herrings," these having really borne the dint of the fray.

Captain John Stewart, with some of the Scottish remnant, drew off into Brittany, where they seem to have been considered as too like English to meet with any mercy. They likewise behaved with violence, and killed a peasant whom they regarded as a spy. In revenge, one of them, named Michael Hamilton, was caught in a village, dragged to Clisson, and there hanged; though, from the moment of his seizure, he had been entreating the aid of St. Catherine, and vowing to come and thank her at her chapel of Fierbois if she would save him from death.

That night, the priest of Clisson heard a voice, bidding him go and cut down the Scot; and, on the second repetition of the command, he sent a man to see whether the wretch were dead. The messenger twisted and turned the body; and at last, to make sure, pulled off the boot, and gave a sharp cut to the great toe of the right foot. Blood flowed freely; the leg moved, and the body writhed; the messenger ran away in a fright, and told the Curé. He, deeming this a divine interposition, told the case to the assembled people, and in his priestly robes went with the clergy and magistrates to cut Hamilton down.

The son of the peasant who had been killed was so incensed, that he gave Hamilton a severe wound over the ear before he could be prevented; but the Scotsman was still alive, and was carried into a house, whence the Abbess of La Regrippière sent for him, as one favoured of Heaven, and as he could not speak French, sent for a Scot to nurse him. At the end of a fortnight, he set out to fulfil his vow to St. Catherine de Fierbois, whose register bore the record of this miracle.

Faith in this popular saint was working one greater and more important—for the safety of all France, at the moment of greatest need. The Battle of the Herrings, with its disproportionate numbers, was the culmination of the English glory in France. The French were more dispirited than ever: the Orleannois offered to capitulate, but to the Duke of Burgundy instead of the national foe; and Bedford thought himself so secure of the almost famished place, that he refused to permit that it should surrender to any save Henry VI. of England and II. of France, saying that the English were not men to beat the bushes while others killed the game, or to chew morsels for others to swallow.

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CAMEO XXXVI.

THE MISSION OF THE MAIDEN.

(1429—1431.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1406. James I.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Pope.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V.

CAMEO XXXVI.

Domremy.

THE shrine of St. Catherine at Fierbois was, at the time of the misery of France, the most popular with all the persons who clung to the interests of Valois rather than of Plantagenet.

Thither had the Duke of Brittany sent his votive offerings when he was released from his horrible captivity at Clisson; thither had the Scottish Hamilton bent his thoughts when the halter was about his neck; thither had he repaired with his thanks upon his recovery.

A long register of the miracles attributed to St. Catherine's intercession was kept by the clergy of her church; and to these there was destined to be added one of the most wonderful revivals on record of the spirit of an almost conquered nation.

On the borders of Lorraine, almost beyond the confines of France, on the river Meuse, lay the village of Domremy, belonging to the Sieur Pierre de Bourlemont—a simple-minded place, where the peasants, with a single exception, believed that the Armagnacs were loyal and the Burgundians traitors. Their neighbours at Marcey, on the other hand, held with the Burgundians; and the combats in the streets of Paris were emulated by the boys of the two parishes, who never met without coming to blows with fists, sticks, and stones.

Three boys, Jaquemin, Jean, and Pierre d'Arc, were often so forward these conflicts on the Domremy side, that they used to return bruised and bleeding to their homes; but though pitied and caressed, they were always cheered on to their battles by their dreamy though high-spirited sister, Jeanne.

Domremy was a place to encourage dreams. The pride of the village was an immense beech-tree, which stood alone in advance of the Bois Chenu, the great Druidical forest on the hill-side. It was called the

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Jeanne a Arc.

Beautiful May, the Fairies' Tree, or the Ladies' Tree; and the ancient village dames professed to have heard the fairies whispering beneath it; but it was now a hallowed tree, exorcised by the priest, who in the solemn procession at Rogationtide always came to chant the Gospel beneath it, and bless the pure spring that flowed close to its root. The fairies had ceased to haunt the place; but on May morning the village children there decked their flowery image; on the Sunday of the Fountains they came there to eat little cakes and drink from the spring; and in the summer, the ladies of Bourlemont would gather the little ones in this favoured spot, and feast them with white bread and wine. On every holiday it was hung with garlands, and encircled with merry dances; and the children loved it beyond all other places.

There did Jeanne of Arc, the peasant's daughter, love to sit while tending her flock. She was a girl of deep, earnest thought, and of strong, active limbs. None of the other children could approach her swiftness of foot: she was leader in all their games; and though thoughtful at other times, any strong exercise made her face light up with the wildest excitement; and yet she had that remarkable power of stillness that belongs to deep, strong natures, so that when she sat on the grass she could win the wild birds to come at her call and take crumbs from her bosom.

She was ten years old when the Treaty of Troyes gave France to Henry V.; twelve, when the two kings died; and soon after, the effects of the war began to show themselves in the hitherto peaceful Domremy. Troops of English and Burgundians passed and re-passed; it was no longer safe for the children to watch their flocks on the hill-side, but all the flocks and herds were kept in an enclosure; and Jeanne had to stay at home and sew and spin. The cruel sufferings she daily heard of, and the misery of her countrymen, dwelt constantly on her mind; and she remembered an old prophecy, that a maid should come out of the Bois Chenu and be the deliverer of France. Suppose she should be that maid! Once conceived, the thought lived for ever with her. She does not seem to have thought of her real prototype, St. Geneviève, the shepherdess who twice saved Paris; indeed, she probably only knew the saints of her own vicinage—the Blessed Virgin of Bermont, with St. Catherine the wise and triumphant, and St. Margaret breaking through the coils of the dragon in her innocence. At their shrines she constantly prayed; and one day, when she was about thirteen, when she was musing in the garden, a light broke on her, and she heard a voice, saying, "Jeanne, be a good child, and constant at church, for the King of Heaven hath chosen thee to restore France." Full of awe, she at once fell on her knees, and made a vow of perpetual virginity; but she kept her vision locked up in her own heart, and bided her time, only striving in every way to fulfil her duties, whether by prayer, toil, or charity.

In 1428, when she was sixteen, an army of English and Burgundians came to besiege Vaucouleurs, and the Domremy peasants fled in alarm. The Arc family took refuge at Neufchâteau, where Jeanne and her

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Vaucouleurs

sister and brothers took their share in helping at the inn that had received them.

Jeanne, a fine, nobly-made girl, with eyes full of fire and inspiration, was greatly admired by a youth who here met her. He asked her in marriage, and her parents readily promised her; but when she struggled against this destruction of all her high aims, the lover actually cited her before the ecclesiastical court, to answer for her disobedience. However, when she pleaded her vow, the officer of the court could compel her no farther, and she was allowed her cherished freedom, though her father was now, as ever, very strict with her.

This eventful visit to Neufchâteau only lasted fifteen days: the enemy quitted Vaucouleurs, and the peasants returned to Domremy, to see the path of war with their own eyes—the church burnt, their homes plundered, and what could not be carried away wantonly destroyed. The sight added fuel to the fire: Jeanne lived in a constant dream of future achievements. Her Voices, as she called them, were always in her ears, summoning her to save France. And one day, when she was alone on the hills, the light again shone on her, and in it the glorified forms of her two dear virgin martyr saints, she of the wheel and she of the dragon; and with them a radiant *vray preu d'homme*, as she described him, whom she looked on as St. Michael, the captain of the heavenly host. Face to face, as it seemed to her, did she behold these glorious beings, and heard St. Michael say, "Why dost thou tarry? God has great pity on the people of France! The time is come that thou must go to their deliverance!" She was struck with terror, wept, and declared that she was a poor maiden, who knew nothing of war; but the Voice replied, "What God commands, do fearlessly; St. Catherine and St. Margaret will help thee."

Though, so far, "her dreams were of the glory, but the cross she could not see," yet the vision left her in tears and terror; and it was followed by another, when she had fallen asleep in the chapel at Bermont, while taking shelter from a storm. Again she was bidden to leave all, and become the rescuer of France: and she began to speak more openly to the neighbours. "There is now between Calombey and Vaucouleurs a maid who will cause the King of France to be crowned," she said to one friend; and her parents, fearing that some wandering soldier might work on the poor child's enthusiasm to induce her to follow him to the camp, kept her in closer subjection than ever. Her mother told her that her father had dreamt of her thus leaving home, and that he had said to one of his sons, "I had sooner that you drowned her; and if you did not, I should do so with my own hands!"

Jeanne's "Voices," however, made her believe that she had a higher duty than home submission; and they advised her to apply to the Governor of Vaucouleurs, Robert de Baudricourt. She had an uncle, named Durand Laxart, in a neighbouring village, who listened favourably to her revelations, asked for her to pay a visit to his wife, and went to Baudricourt to beg him for a recommendation of her to the King.

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—
Baudricourt.

The Governor laughed, and said, "Box your niece's ears well, and send her home to her father." But on this Jeanne herself repaired to his presence in her best red dress; and standing before him and his gentlemen, announced to him that she was bidden to expel the enemies of France, and carry the Dauphin to be crowned at Rheims. "Tell him," she said, "not to give the English battle until God vouchsafes him succour, which he shall have before next Lent be out. The kingdom of France is not his, but my Lord's; nevertheless, my Lord wills that he shall be king, and hold the kingdom in trust. In spite of his enemies, he shall be king; and it is I who am to bring him to his crown."

"Who is your Lord?" asked Baudricourt.

"The King of Heaven," said the inspired maid.

Baudricourt laughed at her, and dismissed her; but her purpose remained fixed.

Once she set out with her uncle to walk the one hundred and fifty leagues to the King at Chinon; but when they had started, they felt that at least a letter from Baudricourt was needful; and returning to him, induced him to write and ask whether the King would receive her.

Her mission became talked of; and in the winter, a knight named Jean de Novilompont came to see her, and he was so struck by her words that he united with another gentleman, named Bertrand de Poulengy, in persuading the Governor to consent to her journey; and this Baudricourt at last did, though not till he had had her exorcised by a priest, who adjured her to manifest herself if she were an evil thing.

The Duke of Lorraine, who was sick of an incurable disease, fancied her supernatural gifts would avail him, and sent for her; but she modestly answered this was no part of her call. He gave her four livres: and the people of Vaucouleurs, who now began to believe in her, contributed to present her with a horse, and the dress and accoutrements of a man-at-arms, since her Voices had enjoined the assumption of such a garb. It was a plain suit of steel, with leather straps, and a grey cloth jerkin.

Her father and mother came to see her, almost heart-broken; but they gave her a ring engraven with the words, JHESUS MARIA, and did not deny her their blessing.

She spent her last days at Vaucouleurs chiefly in the church, and with more of sorrow than of joy; and Baudricourt, who had become really touched, made her escort—Novilompont and Poulengy, and a king's messenger named Colet de Vienne, with their squires and servants—swear to conduct her safely and honourably to the King's presence.

The Battle of the Herrings was fought on Ash Wednesday, 1429; it was on the first Sunday of that same Lent that Jeanne thus set forth on her dangerous, difficult journey, through a despoiled and hostile country. Her hardy, healthy nature and great activity made this, however, as nothing to her; she could sleep in her woollen coverlet wherever she halted, and complained of nothing but that the knights would not always give her time to hear Mass.

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CAMEO XXXVI.

The Maid at the Council.

She reached the neighbourhood of Chinon about the same time as the tidings of the shameful loss at Rouvray, and of the offer of Orleans to surrender to Burgundy. It was assuredly man's extremity, and might well be God's opportunity. Her two knights repaired to the council to announce her coming; and, pending any decision respecting her, she was placed in the charge of the wife of the master of the royal household.

There was dissension respecting her in the council. La Tremouille, the King's master, suspected that it was all a trick of the Count de Richemont; and the pleasure-loving attendants of Charles heard the story of the inspired girl with scorn. But they learnt that the populace were much excited; Dunois, lying wounded at Orleans, sent two knights to inquire about her; and it was judged right to send a commission to visit her. The report was favourable; and the King decided, after two days, on seeing her himself, resolving to test her powers of insight.

He received her in the evening, in a hall lighted by fifty torches, with three hundred nobles splendidly arrayed, among whom he stood, apart from his throne, in plain attire.

Jeanne, however, came straight up to him, and bent the knee before him; and though he tried to divert her attention to the most splendid of his train, she repeated, "In the name of God, Sire, you are the King, and none other. God give you good life, gentle lord."

"What is your name?" he asked.

"I am Jehanne la Pucelle," she said in her old French. "The King of Heaven has sent me to lead you to Rheims for your coronation." And as an incredulous look arose on the faces of those who knew but too well—and thought her ignorant—that Rheims was in the very midst of the enemy's country, she added, "Gentle Dauphin, why will you not believe me? God has pity on you and on your people; for St. Louis and Charlemagne are on their knees before Him, praying for you."

Charles now bade his courtiers stand out of earshot, and held long converse with her; after which he confessed himself convinced that she was Heaven-sent, since she had revealed what could be known to none but himself and God.

Years after, one of his intimates persuaded him to reveal this secret; and he avowed, that shortly before he had been praying that a sign might be vouchsafed him whether France were his just right; as, if not, he would yield the strife, and live a private knight in Spain or Scotland. The Maid had bidden him fear not, for he was the true heir of France; and this coincidence had satisfied him. In fact, her inspired eyes, her strong faith, impressed all who came in contact with her; and the only doubt was, whether her strange inspiration was from above or beneath. Resolved to be on the safe side, Charles took her to Poitiers, to be examined by the doctors of theology. "I know not A or B," she said to them; "but I know that my Voices command me to raise the siege of Orleans, and conduct the King to Rheims."

Examination of the Maid.

A Limousin doctor, with a strong accent, asked her what language her Voices spoke; and she briskly answered, "Better than yours."

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Doctors and monks answered for her orthodoxy, Queen Yolande of Sicily and her ladies for her innocence and modesty, every witness for her piety and good life; and the general result showed her a nobly-formed creature, perfect in health, high in spirit, resolutely bold and alert, and free from all weakness or timidity. The council of Charles still probably only half believed in her; but their cause was desperate, and it was possible that she might raise an enthusiasm that would yet retrieve it; so they determined to send her forth with the troops who were to be sent to the relief of Orleans.

Her brother Pierre joined her; and her two original gentlemen remained attached to her service, together with two more knights, two pages, a chaplain, and secretary; and she put on the equipments of a knight—bright armour, with a jerkin of white and scarlet. When not in armour, she wore a huque, or close-fitting gown, of green velvet, and a long loose white satin robe over it, with a blue velvet chaperon corded with gold—by no means an indecorous dress in itself; and its masculine character she excused by saying it was more modest to dress like men when among them. She caused a banner to be wrought with the French lilies in gold on a white ground, with a figure of the glorified Saviour on one side, and of His blessed Mother on the other, with the same holy names that she bore on her ring. All this was by the direction of her Voices; and they further bade her send to St. Catherine's Church at Fierbois for an ancient sword marked with five crosses. The clergy said they knew of no such weapon; but she described the spot behind the altar where it lay buried in the ground, and there assuredly it was, very rusty and old; but it was furbished up, and presented with two scabbards, one of crimson velvet, the other of cloth of gold, besides which Jeanne had one of stout leather made for use.

Appointed to command the troops for the relief of Orleans.

These preparations lasted so long, that it was Holy Week before she arrived at Blois and took the command of the six thousand men there collected for the relief of Orleans, enforcing strict regularity and attendance on mass, and issuing an order that no man should go on the expedition without confession and absolution. Before she set off, she dictated a curious summons to the King of England, Duke of Bedford, Earl of Suffolk, Sir John Talbot, and Lord Scales, to surrender the keys of all the good cities they had taken, to one Maid who was sent by God to restore the blood royal of France; and she sent it to the English camp by her two heralds-at-arms.

Sad to say, the heralds were detained as captives, and threatened with death. In truth, the English did not regard the Maid as within the pale of the laws of warfare. Those whom she came to befriend had barely, by strenuous proof and by her own presence, been forced into half trusting her claims; and to the English, and even more to the Burgundians, they appeared absurd and ridiculous. Imposture and witchcraft seemed the only explanation of her assumptions; and the English, while half scorning, half fearing her, contemned and hated the French the more for having recourse to such base and unchivalrous methods of warfare.

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Disbelief in the Maid.

Local party spirit is always bitterer than even national enmity; and the Burgundians, Jeanne's near neighbours, circulated reports about her, as a great, bouncing, ill-famed girl, who had been used to do horse-boy's work at the inn at Neufchâteau, and now had been taken up, half in love, half in policy, by Dunois and Richemont, to retrieve the cause they had not valour to defend. And since the wise Regent, Bedford, had actually imprisoned his father's widow for sorcery, no one was likely to doubt the probability of such an agency. And thus Monstrelet, the Burgundian chronicler, foully misrepresents Jeanne; Shakespeare has shown her like one of the abandoned heroines of the Revolution; and Carte's History calls her "a lusty virago," and deems her mission the merest trick. Tardy justice has been done to the pure and noble maiden; but it must not lead us into injustice to those stout countrymen of ours, who had no means of learning the real facts, and merely saw suspicious appearances.

The English were encamped on both sides of the Loire, and had eight bastiles surrounded with huts, and communicating with one another by deep trenches. Suffolk, Talbot, and Scales were on the northern bank of the river; Sir William Gladsdale on the south. Both sides of the city of Orleans were thus invested; and the captains of the French were in much anxiety as to the means of passing through either camp with the large collection of cattle and other stores they had brought together. "By St. Martin, we shall do it with ease!" said Jeanne; and she insisted that her convoy should march along the northern bank, where the city stood, through the district of Beauce; but the captains—knowing that on the southern side the bastiles were less strong, and the army less numerous, trusting the besieged to send barges to take the stores across, and believing their own convictions much more than her Voices, or counsel, as she now called her whispers of Inspiration—deceived her, and took her three days' march along the southern side. She rode at the head of the troops on a beautiful white horse, her banner carried before her, and a choir of priests around chanting the *Veni Creator*.

Not till she rode over the last ridge, and came in sight of Orleans, did she perceive that she had been deceived, and that the broad river, with its broken bridge, was between her and the garrison. She was grieved and indignant; and the captains were obliged to confess that she had been right; for though Dunois had brought down a large number of empty barges to receive the provisions, the river was so low, and the weather so bad, that it was even more difficult and dangerous to load them than it would have been to fight their way through the camp.

However, the night was setting in, and the English captains would not risk confusion and panic by attacking the Witch in the dark and in such weather, so the convoy was safely brought into the city; and then it was that Jeanne found that the captains had decided to take the army back again to Blois, and bring another convoy when needed. She was much concerned, but the provisions would not have sufficed for such an addition to the garrison; and Dunois entreated her to remain behind, and keep

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Relief of Orleans.

up the spirits of the besieged. She was much afraid that without her the troops would relapse into their usual excesses, and lose that state of purity on which she relied for Divine protection; but she sent back her chaplain to supply her place, and consented to remain with her brother Pierre and old La Hire. There was a curious friendship between the inspired maiden and the rough old soldier, whom she used to rebuke for his profanity of language, advising him to content himself with swearing by St. Martin, as she did.

In Orleans, the weary, famished people received her indeed as a messenger from heaven, and flocked round her in ecstasy, as she rode to the cathedral to hear *Te Deum* by torchlight. She was lodged in the house of the treasurer, Jaques Boucher, where, after partaking of a little toasted bread and wine and water, she went to bed, taking his little eight-year-old daughter to sleep with her. The house is believed to be still in existence.

Dunois was not governor of Orleans; the real command belonged to the Sire de Gaucourt, who had no faith in the Maid, and was very jealous of her influence. She wished for an immediate assault on the bastiles, but he would not hear of it; and she was only able to send an arrow into the camp of Gladsdale with a warning to be gone, which she afterwards followed up by coming out to the rampart, and exhorting the English in the Holy Name to be gone, or she would make them.

Gladsdale and his men replied to this summons by shouting out the grossest and foulest personal abuse, which covered Jeanne's cheeks with blushes, filled her eyes with passionate tears, and sent her to pour out her sorrows in church. One of her heralds came back, laden with scornful messages of the same tenor; and it was reported that the other was detained while the University of Paris was consulted whether it was not fitting that the herald of a witch should die by fire.

She began to enter into the cost of her mission; but her days of success were not over. Another convoy was safely brought by the northern bank; she went out to meet it, and no attack was made. While she was resting and dining, the captains held a council of war, and decided on an attack on the English bastile of St. Loup; but they had no mind for her interference, and resolved to let her know nothing about it.

Dunois had told her that Fascot, as she called Sir John Fastolfe, the Herring victor, was coming with a supply of provisions; and when she fell asleep after dinner, a whisper came from her "Counsel" that there was war; but she knew not whether it concerned "Fascot" or the siege. Soon, however, she cried out, "The blood of our people is running on the ground!" and leapt up, calling for her armour and horse. She mounted, her white banner was handed to her from the window, and she galloped off in the direction of the sounds of battle, meeting a wounded man carried in on her way. She joined herself to Dunois' company; and Talbot's men, who were coming to the assistance of their countrymen in St. Loup, were panic-struck at the sight of her.

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The fort of St. Loup.

The men in St. Loup held out for three hours of desperate fighting, then prayed for terms of mercy: but Jeanne was now terrible in her mission as an avenger; she did not shrink from their slaughter any more than if they had been wolves; and only saved a few who had taken refuge in the church and put on priests' garments.

However, she never struck: she always carried her standard instead of her sword in battle, that she might not have to slay; and she never killed any one in all her career. In truth, she wept for the slain, caused masses to be sung for them, and made it her entreaty to the King that a chapel should be founded for the purpose.

Still Gaucourt's distrust prevailed. He could not bear to let the peasant girl into his counsels, or let himself be swayed by her. Indeed, with all her truth, holiness, and purity, there was nothing of the lady about her; nothing of that grace and softness that chivalry yielded to. She was full of force and strength, scolded and stormed; and, except to those whose religious temper accepted her deep sense of Divine guidance, she was little more than a rough virago. She was bright and animated: she spoke gaily and fearlessly, though always modestly, to all whom she encountered; had a lively saying, or merry augury, for the soldiery; a brisk retort, or hail-fellow well-met manner for the highest noble or mightiest prince—always within the strict limits of womanly decorum, but not with the tender refinements of chivalrous grace. In fact, she was not a poetical Britomart, nor a spiritual, shadowy St. Margaret; but a flesh and blood, resolute young woman, as deeply and passionately devotional as a saint, as brave as a heroine of Ariosto, but a peasant all the time, and probably alienating the gentlemen who came in contact with her, alike by her superiority, her pretensions, and her power of taking care of herself.

On the 6th of May there was an attack on the bastiles on the southern side of the river. Jeanne had wished it to be on those to the north, but she was overruled; and Dunois was obliged gently to rebuke her for the hot temper she showed when she found that she was not trusted.

Gladsdale's troops abused Jeanne at the top of their voices, but they were mortally afraid of her; and all the southern bastiles were taken from them, except the Tournelles standing by the broken bridge. This, however, was exceedingly strong; and Gaucourt and his council decided on waiting for reinforcements; and early in the morning they came to Boucher's, to forbid her to go and lead on the men whom she had left waiting for the morning's assault; but Jeanne would not hear them. "You have been to your council, and I have been to mine," she said. "The counsel of my Lord will hold good; the counsel of man will perish." And as a shad-fish was brought in, and her hosts begged her at least to break her fast on it before she went, she answered that it should be kept for supper, when she would return by way of the bridge, and bring a prisoner with her, calling him after that national oath that Englishmen had made their name among the French.

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Attack on the Tournelles.

Gaucourt stood at the gate, and would not let her pass; but the soldiery and the people forced him aside and unbarred the door, and she swept on the enthusiastic people with her to the assault, so that the reluctant captains found themselves forced to bear their part.

Suffolk and Talbot would have come to the succour of the Tournelles, but could not induce their men to stir against the Witch. Eight hundred men, with Gladsdale, were therefore left to do their best; and in ordinary circumstances, the French captains declared that a week at least would be needful for the reduction of such a place as the Tournelles. But Jeanne had filled the common soldiery, generally the weakest part of the French army, with her own dauntless spirit. The Tournelles was attacked both by water and land; and about noon she herself seized a ladder, planted it, and was about to mount, when an arrow pierced her neck and shoulder. She fell, and, almost fainting and her tears flowing freely, was carried out of the fight and laid on the grass. Dunois, her chaplain, and many soldiers, crowded round; but in her swoon she saw her two saints; in a few moments she rallied her courage, and cheerfully endured the extraction of the arrow; and when the wound had been stanched with cotton and olive-oil, she resumed her corslet and returned to the assault.

Her re-appearance increased the terror of the English, who hoped they had killed her; and after three hours' more fighting they were exhausted, and fancied they saw St. Michael, and St. Aignan the patron of Orleans, fighting against them. Jeanne, standard in hand, rushed to the fosse, crying, "Yield, Gladsdale, yield! Thou didst call me witch! Oh, I have great pity on thy soul, and all of thine!"

Receiving no answer, she gave the word, and the French poured over the rampart; while Gladsdale and about thirty of his best knights tried to cross to the second fort on the bridge itself; but the remnant of the already shattered arch gave way under their weight, and with a sudden crash precipated the entire load of brave men into the river. Jeanne was woman enough to give a loud scream, and wept bitterly at the piteous sight: and the remaining two hundred men in the garrison were spared and led into Orleans.

Every bell in the city clashed forth its peal of victory; and the echo of exulting shouts in the streets and *Te Deums* in the churches came to the ears of the English, hitherto used to hear such sounds only on their own side, and still horror-struck at the destruction of their brave comrades.

Sadly Suffolk, Talbot, and Fastolfe met in council, and compared notes on the panic terrors of their men. The five hundred soldiers who could fight all night against two thousand Frenchmen would not stand a moment against the girl whom they deemed a sorceress. Besides, with the Tournelles gone—the Tournelles, which had cost the life of Salisbury and of Gladsdale—and all their works on the southern side swept away, they had little hope left of taking the city, which had lately seemed almost in their hands. The siege could only bring further disaster and

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CAMEO XXXVI.

The Siege of Orleans raised.

disgrace, and they resolved on marching away. So in the morning—it was Sunday, the 8th of May—they set fire to all their remaining bastiles, drew out their men in full array, marched up to the walls, defied the garrison to battle, and, when the challenge was unnoticed, marched off in good order to Mehun sur Loire, leaving behind them their sick and their baggage.

Jeanne, in spite of her wound, was up and alert, hearing mass in the cathedral, in preparation for battle. When she learnt that the enemy were gone, she said, "Let them go; it is enough that they go;" and forbade the Sunday rest to be broken by pursuit.

It was the seventh day since Jeanne's arrival—the Sunday after Ascension; and even to the present time is the festival kept at Orleans; it was only omitted during those years of the Revolution when the people of France had chosen to forget that they had any past; and still do the magistrates lead a procession round those rescued walls, repair to the cathedral for their *Te Deum*, and hear a sermon in honour of the Mission of La Pucelle.

On Monday, the unwearied Pucelle d'Orleans, as general acclamation called her, set forth with Dunois and La Hire, to return to the King, who came to meet her at Tours. She took her standard and rode forward with it till she was near him, when she dismounted, knelt down, and clasped his feet; and as he bade her look up, she said, "Gentle Dauphin, come and receive your noble crown at Rheims: I am greatly pressed that you should go there. Do not doubt that you will there be crowned as you ought."

The people expected him to embrace her, but her low birth and breeding no doubt held him aloof; and indeed, except perhaps Alençon and Dunois, the princes and nobles always were half-hearted in their treatment of their deliverer, though the populace viewed her with enthusiastic admiration, and were wont to throng round her, trying to touch her as if she had been a holy relic, and kneeling before her. The Abbot of Falmont warned her against permitting such devotion, and she lamented it; but she said, "In truth, I know not how to keep me, unless God will keep me."

Tremouille and the other councillors would not hear of the King advancing to Rheims till the country about Orleans had been cleared of the English; in which they were probably quite right. Jeanne was much mortified, but threw herself into this new campaign with all her heart; and the Duke d'Alençon, who held the command, followed her lead readily.

On the 11th of June she left Orleans, and invested Jergeau, where the Earl of Suffolk and his two brothers, with a considerable force, had taken refuge. A great power of artillery had gone with the army, and soon made a breach. Jeanne hurried on the assault, and it was completely successful.

Suffolk, finding himself obliged to yield, turned to the young Frenchman who was nearest to him, and asked if he were of gentle blood.

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Battle of Patay.

"I am, sir. I am Guillaume Regnault, of Auvergne."

"Art thou a knight?"

"Not yet."

"Then I make you one," said Suffolk, striking him with his sword, and then yielding it to one whom he had thus made of sufficient rank to receive his submission.

Mehun surrendered on her appearance before its walls; and she next proceeded to Beaugency. Here the Constable de Richemont, seeing something really stirring in the French cause, came marching up with a Breton reinforcement; but Jeanne had been so prejudiced against him at the court that she wanted to give him battle.

"By St. Nicolas, demoiselle!" said Dunois, "you are worth a good deal: but most of us had rather fight under the Constable than under all the Pucelles in the world. If you wish to do the King a service, you will reconcile them."

Alençon had been forbidden by the King to coalesce with Richemont; but the tidings that Talbot and Fastolfe were marching to the relief of Beaugency decided him not to reject good French swords; so Richemont was received by Jeanne. "Ah, Constable!" she said, "I did not send for you; but since you are here, you will do good service."

His address was even blunter: "Whether you are of God or the devil, I know not. If you are of God I fear you not, for He knows my goodwill. If of the devil, I fear you still less; so do the best or worst you can."

Fastolfe would have avoided the battle, knowing how dispirited the troops were; but Talbot was ashamed to retreat without fighting, and offered battle at Patay. He was trying to extend his division, so as to take advantage of the hedges that intersected the country, but time was not left him.

Jeanne surveyed the English; and then suddenly inquired of her captains, "Have you all good spurs?" It was not to flee; but to give chase with and fight. Thundering on Talbot's division, La Hire and Xaintrailles slew one thousand two hundred men. Fastolfe saw the day hopeless, and without striking a blow galloped off headlong at the first fire, and never halted till he was within the walls of Corbeil. It was the 18th of June, 1429,—a day that England well redeemed.

Talbot was made prisoner, with many more, and two thousand five hundred were slain. Jeanne pitied them even in her hour of victory; and one wounded English prisoner, at least, was lifted from the ground by her hands, and supported while he made his confession.

She went back to the King, and showed him the way open to Rheims; but still, though he complimented and thanked her, she perceived, and it cost her many bitter tears, that he had no real trust in her. He had, at her entreaty, granted Richemont a certain grudging permission to serve him; but Tremouille was still powerful enough to forbid him to come to court. And day after day passed before Charles was at last stirred up to set forth for Rheims. Indeed, the march was perilous; and

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CAMEO XXXVI.

The Coronation at Rheims.

nothing less than Jeanne's wondrous influence could have rendered it so easily successful and triumphant as it was. Troyes, where the treaty with Henry V. had been made, was taken; on the 16th of July the royal train entered Rheims; and Jeanne's father and uncle beheld her triumphal entrance, as she rode, standard in hand, beside the King himself.

Jeanne had sent one of her imperative letters to summon the Duke of Burgundy to the coronation; but of course it was unheeded. Not one of the peers of France was present; and the Constable de Richemont had been informed that the King had rather not be crowned at all than have him present.

Still that 17th of July was to France a great and blessed day. The oil of the Sainte Ampoule, thought to have been brought from heaven by a dove, gave its consecration to Charles VII.; and Jeanne stood beside the altar, her standard in her hand. "It had shared the danger," she said; "it was meet that it should share the glory."

The only reward Jeanne would accept was exemption from taxes for Domremy; and, even down to the Revolution, the registry of sums paid to the treasury always bore, after the name of Domremy, the words "*Néant à cause de la Pucelle.*"

Thenceforth, Jeanne seems to have felt her mission ended. Some say that she entreated permission to return home with her father; but this does not appear in the evidence given so minutely on the examination into her history. It only seems as if she knew her star had culminated. She told one of her village friends, who asked if she were ever frightened, that she dreaded nothing but treachery; and a foreboding of death began to dwell on her, and to dim the buoyant brightness of her earlier course.

Perhaps no warrior or statesman could have been expected to surrender his own judgment to a being like her; and yet those who hung back from treating her with confidence, or with common gratitude, were actuated by such mean and unworthy motives, that, even in Jeanne's highest glory, there is a sense that her grand devotion was cruelly misunderstood and wasted.

The Duke of Bedford was at Corbeil; and when Sir John Fastolfe arrived, a fugitive from the lost battle of Patay, his anger was so great that he at once sentenced the old soldier to lose his knighthood of the Garter. Fastolfe, however, represented that the men had lost all power of contending with the Witch Maiden, and that he deemed it better to save their lives; and he was on this plea restored to his honours; but not so reinstated in public opinion as to prevent Shakespeare from painting his degradation in his own proper person, as well as transferring his name to that prince of good fellows who had once been Oldcastle.

The English, who had learnt to believe that their beloved King Henry had led them to a holy work in the purification of France, were convinced that only Satanic might could withstand them and turn their courage to timidity. Bedford wrote to Charles VII., reproaching him

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Advance to Paris.

with availing himself of such despicable support; and in a letter to his nephew the little King, or rather of course to his council, he called the Maid "a disciple or limb of the fiend." He was in great difficulties for men and money. Gloucester did indeed publish proclamations against Englishmen who were afraid to cross the sea because of the Maid, but he sent him no efficient supplies in coin; and the best help he obtained was from Cardinal Beaufort, who advanced another loan from his private resources. The Cardinal had intended to spend his enforced absence from England in a crusade against the Bohemian followers of Huss; but seeing his nephew's difficulties, he brought the five thousand men he had raised for the purpose to fight against the French sorceress.

Jeanne, on her side, was dragging the tardy King forward to endeavour to recover his capital. All the places on the way surrendered, and Bedford, who had drawn out his men for the protection of Paris, found that to offer battle would be only to incur another defeat, which would have been fatal to his cause. And thus Jeanne arrived at St. Denis in the end of August, but without finding the city ready to open the gates to the King. The citizens had suffered too horribly in the days of the Armagnac dominion, and had been too much relieved by English discipline, to be ready to admit the King, who, it was absurdly reported among them, meant to plough up their streets and sow them with salt; and they of course believed in Jeanne's witchcraft.

She had pushed forward with the Duke of Alençon, but her other friends had been sent off on different commands, and kept at a distance by the jealousy of Tremouille. The King lingered behind, and her ardour could not inspire him. Moreover, after the first flush of excitement, the purity of life that she had striven to establish was giving way to the ordinary licence of camps, and her simple faith was convinced that thus heavenly aid would be forfeited. One day, at St. Denis, she met a soldier impudently amusing himself with one of the dissolute women whom she had expelled from the camp, and, with Phineas-like zeal, she flew at the woman, and beat her over the shoulders with the flat of her sword. It was the rusty old sword of St. Catherine of Fierbois, and it broke in two with this treatment. Jeanne was greatly grieved, all the more that the armourers could not mend it again; and the soldiery considered it an evil omen. Moreover, her Voices, or Council, had ceased to speak to her; and though the King came at last, she could not persuade him to approach nearer than St. Denis on the day of the assault. The only wonder is that any one should have been found to fight for *such* a king.

However, the assault was made on the 2nd of September, but English arrow-shot rained down thickly on her; and while she was measuring the depth of the fosse with a lance, her standard-bearer was killed by her side, and she herself was pierced in the thigh. Still she fought on bravely; but just when, if she had had her way, she would have directed a sudden rush on the weary garrison, the Sire de Gaucourt insisted on a retreat, and she was forced away, with tears of indignation. The King,

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Inaction of the King.

hearing of the repulse, commanded that the attempt should be given up altogether; and hearing that Jeanne wanted to cross the Seine by a bridge and renew the attack on the other side, he caused the bridge to be broken down. Many of his best captains wished to persevere in the siege. Jeanne's Voices spoke again, and bade her do so; but Charles had not spirit enough, and though she implored him with tears, if he went away himself, to leave her and the army there, he would not consent, but insisted on retreat. Jeanne dedicated the suit of armour in which she had been wounded to the Blessed Virgin and St. Denis, and hung it on a pillar in the great abbey church, where the kings were buried, and returned, sad at heart, with the King, to Bourges. There he chose once more to return to his indolent, helpless existence, reckless that the country that had submitted to him between the Loire and Seine was being cruelly ravaged by the enemy, reckless of everything but his own ease.

Jeanne was living with an honourable lady, petted, honoured, feasted; but she pined all the time. Her spirit burnt within her to be up and doing; and her only real pleasure was to go to the parish churches when young girls went to their first communion, and to partake with them. At last, she obtained leave to go with a detachment to take the fort of St. Pierre le Moustier on the Upper Loire, and this she took with her old prowess; but she failed against the Castle of La Charité, and her prestige was evidently forsaking her.

A false prophetess, a married woman, named Catherine of La Rochelle, came forth to rival Jeanne, with a vision of a lady in white and gold; but the contempt with which Jeanne treated her pretensions seems to have had an ill effect on people's minds. However, Charles insisted on ennobling the whole family of Arc, by the names of Des Lys, after the Lilies of France, which they were to bear on their shield with a crowned sword in the midst. Confidence and perseverance would have been a more acceptable reward to the Maiden who spent whole nights in prayer for the rescue of her country and the restoration of her king.

Miserable reports of the state of the country reached the court; the English were fast regaining all they had lost, and the cities that had surrendered to Charles wrote despairing letters to the King and the Maid entreating them to save them from the vengeance that threatened them. Jeanne implored Charles with tears of agony to send her to their rescue, but Tremouille and Gaucourt influenced him the other way; his heart seems to have been absolutely dead to pity, and nothing would induce him to make an attempt to save his own lands and subjects. Perhaps, too, he was ashamed of letting a girl of eighteen win the battles he would not win for himself. At last, after four months of this inactive misery, Jeanne could bear it no longer. In the Lent of 1430 she took her standard, her own three knights, her brother, and her chaplain, and with her company of guards she quietly rode away from the court, taking no leave, and set out for the scene of war.

She was very sorrowful, and as she passed through Melun her Voices

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Jeanne taken at Compiègne.

told her that she would be a prisoner before Midsummer. She was not a whit less brave and adventurous, but her gay spirits were gone, and her constant prayer was that her captivity might not be long. She joined the army at Lagny sur Marne, and soon after defeated and made prisoner a terrible Burgundian marauder, who was adjudged by the civil power to suffer death; and this further inflamed the Burgundians against her.

On the whole, it was a disastrous campaign; and, the best supporters of Jeanne being all absent, such half-hearted counsels prevailed that the army at length retired beyond the Loire, while Jeanne threw herself into the city of Compiègne, hoping at least to save that from the Burgundian Jean of Luxemburg, who was advancing to besiege it.

Guillaume de Flavy was the governor, a brave but a harsh and savage man, and probably with the general lurking dislike of Jeanne. A sally was made, in which she rode pre-eminent, with a cassock of scarlet cloth of gold over her armour, and her standard in her hand. The attack was repulsed; the besieged fled back towards the town, Jeanne, of course, among the very last, fighting her way step by step. The Burgundians were before her; Flavy—was it in panic, in ignorance, or in treachery?—raised the drawbridge, closed the gates, and left the virgin champion of France outside among the enemy.

A few soldiers remained with her, and she tried to ride off with them into the open country, but the enemy surrounded and overpowered them; and she was dragged off her horse, and forced to surrender to an archer. The very spot of her surrender has ever since been marked by tradition. It was the 23d of May, just over a year since her victory at Orleans.

The Duke of Burgundy arrived at the camp that evening, and saw her for a few moments alone, but what passed was never known. The whole camp was in ecstasy. The soldiers declared this capture was worth more than that of five hundred men. *Te Deums* were sung in Paris, and every Englishman's spirits rose with the belief that foul magic spells had been conquered.

The commonalty of France wept and mourned; but the dignified clergy sent letters to console them, saying it was all La Pucelle's own fault, for she would take no advice; and there was an inspired shepherd-boy come to court, who would answer the purpose just as well. And the King—the King who owed his crown to her—spoke no word, made no sign, offered no ransom, showed less care than if his horse had been lost!

The University of Paris was more bitter against her than either England or Burgundy. The doctors there, the very day after they heard of Jeanne's capture, sent to demand that she might be delivered up to the Inquisition to answer for crimes savouring of heresy. To this, however, Burgundy returned no answer; and his nephew, Luxemburg, declared that she was his prisoner and his property, whom he would not part with except for a good sum of money. No one, however, offered the price for full two months; and in the meantime, Pierre Cauchon,

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Jeanne given up to the English.

bishop of Beauvais, who had fled from his city when she took it, sent a demand to act as her judge, and this terrified her so that she tried to escape, but in vain. She was then taken to the Castle of Beaurevoir, where she was kindly treated, allowed to walk on the battlements of the tower, and visited by the lady of the castle and Luxemburg's aunt, the old Countess of Ligny. They were kind to her, and tried to persuade her to resume her female dress; but she thought this ought not to be till her Voices gave the word, and refused. They did all in their power to prevent her from being given up to the English; but the only difficulty was about the price. Meantime, Compiègne was in extremity; and Jeanne, maddened by terror of the English, and by longing to go to the rescue of the city, absolutely leapt from the top of the tower of Beaurevoir, and was taken up for dead.

Happy had it been for her had she indeed been killed by the fall; but just at that time the Count de Vendôme contrived to relieve Compiègne, and the English and Burgundians were seized with a panic, and raised the siege. They attributed their loss to the potent spells of La Pucelle, even in her captivity, and the terms offered were higher. Ten thousand livres were given to Luxemburg, and connivance at the seizure of Brabant satisfied Burgundy, so that at length, in the November of 1430, Jeanne was given up to an English guard, and just before Christmas arrived at Rouen, where the little King Henry had been brought by his uncle.

The manner in which she was kept indicates terror of her power to work spells. The Earl of Warwick had the chief command of the castle which served her for a prison; and he—like every other Englishman—seems to have lost all his ordinary nature in dealing with her. Perhaps he dreaded her power being exercised on his young charge the King, for he caused her at first to be kept in an iron cage, and fastened in an upright posture by chains on the neck, wrists, and ankles; but he afterwards relented so far that she was only chained by the feet to a log of wood by day and at night to her bed, and three guards always watched her. They, however, never ill-treated her; and the Duchess of Bedford sent ladies to visit her, and did her best to enforce respect for her. But the clergy, with the Bishops of Beauvais and Winchester at their head, were so persuaded of her guilt that they denied her all religious rites, and she would have been utterly desolate but that her Voices never ceased to whisper patience and consolation whenever the church-bells of Rouen sounded in her prison chamber. Unhappily, those Voices never made her resume her female attire; and when the kind Duchess of Bedford, seeing, like the ladies of Beaurevoir, how her present dress added to the horror with which she was regarded, sent her a petticoat by a tailor, she answered his persuasions to wear it—which were very probably insolent—with a slap on the face.

Not till the new year had begun did the English council decide that Jeanne should be delivered up to the Bishop of Beauvais for trial, when the University of Paris had clamoured loudly at their slackness. Surely

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Trial of the Maiden.

it seems as if there had been no virulence against her in the council, and as if an interference on the part of some person of esteemed rank on Jeanne's side would have saved her; but all were supine, and the inference naturally was that they were conscious of her guilt.

The Bishop of Beauvais was then appointed her judge, with the assistance of six doctors of the University of Paris; but as he had forsaken his see on her advance with his true sovereign, the Chapter of Rouen lent him their court, and on the 21st of February, 1431, the trial commenced. Jeanne had asserted her right to have as many ecclesiastics who held to the French on her trial as there were who held to the English; but this demand was refused, as well as her earnest request to hear mass. The ground on which this was refused was her persistence in immodestly dressing like a man; and truly there does seem to have been a sort of superstition or obstinacy unlike her usual good sense in this continued adherence. She said her Voices never directed her to lay her masculine garb aside; but probably the cause of her refusal was because her high spirit rebelled against submission to her enemies. She also considered that the male dress was a protection from indignities offered by her keepers; and throughout her trial refused again and again to change it, even though on no other condition was she to be allowed to communicate at Easter.

Emissaries had been sent to make secret inquiries wherever she had been; but in general the result was so favourable to her that it was suppressed, and she was allowed no counsel. She stood before her judges in a plain suit of black, and all were struck with her fine handsome countenance and brave demeanour.

The trial was not conducted by the examination of witnesses, but consisted of a close cross-questioning of the prisoner herself on the grounds already collected. Baited and harassed, she made her simple truthful answers, showing great clearness and acuteness of mind and much resolution, always adhering to her call and continued direction by the Voices, and declaring them to be sent by Heaven. Most of the particulars of her childhood, and of her earlier summons, which have been already given, were then elicited; and an English nobleman who was listening to the trial could not help exclaiming, "This is a good woman'! If she were but English!"

Six public examinations took place, and she was further examined again and again in the prison, the Vice-Inquisitor of France having been induced to join her enemies, for the Chief-Inquisitor would have nothing to do with the matter, and in fact the branch of the Holy Office at Poitiers had accepted her claims two years before. Weary was the trial, lasting in all its forms the whole of Lent. At last, a long list of articles was drawn up against her, the most prominent of which was that she had said she submitted to our Lord and His Church in heaven, not to the Church militant on earth—*i.e.* to the cruel judges round her. Besides this, her mission was ascribed to the Fairy Tree, and she was said to have used spells and divinations, while her refusal even to obtain

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admission to communion by laying aside her male garb clenched the argument against her.

CAMEO XXXVI.
Abjuration of Jeanne.

A monk shouted to her to appeal to the Council of Basle, and, as soon as she understood what it was, she did so; but the Bishop of Beauvais quashed the appeal, and the Earl of Warwick threatened the monk for prompting her, and said the King had bought her at a great price, and was determined that she should be burnt. No doubt he thought the monk disloyal and the witch only too cunning to be caught.

Finally, the ostensible ground of her condemnation was the "heresy" of appealing to God and declaring that to Him she committed herself, instead of to the Church upon earth, and that it was a blasphemy and idolatry against the Saints and St. Michael to ascribe her Voices to them. She was only nineteen, and might have been saved by her minority; but there was no one to plead for her. Yet, ere the conclusion of the trial, Bedford took his wife, kind Anne of Burgundy, and and the gentle little King, away from Rouen to Pontoise, and left Beaufort and Warwick to conclude the tragedy.

Jeanne was condemned either to fire, or to submit and abjure her errors. She was but nineteen; she had pined a year in prison, and she was told that her abjuration would be followed by her release. She was brought out on a scaffold before beautiful St. Ouen's Church to hear a sermon on her crimes—a sermon that she interrupted to defend her King when he was abused. "Say of me what you like; but let the King be; he is a good Christian, and did *not* trust in me. He is the noblest Christian of all Christians who best loves the Faith and the Church."

And that King was lifting no finger to save her!

Abjure or burn: that was the choice. She appealed to the Church Universal.

"Abjure at once, or burn," they said. She appealed to Rome.

It was the same answer.

"Oh, Jeanne, why will you die!" was the cry of one friendly voice; but with it rose savage growls of the soldiers fearing to be baulked of their prey.

In terror she cried, "I will submit."

The Bishop accepted the cry of the hunted woman; a brief confession was dictated to her, in which she was made to say that she returned to the Church, and to own that the Voices of her Saints were mere feigning. She was obliged to sign a declaration to the same effect, and then her mitigated sentence was read.

Freedom—no indeed! only perpetual imprisonment on "the bread of sorrow and the water of anguish!" The one request the deceived, persecuted woman deigned to make was for imprisonment in the ecclesiastical prison, not among the rude English, whom she dreaded with exceeding dread; but "Carry her back whence she came" was all the answer she obtained.

There was much murmuring. The English soldiery believed that

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CAMEO XXXVI.
—
Jeanne's "relapse."

they should fail everywhere, as before Compiègne, as long as the Witch was not burnt. The Bishop of Beauvais whispered, "We know where to have her!" and he remained at Rouen, while Warwick quitted it much displeased, and all the abbots who had been present at the trial likewise left it.

Jeanne no longer wore the male dress she deemed divinely sent. She had the peasant-girl's dress of Domremy, and submitted to wear it; and her keepers were changed from the men-at-arms, who, if rough and harsh, had some decency and discipline, to the "*houspillers*," the scum of the army, of what nation we are not told. Two dark, dreadful days passed—how, is not known! Then the Bishop and all his crew were triumphantly summoned to behold the Witch in her manly garments again!

Whose was the fiendish contrivance was never known in detail, whether it was that of Pierre Cauchon, or of his myrmidons. Her female garments had been taken away, and no choice left her. The houspiller guards had thrown her old clothes over her, and stood mocking at her despair.

This was on Trinity Sunday; and the next day the court met joyfully. Warwick had come back to Rouen. He gladly shut his eyes to the mode in which the "relapse" had been obtained; and Jeanne had been driven to such utter extremity by what she had undergone in those two days, that she had fully made up her mind that death was better than such a life. Her spirit had returned. She declared that her Voices were divine, and that she had done nothing against the faith.

She was a "relapsed heretic." Nothing was left for her but to die, and by fire. She wept most bitterly with dread at the frightful fate. Death she feared not, but pain and shame; but still she had a bright hope of salvation.

"Bishop, I die by you," she said.

"Ah, Jeanne, take it patiently; you die because you have not kept your promise, and because you have returned to your first iniquities."

"Alas, alas!" she said, "if you had put me into the prison of the Church, and given me true and proper keepers, this had not been!"

Her confessor was gentle and merciful with her, and the Holy Eucharist was granted her. Then, clad in the mourning robe of a victim of the French Inquisition, with a mitre on her head bearing the words "Hérétique relapse, apostate, idolatre," she was dragged to the great market-place, all the way weeping heartily.

Then there was a sermon on her misdeeds, and then she prayed for half an hour, while many wept for her, even Cauchon and Beaufort themselves. She asked for a cross, and an English soldier made her one from a broken stick. The form of giving her over to the secular arm was not gone through, so Cauchon of Beauvais has the full credit of the deed.

When bound to the stake she looked up at the fair towers of Rouen and cried, "O Rouen, Rouen! I fear thou wilt have to suffer for my

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CAMEO XXXVI.

Death of Jeanne d'Arc.

1431.

death." To the Bishop she repeated the words, "Bishop, I die by you."

Two monks kept close by her, and held aloft the crucifix, praying aloud; but her cries and shrieks were loud, and would have been fearful but that they were ever of the Redeemer's Name. At last, in the hottest of the flame, she cried, "My Voices have not deceived me!" Then again "JESUS!" and then the spirit was free.

Cardinal Beaufort bade her ashes be thrown into the Seine; but there was a great awe on all the spectators, and most of them felt that they had seen the martyrdom of a saint.

As for her father, he died of grief; the King is said to have been *very sorry;* the city of Orleans pensioned her mother, and yearly celebrated the memory of the Maid. An impostor appeared in 1436, and actually deceived Jeanne's two brothers, and married a knight at Orleans. She was introduced to the King; but when he said, in a gracious voice, "Maid, in the name of Him who knows the secret between you and me, you are welcome back," she was frightened, fell on her knees, and confessed her imposture.

Guillaume de Flavy, the Governor of Compiègne, was murdered by his wife, who, in exculpation of herself, declared that he had left the Maid to be captured out of deliberate treachery—an allegation that may or may not be true.

When, ten years after, Rouen surrendered to Dunois, and the King entered the city, what he there heard of his truest champion seems to have moved his sluggish heart to do her all the justice in his power. Witnesses were examined, and her name was cleared; her mother and brothers were encouraged to appeal to the Pope, and commissioners were appointed who examined upon oath all the survivors who had been connected with her; and the brave and spotless creature was at length fully shown to her countrymen in her splendid valour, virtue, and devotion.

Not only was her name publicly rehabilitated, but the records of the examinations in the archives of France guard her memory for ever. Her faithful knights were promoted, her brother Pierre was knighted, Jean became Governor of Vaucouleurs, and the Duke of Orleans granted them an estate. Domremy, exempted from taxation for her sake, painted her house with frescoes of her achievements, and a remnant of it is said still to be preserved. The Fairy Tree was still living in Montaigne's time.

Rouen set up a statue of her on the place of her death; but the loveliest memorial of her was the statue carved by another Maid of Orleans, Marie, the fair, short-lived daughter of Louis Philippe—who, however, made Jeanne rather the gentle chivalrous being of fancy than the strong-limbed heroine that the truth depicts her.

What were her Voices? We believe them to have been one of the phenomena that come to show how little we know of the unseen world. We have said little when we say that by Divine permission the action of

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CAMEO XXXVI.

her own imagination may have veritably impressed itself as an external call, according with the form in which she had learnt her faith—nor do we say that little with any certainty. For it may have been God's will that His saints and angels should veritably summon her to the great and holy task of delivering her country.

And, alas! for England's share in the matter, it is only possible to say how utterly impossible it is to put oneself in the position of wise men to whom witchcraft seemed a real and direful possibility. Even so, there was cruel one-sided blindness in making the dispossessed Pierre Cauchon the judge. Bedford ought to have sent the Maid to the Council at Basle if he had sought for true impartiality; but the blot of real savagery and injustice lies with the recreant French judge, as does that of ingratitude with the French king.

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CAMEO XXXVII.

THE CONGRESS OF ARRAS.

(1429—1435.)

King of England.	*King of Scotland.*	*King of France.*	*King of Spain.*
1422. Henry VI.	1406. James I.	1422. Charles VII.	1406. Juan II.

Emperor of Germany.	*Popes.*
1411. Sigismund.	1417. Martin V.
	1431. Eugenius IV.

THE coronation of Charles the Seventh was the great work of the Maid of Orleans, and the achievement brought about far more than a mere ceremony. Previously, even his own supporters had only called him Dauphin; and while he was devoid of the "sanctity that doth hedge a king," it was in the minds of the most conscientious Frenchmen a matter of option whether they should devote their allegiance to him or to his little nephew and rival.

But when the holy oil had touched him he was as truly a consecrated King of France as any of his forefathers, and the whole of the kingdom felt either more devoted to his service or less justified in serving against him. The best remedy for the feeling thus excited was, in Bedford's opinion, the investing young Henry with the like claims; and he therefore sent directions to England, as soon as he had heard of the coronation at Rheims, that the little fellow should be crowned at Westminster—so that he might be king at home before he became king abroad.

The Duke of Gloucester had declared, upon the appointment of Beaufort to the cardinalate, that, as the servant of a foreign power, he could no longer be an English councillor, nor the Prelate of the Garter; but his readiness to divert the force he had raised against the Hussites to the service of his country so satisfied the nobles, that they re-admitted him to all his privileges, and he returned to the coronation. Little Henry was seven years old, and had just been removed from the care of Dame Alice Boteler and her ladies, and placed under the manly training of the stout Earl of Warwick, who seems to have tried too rude a discipline, in the hope of giving the poor meek and timid boy some of the lion temper of his father, for Henry actually entreated his council to mitigate his governor's severity, and they interfered on his behalf.

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CAMEO XXXVII.
—
Journey to France of Henry VI.
1430.

On the 6th of November, 1429, he was crowned at Westminster, four months after his uncle's coronation at Rheims; and Gloucester was then obliged to give up his title of Protector, and content himself with that of Prime Councillor. The young King was to have been taken at once to France, but the ill-managed exchequer would not furnish the means, and he was not enabled to leave England till the April of 1430, just as La Pucelle was beginning her last campaign. Beaufort and Warwick both accompanied him, and brought him to Rouen, where he was lodged while awaiting the opening of the way to Rheims.

But Rheims was not inclined to admit the stranger King, and without assistance from Burgundy an entrance could hardly be gained. Nor was Duke Philippe the Good much disposed to attend to the interests of his allies. He had been twice married, but had no legitimate son, when he chose for his third wife Isabel, the daughter of King João IV. of Portugal, and of the admirable Philippa of Lancaster. She was brought over from Portugal by one of her gallant band of brothers, and conducted to Bruges, where the burghers went out to meet her with a hundred and sixty-four trumpets and all imaginable pomp. The Duke had a gallant company ready to meet her,—his two sisters, the Duchess of Burgundy and Duchess of Cleves, and a great number of other noble ladies, as well as the most noble knights and gentlemen of the Low Countries, who each day during the festivities clothed themselves and their horses in fresh and more brilliant liveries. The marriage took place on the 9th of January, 1430, and for eight days the pageants continued; rosewater, wines, and other liquors, flowed from the mouths of figures of unicorns and other monsters; and no pains or cost was spared in displaying the magnificence of the Duke of Burgundy, at the time when the King of France could not find means to pay for a pair of new gaiters and the King of England could not raise money for his coronation. Philippe was truly the most splendid of sovereigns, and believed himself the head of the chivalry of Europe. On this occasion he instituted the celebrated order of knighthood called the Toison d' Or, or Golden Fleece, in imitation of the Garter, and surpassing even that in its requirements. St. Andrew was the patron saint of the knights, who were to count four generations of noble descent, and who could only be judged, even for offences against the state, by a chapter of their own order. The name of the order and its jewel, a fleece of gold such as the Argonauts went to seek, were an allusion both to the wondrous quests of chivalry and to the special wealth of the Flemish cities. The order was so exclusively Burgundian that even the Duke's brothers-in-law of Bedford and Portugal were not admitted to it.

The first exploits of the new order were not in behalf of the English cause, but in a war with a French prince, whose name was afterwards to be closely connected with the English. The Dukes of A jou, who were descended from the second son of King Jean of France, had intermarried with that elder Angevin line of Kings of Sicily descended from the brother of St. Louis. They thus obtained his rights to the kingdom of

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CAMEO XXXVII.

René, duke of Lorraine. 1431.

Sicily and the county of Provence. The last of these Angevin dukes had died early; but his daughter was the wife of Charles VII.; his widow, Queen Yolande of Sicily, was one of the few persons of any spirit at the court of Bourges; and though his eldest son, Louis II., was struggling for a precarious throne in Calabria, the second, René, duke of Bar, a gallant, chivalrous, poetical prince, full of grace and talent for all that was artistic, and of aspiration after all that was noble, was warmly attached to the French cause.

He had, very early, married the beautiful Isabel, the only child of that Duke of Lorraine who tried to obtain a cure from Jeanne d'Arc. The disease had its course, and the Duke died of it on the 25th January, 1431, leaving the dukedom to his daughter and her husband. The handsome young pair were acknowledged at Nancy on the 29th of January, when René was twenty-three years of age. He had already four children—Jean; Nicolas and Yolande, twins; and Marguerite—said to be the fairest children in France; but there was another claimant, Antoine, count de Vaudémont, who maintained that Lorraine was a male fief, and fell to him as the son of the late Duke's brother. The States General of Lorraine rejected his claim, but he obtained the aid of the Duke of Burgundy, and assembled an army to attack René, who on his side had the advice and counsel of the Sire de Barbazon, that excellent old knight whom Henry V. himself had pronounced free of the guilt of the death of Jean Sans Peur. With an army of Lorrainers, René besieged the Castle of Vaudémont, but his enemy retaliated by ravaging Bar; and the kindly Duke, unable to bear the leaving his former vassals to be plundered, insisted on raising the siege and going to their relief. Barbazon was much averse to this measure, and still more so to attacking the great entrenched camp at Bul'ègneville, near Vaudémont; but René, who had all the courage of a knight, without any of the skill of a general, fancied there was cowardice in the advice; and Barbazon at seventy-five was weak enough to feel his well-tried courage dishonoured by the taunts of the youths around him. It was the old story. He cried, "I have hitherto lived without reproach. This day will show whether I spoke from weakness or fear!" and rushed upon the enemy. He fell, mortally wounded; and Duke René, who fought like a lion, was at length blinded by blood from a blow on his forehead, and was forced to surrender to a knight of Brabant, who refused to deliver him up to his rival, and carried him to Burgundy, where he long remained a captive. He spent much of his time at Dijon, where he amused himself with writing poetry, illuminating, and painting on glass, and kept up a spirit of cheerful gaiety, which was somewhat despised by the fiercer and more worldly-wise tempers around him.

His wife, Isabelle of Lorraine, set off for the court of Charles VII., there to entreat for the succour that no one ever obtained; and with her she took Agnes Sorel,* the Demoiselle of Fromenteau in Touraine, a

* Popular tradition placed Agnes's arrival at court much earlier, and thus misled the biographer of the Comte de Richemont, whom we had followed.

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CAMEO XXVII.

Truce between Burgundy and France. 1431.

beautiful and highly-gifted lady, whose charms for the first time caused Charles VII. to show any animation. It is said that his languid nature had never before shown any capacity for love, to his wife or to any other woman, and that his wife Marie of Anjou, and her mother, Queen Yolande of Sicily, were so delighted to see him show any spark of excitement, especially when lighted by a spirited woman who might be a counter-influence to the hateful La Tremouille, that they begged the Duchess Isabelle to leave her with them, and gave her a place at court. And to her exhortations French tradition has always ascribed the tardy awakening of Charles to respect for his own honour and that of his crown. The glorious and devoted Shepherdess of Domremy was too pure and high to inspire anything so base and selfish as his mind; it was by blandishments and by ministering to his pleasures that Agnes obtained influence over him.

The battle of Bullègneville was considered as a great disaster to the French party, but the Duke of Burgundy was becoming more and more weary of taking part with the enemies of his country, and found the war pressing more and more heavily on him, as the English found it hard to supply the place of that army which Jeanne d'Arc had demolished. He visited Paris, and found that his popularity there had passed away; and he began to think that the reputation for magnanimity which he always coveted would best be secured by pardoning and restoring the King. Every imaginable offer was made to him by the court of Bruges; and on the 8th of September he signed a truce for two years with the French party.

This of course meant no more than that French and Burgundians were no longer to fight, nor to besiege one another's towns; it did not break off the English alliance; but the present loss of assistance and the augury for the future gave much concern and grief to the Duke of Bedford. All hope of taking the young King to Rheims was now at an end, and it was therefore decided that he should be crowned at Paris. He was brought from Pontoise to St. Denis in November, accompanied by his great-uncle Cardinal Beaufort, his uncle the Duke of Bedford, his cousin Richard Plantagenet, duke of York, his guardian the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Suffolk, now ransomed. Many French nobles were also present; but not the Duke of Burgundy, who held aloof from committing himself to the young foreigner.

The burghers of Paris had prepared grand pageants. They came out to meet the young King in crimson satin doublets and blue hoods, and brought the Nine Worthies represented in their train. At the gate of St. Denis he was presented with three crimson hearts, one of them containing two doves; another, small birds, which were let fly over the King's head; and the third, violets, which were scattered over his dress and that of his lords. Then came a pageant of three fighting savages and a woman, a fountain of hippocras with three mermaids swimming in it—and, in dumb show, tableaux of the Nativity of the Virgin, her marriage, the Adoration of the Magi, the Massacre of the Innocents, and the beheading of St. Denis! A real stag-hunt was performed in a sham

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Henry VI. crowned at Paris. 1431

forest, and, when the stag took refuge at the feet of the King's horse, he was allowed to save his life, which must have comforted his gentle spirit after the tragical scenes he had seen represented. His grandmother, Queen Isabeau, kissed her hand to him at the window.

After his public entry, he was lodged at Vincennes till the 17th of December, 1431, memorable as the day when the most unenterprising and innocent of all our monarchs became the only one of them who was crowned King of France. It was not, however, a French ecclesiastic who performed the ceremony; this was done by the Cardinal of Winchester, who gave great offence to the Bishop of Paris by also singing mass; and altogether the English fashions, followed in both coronation and banquet, were far from conciliating the French spectators. The royal boy, now nine years old, seems to have gone through his part with meek docility, but no independent action or word of his is related but his saving the stag, and there was nothing about him to win the fancy of the populace either in his fair, grave, inanimate face or in his words or manner. He was not deficient in book learning, but was timid, soft-hearted, and averse to all the exercises that became a knight; and it must have been evident to all who were about his person, that, sweet and gentle as his nature was, the blight of feebleness that had descended from his frantic grandfather was on him. In truth, no one of the children or grandchildren of that poor king was exempt from either permanent weakness or early death, except Henry's half-brother, Jasper Tudor, and his cousin Louis XI. The Parisians must also have been amazed at the absence of their own princess, Queen Catherine; but she had remained with her husband, Owen Tudor, and was in failing health. The popularity of the English in Paris had also been much diminished by their necessities; they could not as before guard the convoys of provisions nor protect the neighbouring estates, and they levied imposts with severity. No great nobles lived at Paris, as when the King was there, and the English court was soon removed to Rouen, as a safer residence for young Henry. The proud city was in danger of becoming a mere provincial town, and the burghers cast regretful eyes on the great hotels of their princes and dukes, now empty and deserted. Bedford began to perceive that he had little chance of preserving France for his nephew, but he hoped at least to secure Normandy, the original inheritance of his ancestors; he tried to attach the Normans to Henry's person by keeping him resident at Rouen; and he founded a university at Caen for jurisprudence and common law, making it independent of the University of Paris. The truce with Burgundy, however, enabled the French to threaten Normandy; and Rouen was very nearly lost, through the treachery of Béarnese in the garrison, who offered the Marshal de Boussac to admit the French into the castle. Boussac advanced within a league of Rouen, and one hundred and twenty men were actually admitted by the Béarnese, so secretly and suddenly, that the governor, the Earl of Arundel, had to escape over the walls half dressed into the town, and the place could not have been saved if Boussac had advanced at once; but his band of adventurers fell to quarrelling so hotly over the

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CAMEO XXXVII.

Discontents between Bedford and Burgundy.

distribution of the future plunder of the capital of Normandy, that they would not move forward, and at last actually broke up and dispersed, leaving their unfortunate comrades in the castle to be captured by the English, who cut off all their heads. How the captains must have missed the Maid who had been wont to shame the soldiery out of their baseness and licence!

The Parisians had specially entreated the Duke of Bedford to deliver them from the marauders of the garrison of Lagny, which was held by Jean Foucault and the Scotsman Kennedy. Several Kennedies fought in France, but this one was named Hugh, and was a younger brother of the House of Balgany. He had been intended for a monk, and was commonly called, as a nickname, Friar Hugh. He fought bravely under Jeanne d'Arc, and at Lagny harassed the travellers on the Paris roads so much, that the Earls of Arundel and Warwick attacked the place. But they could not succeed in taking it; and Kennedy secured so much booty, that on his return to Scotland he bought the estate of Ardstinchar, and became known in the family annals as Hugh Come-with-the-penny.

The person who did most to maintain the English cause at Paris was Anne of Burgundy, duchess of Bedford, who spent much time there, showed herself kind, pious, and beneficent, and used her Burgundian popularity on behalf of her husband; and she also made the utmost efforts to keep the peace between Burgundy and England, softening away all difficulties, and going backwards and forwards between her husband and brother with peace-making messages. But there was a terrible epidemic in Paris in the autumn of 1432; Anne caught it, and died of it on the 13th of November, leaving no child.

Bedford seems to have thought it needful to try as soon as possible to bind some of the great vassals of France to him by marriage; and the Bishop of Therouenne, brother of the captor of Jeanne d'Arc, proposed to him his niece, Jaquette de Luxemburg, the daughter of the Count de St. Pol. She was very beautiful, and scarcely seventeen years old when Bedford married her in the Easter of 1433, only six months after his wife's death. He was charmed with her, but he soon found he had committed a great mistake; for the Duke of Burgundy expressed himself as greatly affronted, both with the slight to his sister's memory, and the want of respect to him shown by not consulting him upon a Luxemburg marriage; and Bedford soon saw that his bride might as seriously damage English interests as his brother's, Dame Jake, had done.

Burgundy had already obliged the French party by going to make a friendly visit to the captive René at Dijon, by whom he was presented with his own portrait and that of his father, painted on glass, as an amusement during prison hours. The ransom was agreed upon, and René was released in order to raise the sum, but he was forced to give his two little sons, Jean and Nicolas, as hostages for his return, in case—as was but too probable—he should fail to obtain the amount, and to betroth his eldest daughter Yolande to Ferri, the son of the Count de Vaudémont, in whose keeping he left her. This marriage took effect, and from it

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Fall of La Tremouille.

sprang those princes of Lorraine and Guise whose splendid courage and talent played so remarkable a part in France in the ensuing century. Marguerite, the youngest child, was betrothed to the Count de St. Pol, but was for the present allowed to remain with her mother. Her character must have been already very marked, since the Lorraine chroniclers recorded the grief of the little three-years-old maiden on being parted from her brothers and sister.

Another event was favourable to the French cause, namely, the fall of the ignoble favourite, Georges de la Tremouille. The Queen, her mother, Agnes Sorel, the Duke of Alençon, the Count of Clermont, and all who cared for the King's welfare, had tried to undermine his lazy habit of reliance on this minister of his pleasures, but in vain. At last, Alençon had a dispute with the Duke of Brittany about his mother's portion, and this quarrel led to a meeting between the Count of Clermont and the Constable de Richemont, who, instead of fighting, agreed to unite for the ruin of Tremouille. The Sire de Gaucourt, and Tremouille's own nephew the Sire de Bueil, joined in it; and at the funeral of the Duchess of Brittany, Jeanne de Valois, sister to Charles VII., there was a general meeting and concerting of measures among the French princes.

Richemont undertook to dispose of Tremouille, as he had done with his predecessors. He selected among his vassals a Breton gentleman named Rosnieven, who by favour of the French princes—especially of the Count of Maine, René's younger brother—was brought at night with fifty men-at-arms to the Castle of Chinon. Rosnieven and De Bueil, with some other gentlemen, entered Tremouille's bed-chamber; and Rosnieven gave him a wound with a sword that would have been fatal but for the voluptuous favourite's goodly casing of fat; his nephew saved him from a second stroke; and, on his swearing never to enter the King's presence again, was allowed to carry him off to his castle and put him to ransom.

That strange person Charles VII. heard the noise. He was told by his mother and brother-in-law that it was *only* the Bretons dealing with his favourite. He asked if the Constable were with them, and hearing that he was not, was so much relieved as to seem to care for nothing else. His brother-in-law, the Count de Maine, took the command of him, and though not reconciling him to the Constable, put a little more energy into the councils of France.

It was at a time when energy was waning in England. Bedford was stricken with the family disease, and was altered both in temper and spirit; supplies were withheld in England, and all parties were weary of the war. It was proposed to hold a great congress at Arras, of all the princes concerned, for the amicable settlement of differences; and Cardinal Beaufort arranged that Bedford and Burgundy should meet at St. Omer to settle the preliminaries. Unfortunately, they were sufficiently offended with one another to stand punctiliously on etiquette; and Bedford, soured by sickness and disappointment, did not evince his old magnanimity and unselfishness; there was no gentle Anne to smooth

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Congress of Arras. 1435.

discords away; and as neither prince would make the first visit to the other, they actually left St. Omer without once meeting, and with the breach made wider than ever.

The Dukes of Orleans and Bourbon, who had been in captivity ever since the battle of Agincourt, were to come to join in the conference, and were brought as far as Calais on their way; but, with freedom dawning upon him, the Duke of Bourbon expired during his journey, in 1434; and this, for the time, broke up the plan of the congress.

His son, the new duke, hitherto called the Count of Clermont, was, however, a brother-in-law of Philippe of Burgundy; and was besides one of the truest-hearted of the princes of the court of Bourges. A meeting was held between them and the Constable, in which it was resolved that measures should be taken for the conference, and that the mediation of the Pope should be entreated.

Accordingly, the meeting was to take place at Arras in the autumn of 1435. It was memorable as the first of the great congresses which have ever since been frequent in modern history. Bedford was too unwell to be present; and had, besides, little hope that the French princes were not about to make peace with one another at the expense of England; but he sent Cardinal Beaufort, with twenty-six colleagues, to guard his nephew's interests. The Cardinal of Santa Croce represented the Pope; Bourbon, the Constable; and twenty-nine more noblemen the King of France; and there were also envoys from the Emperor Sigismund and half the powers in Europe.

Probably the Duke of Burgundy had never been happier, or felt himself more entirely Philippe le Bon, than while playing the part of the magnificent host. He had at length a promising son; he was, though uncrowned, infinitely more a sovereign than any other prince in Europe; he had an inexhaustible treasury, when every one else was beggared; he had fertile lands and flourishing cities, when his neighbours were exhausted by famine and misery; and the most splendid chivalry in Europe were devoted to his banner, when the rest of the princes hardly knew whom to trust. He had had fourteen years of revenge for his father's death, and he was now about to assume the glory of pardon and peace-making. So he gave feasts, banquets, and tournaments, up to the almost fabulous splendour that was the delight of his heart, and glittered as the admired of all beholders.

Meanwhile, the same September sun that shone on the pageants of Arras gleamed in Rouen on a wasted, anxious face, with shortening breath and fading hopes, as John of Bedford lay in his dying chamber. Thirteen years before he had stood by his brother Henry's death-bed, and received from him the charge to fulfil his crusade against corrupt France. The cares of two crowns, and of a half-fought-out aggressive war, had been thrust on him—crowns he had never coveted—the prizes of the crime of his father and the ambition of his brother, which he was to guard for a helpless child; a war, not of his seeking, was on his hands. Faithfully, gallantly, self-sacrificingly, had he done his best; faithful,

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Death of Bedford. 1435.

when those who should have strengthend his hands weakened them by their petty dissensions; faithful, when disappointments thickened, and when, worst of all, he perceived that the nephew for whom he toiled, the only child of his beloved brother, had more of the sickly, effete Valois than of the lordly Plantagenet. He had sent the boy home to England; and childless himself, with only the one peaceful certainty that his utmost had been done in the evil cause that had been left him, he lay awaiting the tidings whether his terms had been accepted—namely, that there should be a truce of twenty or thirty years, ratified by a marriage between Henry VI. and a daughter of the French king, and that England should retain Normandy and Paris—his brother's conquests.

But in a few days came tidings that the French and Burgundians alike were resolved not to hear of such terms; and that Beaufort, thinking he could not continue longer present without dishonour to the crown he represented, was leaving Arras. Then the high heart broke: and this true and faithful guardian, scarcely forty-five years of age, died, a worn-out man, on the 14th of September, 1435, and was buried beside the high altar in Rouen Cathedral, under a plain black marble slab, bearing a silver escutcheon, with his arms, and with the root, his device, carved on it. When, years after, it was proposed to Louis XI. to remove his remains as those of an enemy, the King angrily answered, "I will not war with the remains of a prince who was once a match for your fathers and mine; and, were he now alive, would make the proudest of us tremble. Leave his bones in peace, and God rest his soul."

Burgundy professed that the death of Bedford broke his last link with the English; and a week later, on the 21st of September, 1435, he signed an agreement to make peace with the King of France. Charles confessed that it was by ill advice that Jean Sans Peur had been put to death; sent a deputy formally to ask Philippe's pardon, promised to found a chapel in expiation at Montereau; and not only yielded up many castles, but dispensed with all feudal service from Philippe in his own lifetime. For these considerations, the Duke was to return to his natural position as a friend and prince of France.

A week later died the wretched Isabeau, Queen of France, the curse of her husband, country, and children; and her daughter Catherine did not survive her a year, but died at Bermondsey, after writing a piteous letter to her son Henry, to commend to him his three little half-brothers, Edmund, Owen, and Jasper Tudor.

At the Peace of Arras ended all reasonable hope for the English cause in France; but the guardians of a minor king had no choice, save to maintain the weary strife with due regard to the honour of his crown.

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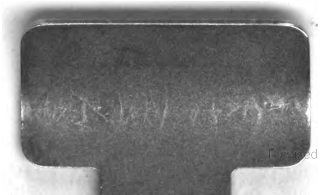
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